



REBIRTH: HOW A LOSER BECAME A PRINCE CHARMING

BOOK 03

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Rebirth: How A Loser Became A Prince Charming

(重生之抠脚大汉变男神)

by

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Synopsis

Qin Guan was reborn and sent back to his final semester in High School 18 years ago.

Getting a second chance at life, he works hard to turn things around and eventually become a Prince Charming.

What will his life be like the second time around? What will he have to go through?

How will he succeed in turning from a loser into a Prince Charming?

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Chapter 201: The Girlfriend's Supervision

If the boy went abroad, his status would change in a couple of years. He wouldn't remain unknown to the public.

The opposite side hadn't taken Qin Guan's fame and popularity in the domestic modelling and entertainment circle into consideration. He hadn't gotten close attention from top luxury brands or become as famous as a Hollywood actor yet.

In their eyes, Qin Guan was no different than a low-level model who had to participate in inferior shows and take eight jobs a day. Qin Guan heaved a long breath. Out of politeness, he was planning on saying goodbye to Qu Xuemei, the chief director of VOGUE.

The receptionist, who had just been promoted to secretary, stopped Qin Guan outside her office awkwardly.

"Prince Qin, she's busy now. She said she would call you once the sales volume comes out."

The girl winked. She felt sorry for Qin Guan. Our chief editor is too serious. She's not like other chief editors, who maintain a harmonious relationship with top models.

"Here is our gift. Would you please accept it?" She handed him a paper bag with the VOGUE logo on it.

Qin Guan was surprised, but he smiled happily. "Thank you." He

winked back at her and walked out with the bag.

The girl touched her chest. She felt as if a hammer had hit her on the head. Dizzy, she tried to walk back to her seat. Calm down! Calm down! Oh, my god! My prince looked at me so gently! My heart stopped! Beautiful people can destroy a nation. Ancient people were quite right!

Behind the shades of her office, Qu Xuemei was staring at Qin Guan, who was talking with her secretary. When he blinked, she took a deep breath unconsciously.

She tried to come back to her senses and turned around to walk behind her desk. For a long while, she kept staring at the cover of a newly-released magazine. Finally, she touched Qin Guan's thin sexy lips on the photo. Suddenly, she drew her fingers back, as if she had been pricked.

She didn't know what to do. She opened a drawer at the bottom of her desk, where there was a full set of Lancome skincare products. It was a gift from Yin Yan. The bitch had wanted to make fun of her. She took out the case, which was covered in dust, and put it in her briefcase.

Qin Guan had no idea about his admirers at VOGUE. He opened their gift gladly and saw it was a set of Maybelline cosmetics.

It was a commodity even cheaper than a stickpin. Besides, what can I do with cosmetics? Oh, I could give them to my girlfriend!

My girlfriend! I'm terrible! I forgot about her. Those days, Qin Guan and his friends were drinking beer, eating kebabs, and watching TV. He had forgotten about Cong Nianwei, who was also in the capital for her studies.

Her birthday was drawing near as well. The cosmetics had come just in time. I can deal with this. She will forgive me if I do a couple of things!

Qin Guan grinned to himself in the rearview mirror. I'm so handsome. I will conquer this difficulty! I can change things on her birthday!

On his way home, Qin Guan didn't forget to purchase food from the supermarket. The first thing he did when he returned home was put the food in the fridge.

While he was busy working, he saw Liu Xiaoyang, who had just gotten up. He opened the fridge and took out a bottle of soda, his eyes still foggy from sleep. He opened the bottle with his teeth and said, "You're back? You came home early today. Good day at work?"

Qin Guan stared at him in surprise. "You're a local, yet you don't sleep at home during the summer holidays. Why do you choose to live in my shabby house and sleep in the same bed with Li Jie?"

Liu Xiaoyang replied, "It's pretty good here. There's food, drinks, a big bed... Li Jie's smell bothers me though. I hate cologne."

Qin Guan kicked him on the butt with his slipper. "That's not what I meant. And put some shorts on in my house! Finish your soda and go back to your room!"

Qin Guan put the instant frozen dumplings in the freezer. Liu ran to the couch and put a bottle of ice on Mu Lejiang's face, who was still sleeping.

"Motherf*cker!" Mu jumped up and shouted at Liu.

Liu smiled at him and walked his bare butt back to his room.

"What are you shouting for? We are tired from doing volunteering work yesterday." Ye Dong walked out of the master bedroom, massaging his messy hair.

When all the guys had gathered in the living room, the lock on the door made a noise.

"Who made a key?" Qin Guan asked them.

"Not us! There's always someone here, so we can just knock on the door. We don't need a key."

Qin Guan turned pale with fear suddenly. "F*ck! It's my girlfriend! Close the door, Liu Xiaoyang!"

Liu looked really frightened. He slammed the door right away.

"Ouch! It hurts! My fingers!" he cried. Qin Guan had no time to do anything but kick the empty cans under the couch. They had drunk beer the previous night.

The door opened. Cong Nianwei walked up to Qin Guan with a splendid smile and a large backpack.

Mu Lejiang subconsciously covered his chest with a quilt. The others greeted Cong Nianwei with an awkward smile. "Hello!"

Qin Guan stepped forward politely to take the bag from his girlfriend. "Why did you drop in so suddenly? You should call me so I can come pick you up."

Chapter 202: The Mighty Queen

Cong Nianwei stood there looking guilty. She had participated in her tutor's group for the design plan of a government building, and she had been too busy to inform her boyfriend or call him.

It had been a happy misunderstanding. They both had a guilty conscience, one for having fun, the other for working.

Cong Nianwei kindly waved at Qin Guan's roommates and answered, "You don't need to pick me up. I have a key anyway. I can drop in during my spare time. I'm glad to see your roommates here. It seems like you won't be lonely during the holidays."

Qin Guan put her bag on the tea table and asked, "It's so heavy, what's in it?"

Suddenly, Mu Lejiang got up from the couch and returned to the bedroom with Ye Dong, leaving the living room to the couple.

"It's a model I made for you during my spare time in the studio."

Cong Nianwei opened the bag. There was a small garden inside it made of countless wooden blocks.

Her eyes always shined when she talked about architecture. "It's my dream house. It has a rural style garden and a pointed Gothic roof. Our cars can be parked in the barn beside the garden. I can also have a studio. The pool is not for swimming. It's at the back

door, so it will be an outdoor one."

Cong Nianwei was getting more and more excited. Meanwhile, an ideological struggle was taking place in Qin Guan's mind.

How much will I have to pay for this house? Another plan for the future... He unconsciously started calculating his current income on his fingers.

Suddenly, Cong Nianwei felt a cold, greasy liquid flowing by her feet. She looked down and saw her favorite white-striped sandals soaked in a suspicious foaming yellow liquid that was flowing slowly from under the couch.

She stood up and ran to the bathroom calmly to clean her feet.

"Qin Guan! Come here!"

Qin Guan, who was concentrated on the money, was paying no attention to her. He only knew that his girlfriend had dashed into the bathroom.

"That's not good. You can't take a bath! There are so many people here!"

Qin Guan walked to the door of the bathroom, rubbing his hands.

"Nonsense! Come in!"

Cong Nianwei turned off the shower and pulled Qin Guan in. Leaving the door unlocked, she asked, "What's that liquid under the couch? Is that how your roommates think things work at your house? They can just pee on the spot if they fail to reach the bathroom in time?"

Qin Guan was disappointed to see she was still wearing her orderly clothes. "What liquid?" he asked.

Cong Nianwei's heart was still fluttering in fear. She pointed to the yellow liquid flowing from underneath the couch.

"That's beer. We drank some yesterday." Qin Guan bent down awkwardly to pick up the empty cans.

"Can you explain to me how our house became so messy during the summer?"

Six single men living in the same apartment was a terrible thing.

Cong Nianwei scanned the room, which she had arranged herself. There were dirty plates piled in the kitchen, two socks of different colors were stuck on the couch, beer was flowing on the living room floor, and stinky clothes were hanging in the closet in the bedroom.

She cast a fierce glance at Qin Guan, who immediately stepped forward with the most flattering smile. "I'll ask them to clean the

house," he said before pushing open the door of the guest room where Liu was staying.

Liu was standing by the window with his back to the door. He was holding an empty bottle like an imaginary microphone, singing, "I was touched by you, a little, a little..." The lower part of his body was wrapped in a bed sheet.

Cong Nianwei pulled out a feather duster from a vase and whipped it against the couch.

Qin Guan shivered at the sound, and so did Liu. "A little, a little..." he repeated, sounding like a broken radio.

Cong Nianwei pointed at Qin Guan, the living room and the master bedroom with the duster. Before she could speak, Ye Dong and Mu Lejiang, who had been peeping from the crack of the door, walked in with flattering smiles.

The four boys were listening to the queen giving out orders. "You, clean the kitchen. Wash the bowls and pans and wipe the table."

"You, tidy up the bedrooms. Qin Guan, you clean the living room. Move it!"

"Yes, madam!"

They began to work right away, afraid of the whip of love.

Cong Nianwei smiled in satisfaction. When the house looked bright and new again, they left the master bedroom to the two lovers.

Cong Nianwei leaned on Qin Guan's chest, fiddling with her wooden house. They sat together silently, Qin Guan caressing her long, soft hair. Suddenly, he took out the Maybelline cosmetics.

"Do you like it?" he asked, setting the present on her legs.

Slightly surprised, Cong Nianwei put the house aside and opened the box.

Before Qin Guan could show off, she shouted happily, "You got me a gift again!"

Can she read my mind? How does she know it's a gift?

Cong Nianwei showed him the package. On the bottom, there were several engraved characters reading, "VOGUE Exclusive".

Chapter 203: A Handsome Boy And A Fortunate Girl

Qin Guan smiled awkwardly, disguising his guilt. "Gifts are always welcome. I thought you'd like it, so I kept it."

Cong Nianwei smiled and put the cosmetics away before lying down on Qin Guan's chest again.

Then she asked in a low voice, "Is it my birthday present? It's much more expensive than the belt I got you."

Qin Guan hugged her and replied guiltily, "Of course not. I wouldn't trick my wife."

"Hey, who is your wife? Is it really not my birthday present?"

"Don't mention it. Just kiss me! There's nobody here."

A keen girlfriend was hard to deal with.

"Okay, but then you'll take me back to college. I'm too busy to stay with you today. You can make your own arrangements."

"Okay, I'll pick you up on your birthday."

"Deal!"

They exchanged sweet words as his wicked friends tried to eavesdrop on them.

"You guys are supposed to be clever! Who said that we could hear them through a glass on the door?"

"Ye Dong, what are you doing? You shouldn't stand on someone else's shoulders, even if you're the oldest one! I'm too thin to carry you!"

"Hush! Silence! They're quiet. They must be up to something!"

While they were competing for the vantage point, a voice suddenly rang out above their heads, "I wonder what I'm up to!"

They all looked up in embarrassment and scattered quickly, trying to look calm. "Nothing, nothing. It's really hot today."

Cong Nianwei cast a supercilious look at Qin Guan, who was carrying her large bag on his back. While she wasn't paying attention, he picked her up too, shouting, "The Queen is leaving!"

Cong Nianwei screamed. Before she knew what was happening, she was carried away by her unreliable boyfriend.

As her screams faded away, Liu Xiaoyang's heart was still fluttering in fear. He poked his head out of the door, shrinking

back.

He wiped imaginary sweat off his head and told the others, "As a single man, I don't envy Qin Guan at all."

Mu and Ye exchanged a glance before answering together, "Don't be afraid of girls. Our girlfriends are very gentle."

Liu tried to defend himself, "I'm a heterosexual." The problem was that Cong Nianwei reminded him of a carnivore animal. People felt inferior to her in terms of power, IQ and survival skills. It was not a pleasant experience.

"You couldn't date a woman more powerful than you?"

"Right, that's it. Qin Guan is her perfect match though!"

"A handsome boy and a fortunate girl?"

"You have a point! Ha ha ha!"

The guys had suffered defeat at Cong Nianwei's hands, yet they were making fun of Qin Guan.

Qin Guan had no idea about it. He was on the way to Cong Nianwei's college at the time. Amid that intense summer heat, even the air conditioner couldn't comfort him. That day, the first issue of VOGUE Asia would be released.

As a famous fashion magazine, its first issue would attract plenty of readers.

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It was early in the morning, and the sun hadn't risen yet. Thick mist was still around. Several old men had gone for a walk in the park with their birds, hanging their beloved mynas on the most suitable twisted trees. An ordinary, quiet morning was of great significance to VOGUE.

Several directors of the urban district had conducted workers to carry the magazines in their own trucks. The magazines were newly published and wrapped in elegant packages. Qin Guan's black-and-white photo was on the cover.

They had received the first orders from VOGUE's Distributing Department, which covered ten provincial capitals of the developed area.

According to the information on the chief editor's hands, the total sum of the orders was only half as much as that of ELLE clothing.

As one of the most popular fashion magazines, its domestic average sales volume was 17,700 copies, including some second-tier cities.

The chief editor glanced at the elegant watch on her wrist. It was 5:30 a.m. The carriers were busy working under the tall buildings like ants.

The trucks had been unleashed in the capital, heading for the newspaper stands. The new magazine, which beared countless people's dreams, would finally debut with the readers.

Qu Xuemei didn't turn her head around until all the distributing trucks had left. Then she asked her assistant, "We have 80,000 copies of the first issue. How many does the capital get?"

"20,000."

"How about the entire printing volume?"

"200,000 in total. We've sent 80,000 all over the country. 120,000 copies are still in stock. According to our tentative analysis, we will run out of stock in a week. The sales volume should be 58% of ELLE clothing's volume."

Qu Xuemei frowned. The assistant hurried to explain, "Chief editor, the estimated results are pretty good. ELLE clothing is more than one year ahead of us. They have spread to more than 30 cities. We should be patient. The stock is enough for us."

Qu Xuemei picked up the magazine from the table. The transparent, elegant plastic package made a sound when her nails scratched it.

He light pink finger stopped on Qin Guan's lips. She gently pointed at his sexy lips and smiled. "Maybe we should be greedier."

"Everything will be clear tomorrow."

Qu Xuemei put her finger on her own lips and clucked.

Chapter 204: A Shrewd Merchant

Under the archway of an overpass, Wang Xiaor, a hard-working delivery boy, was waiting for his boss next to his tricycle.

He had just taken a cigarette from his colleague, who was in charge of West Street, when he saw a white minibus draw near on the dusty road.

The newspaper man called Pipe was the largest newspaper seller in the eastern part of the capital. He had more than 30 delivery boys working for him.

As a successful businessman, he believed in a professional vision. It was said that there would be a new magazine released that day, but he hadn't paid attention to it. The distributing bureau assigned a basic magazine volume to him, so he had to trust them.

He had the ability to swallow magazines up after all.

Pipe stamped on his brakes and parked his car between his delivery boys.

When he opened the trunk, his men gathered around to help him carry the magazines down.

Pipe took out a cigarette, and Wang Xiaor lit it up.

"Be careful with the names. Don't mix them up. Today there's a new magazine coming out. Follow our old rules and distribute it to your own newsstands."

"What? Boss, did you have a look at it yet? They have issued an excessive volume."

"They are just overconfident. The magazines will be returned to the periodical office after a week."

Wang Xiaor's hand trembled. He was still holding the lighter. My business expands to only two newsstands! What will this mean for me?

With the cigarette in his mouth, Pipe shouted at his men, "Shut up! I'm a considerate man! When did I cheat you?"

They all sighed in relief. If the stands returned the magazines though, they would have to share the loss. Labor cost was also an expense after all.

"Stop with that rubbish! Ask your men to be diligent. It's six already. Hurry up! Carry them away!"

They all got to work. The magazines and newspapers were carried away in a short while.

Countless tricycles left the archway, heading in all directions like tidewater.

Pipe spat the bottom of his cigarette out and stamped on it with his shoe, preparing to return home.

A copy of the new magazine was left in his truck. Pipe took it out and saw the gift in the package. It was a red lip gloss.

Ha! I can give this to my wife as a gift. She's asking for expensive cosmetics all the time!

He tore the elegant plastic package, and the lip gloss fell in his hand. He took a look at the cover.

Those foreign publishers were wealthy and generous. An elegant magazine and a gift that cost 15 yuan.

Pipe was attracted by VOGUE. The colorful box of the lips gloss was overshadowed by the beautiful model on the cover though.

Pipe flipped through the pages and closed the magazine again with trembling hands. His eyes were fixed on the cover. That black-and-white photo gave him an unusual feeling.

He felt like he was 18 again, and he and his wife were hiding in a haystack like they used to do in the summer. It was so romantic and passionate.

I have to do something for the model on the cover. Pipe picked up

his cell phone and dialed a familiar number.

"Hello, Lao Li? Yes, it's me. The new magazine is out today, yes. VOGUE, the one with the black-and-white cover. I have ordered at least 20 copies for each stand, right? I want an extra 6,000 copies for more than 600 stands. No, no! Not reserved. I want the goods before they're sold out. There's enough stock? Great! I'll count on you!"

Pipe let out a long sigh of relief and hung up. He smiled like silly in the quiet and put the lip gloss on Qin Guan's lips before driving home to his wife.

Meanwhile, Wang Xiaor was busy cycling. The first stand was really close.

Lao Zhang, the boss, was throwing away the dam-boards from his stand when he got there. He greeted Wang right away, "Unload! I'm busy now!"

"No problem!" Wang Xiaor responded. He put the magazines and newspapers on a shelf outside the stand.

That's the first one done. If I hurry up, I could deliver everything before seven o'clock.

Wang Xiaor left. Lao Zhang untied the nylon rope and put the magazines and newspapers in order on the shelf according to their different categories.

Not long after, the stand beside the subway station would experience its peak sale time.

Hurried office workers would walk to the subway, carrying bags of breakfast.

Most of them would stand by the newspaper stand to have a look and choose something to read on their long way to work.

"A Rayli, please!" A fashionable young girl was looking at the magazines while taking out her purse.

"No, wait a moment." Her eyes had been attracted by a black-and-white cover among colorful ones.

She picked up the magazine from the shelf to see the whole picture.

Among all the female stars, Qin Guan's face was the most striking.

With his light eyelashes, blank expression and slightly open lips, he was really a shocking beauty. He was still manly though. He had a slender neck and a beautiful Adam's apple.

"I want this one. Oh, there's a gift? I want two!"

I can give one to my friend in the office as a gift. She has the same taste as me. Besides, it's the first issue. I can't miss such an elegant magazine.

"Thank you, 30 yuan."

The girl took out three bills and grabbed another copy from the shelf.

Lao Zhang touched his jaw, as if thinking of something. He looked at the vacancy on the shelf and carried all the VOGUEs outside. He put four more copies in a line on the shelf, making them more obvious. People would be able to see the black-and-white cover among the bright red and green ones from afar.

Chapter 205: Hot Sales

"Hey, give me a copy of the morning newspaper. Huh? Is that a new magazine? A copy of VOGUE too."

"I'll take that VOGUE!"

An office worker threw 15 yuan in the box and grabbed the last VOGUE without hesitation before hurrying away.

The white-collar worker stared at the empty shelf in shock. Her magazine had been taken away.

"Do you have one more copy?" she asked the stallholder.

Lao Zhang's face was as wrinkled as a blooming chrysanthemum. "Don't worry, I'll keep one for you in the evening."

"Okay, don't forget. I'll drop by at six o'clock. I want the VOGUE with the black-and-white cover."

"No problem!" Lao Zhang promised.

He unconsciously glanced at his watch. It was just half past eight. If the delivery was on time, it would catch the end of morning peak time.

He called Wang Xiaor.

"The number you are dialing is busy now, please call again later..."

"Hello, Mr. Zhang?" Wang Xiaor answered. His phone was hot. "Do you want more copies? How many? Okay, wait for me."

"No, I don't know how much stock there is. I wouldn't lie to you. We all like money. Just wait for my call."

Wang Xiaor hung up. His five newsstands were all out of stock. He received an extra 100 orders that day. That new magazine was selling like hot bread!

I should have been aware of this situation. Other colleagues must be experiencing the same problem. I have to hurry and find Brother Pipe.

It was silent inside the VOGUE headquarters. The assistant looked at the clock on the wall. It was 8:40. Morning peak time would end in one hour and 20 minutes.

The phones on the table were ringing one after the other.

"Hello? Yes, this is the Distributing Department. Okay, an extra 12,000 copies. No problem!"

"Hello, 6,000 for today and 50,000 for tomorrow. Okay!"

They answered the phones in a muddle. In two minutes, the statistics were on the desk of the director. The total tally was 17,000.

SH: 21,000

TJ: 8,000

GZ: 12,000

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The statistics from 10 cities came out before the sales peak time. The amount reached 80,000 on the first day.

Qu Xuemei made several calls. The machines in the printing factories started running again. In one day, 70% of the stock had been sold out. She was expecting the final sales volume during the first week.

No one would stand in her way. Everyone was in awe of her foreseeing abilities. She was a charismatic leader in their eyes.

The total sales volume on the first day was 170,000, which was equal to ELLE's sales volume.

Looking at the ELLE building and its neon lights across the street,

Qu smiled imperceptibly. This was only the beginning. The bold always had the last laugh.

In time, the sales volume gradually fell down. After the first golden week, it was not worth mentioning anymore.

An analysis of VOGUE appeared on their competitors' desks.

Its sales volume was 1.7 times higher than ELLE's and 1.3 times higher than Rayli's. VOGUE was the champion of the month.

This was the first time this had ever happened in China. Forcing a smile, Yin Yan threw the report into her paper shredder. As she watched the paper stripes fall in the dustbin, she felt something bitter in her mouth, as if she'd just drunk a cup of espresso without sugar.

There was a chance in front of me, but I didn't take it. If I could start over, I would have shouted at Qu Xuemei, "Leave him to me! Leave Qin Guan to me!"

Nearly all the advertising departments of the best brands, including watches, accessories, bags, shoes, etc, had received VOGUE's statistics.

Satisfied with the surprising numbers, they had drawn a circle around VOGUE.

On the party for the final editing of "Graceful Princess", Fang

Pingping flipped through the latest VOGUE absent-mindedly. She showed the cover to her agent unhappily.

"I want to be VOGUE's cover girl."

"Impossible!"

"Why? Qin Guan is on the cover."

"This is the Asian version, not the original one."

"That's okay!"

Her agent licked her lips awkwardly. "VOGUE has exceptional taste. Their tradition is to invite famous models to be on their covers. I guess it's possible for Chinese actresses to be cover girls, but you are not that famous."

Fang Pingping got angry. "Which actress would be qualified enough? Tell me!"

"Zhang Manyu!"

"She's nothing special! She just debuted earlier, that's why she's more popular! If I could get a good script, I'd be more famous too!"

Fang Pingping stared at the aesthetic cover photo. If I could be a

cover girl, I'd be as pretty and dazzling as Qin Guan!

Reality was cruel though. Luck did not always favor people.

In one week, the resumes of models from various agencies were piled on Qu's desk.

Most of them were willing to take a shot for free. Qu stared proudly at Qin Guan's cover photo, which was hanging on the wall. It had been expanded several times. She caressed his sexy jaw.

He is my fastest horse...

Those battles didn't influence Qin Guan, who was carrying two boxes of beer home from the nearest supermarket.

Chapter 206: Trouble In Business

On that day, the Asian Preliminary Competition for the World Cup in South Korea and Japan officially began.

It was Qin Guan's happiest time after Cong Nianwei's birthday.

All his roommates had gotten the day off work. They had put a large mat before the couch and arranged the iced beer and dishes as they were waiting.

Wang Lei threw a green soy bean in his mouth. "Why are you so nervous? You even want to drink in advance!"

"Nonsense! All fans will get ready before the match."

"An hour in advance?"

"You're ruining the atmosphere! It's not even funny!"

Looking at his noisy friends, Qin Guan took a sip of his beer. Suddenly, his phone rang.

"Yes, it's me. I'm free now, I'm just watching the match. What? To your club? I have six friends here. Okay, great!"

Qin Guan hung up and told them, "It's boring to watch TV at home. We can go somewhere else. My treat, okay?"

Annoyed, Ye Dong said, "Don't use your job as an excuse. It's really hot outside. We have everything here. What idiot would accompany you to some unknown place?"

"That's right!" those cunning monkeys answered in one voice.

Qin Guan stood up and started to change clothes. Disappointed, he said, "Fine. I wanted to treat you to the most professional foot massage in the city, but it seems that I have to go alone. Don't blame me."

"F*ck! Why didn't you say so? Was there something wrong with my ears just now? Did anyone else hear that he would take us to a foot massage shop to watch the soccer match?" They all looked at Qin Guan, putting their beer cans down.

Qin Guan fastened the buttons on his shirt calmly and turned his head around. "Your ears are working fine. My customer is the owner of a club. He has a massage centre."

The large board on the roof entered his mind automatically. He shook his head to drive it away. "Will you go with me? I'm leaving."

"Yes, yes! I'll go with you. We are best friends after all!" Liu Xiaoyang jumped up and handed Qin Guan the key apologetically.

"We share each other's fortunes. We have to support you!" They

finished their beers noisily and clustered around Qin Guan to leave.

When the car arrived at the original location of the pedicure shop, Qin Guan saw that it was already in ruins. The guys, who were competing over who would get there first, suddenly fell silent.

Clearing his throat, Qin Guan awkwardly called Bu Qinglu on the phone. "Brother Bu, it's me! Where is the pedicure shop? Where did you invite me to? Oh, no. It's been a long time since I was last here. Okay, I'm going."

Qin Guan started the car again. His roommates sighed in relief and resumed fighting. We did not come in vain after all.

Qin Guan drove around the Fruit & Candy Club and saw that the two-storey buildings were decorated. There were three splendid gates next to each other.

There was also a pedicure center, a beauty salon, and a chess & card room. They looked immeasurably different than the previous ones though.

They got out of the car and climbed up the fire exit ladder, following Bu's instructions. They saw a large room protruding out.

They knocked and found Bu inside. He was smoking and frowning.

Before he could even greet Bu, Qin Guan was pulled in.

Bu Qinlu craned his head carefully to have a look at Qin Guan's friends. Then he ordered a strong bald man, who was in the room, "Da Niu, take them to the pedicure room."

Da Niu was surprised. "Brother Bu, today we are..." he tried to remind Bu.

"This is not business. Shall we not serve our own brothers?"

The bald man bowed before answering, "No problem. I'll take them. Brother Bu, I'm also free now. Could I have a massage, too?"

Bu waved him away impatiently, and the man led Qin Guan's roommates downstairs.

Wang Hailiang was sitting on the couch, sighing in despair. Bu Qinglu was standing behind him with a serious expression. "What's the matter?" Qin Guan asked.

Bu pouted, but Wang took out the three account books.

"Son of a b*tch! People envy our business and sent a fake customer to look for mistakes. Our staff were wary of strangers, but she seemed like a normal customer. She had treatments and bought some underwear. The girls didn't give her an invoice. It's a

latent rule of the industry."

"We were reported to the Tax Bureau."

"Yesterday, they came to inspect us and ordered us to stop business for internal rectification. They even took away our account books. F*ck! I'd break his legs if I knew who that son of a b*tch was!"

Qin Guan knocked on the table in front of the couch unconsciously. Data started rolling around in his mind automatically.

He closed his eyes to recall the statistics, and then opened them again. "Don't be nervous. It's only a temporary suspension. According to my estimation, they didn't find much. Maybe just the one thing."

"I remember everything in this field. There are no loopholes. To this day, there is no charge for tax evasion. The Tax Bureau is smarter than anyone. Best case scenario, you make up the invoice and taxes. Worst case scenario, you get punished."

Wang Hailing looked at the wall. "How much?"

"Not much. There's the overdue fine and the tax penalty, which is five times the original tax. That's nothing for you. With proper handling, there'll be no administrative penalty. Anyway, you two are law-abiding businessmen. You have all the certificates, right?"

The two guys sighed in relief and thanked Qin Guan. "You are the right man for this job. You might just be helping us, but we believe in you!"

Qin Guan shook his head modestly. "It's nothing. An honest accountant wouldn't cheat you. You still have a steel safe in your domain, right?"

Wang was surprised. "How did you know? The room has been redecorated."

Qin Guan pouted and looked towards the wall, reminding him. "I know where it is, and I know all your improper actions. You didn't listen to me. You put all the cash inside. You were afraid of trouble."

Chapter 207: A Girl Named Mou

"Listen to me! Deposit your cash in the bank every day, it's not too much trouble."

"Stop! Stop! We'll deal with those affairs later. Go downstairs to the Heaven-Flying Room. Your friends should be there to watch the match."

Qin Guan was pushed out of the room by Wang Hailang.

"Hey! Tell me, how much do you put in the safe? Listen to me..."

The door was closed with a bang. Wang shouted at him from inside, "You will get older sooner if you think too much! Just enjoy yourself, boy!"

Qin Guan shook his head and went to watch the watch. It was time. The Heaven-Flying Room had a beautiful name. Ever since those two had started their business, they had nearly become poets.

They would have been happy to hear that comment. "The service in our massage room will make you fly to Heaven!"

Qin Guan pushed the door open and found his roommates lying on the bed next to each other. The TV was hanging from the ceiling just above their heads.

The commentator was speaking, but nobody was paying attention.

The bald man was enjoying a massage. "Ah! Ouch! Nice! Your skills are wonderful, Xiao Xue."

The boys couldn't bear to watch. The fierce, tough man with the scars on his head was as tame as a rabbit under Xiao Xue's hands.

They were listening to him compliment the girl with disgusting words.

"Are you tired, Xiao Xue? Sit here and take a break."

The girl glared at him. "You're asking me to take a break? Who will pay me if I don't finish the massage?"

Qin Guan pushed in and asked, "What are you doing? Did the match begin? Why are you having a massage now?"

Li Jie replied, "Qin Guan, it's been a pleasure to be your brother. Nobody knew you were working part-time here. If we'd known that you are good at massages, we would have enjoyed ourselves in our dormitory."

Qin Guan sat on an empty bed and took off his shoes. A girl standing by walked over with a bucket in her hands.

Qin Guan took a sip of the juice and kicked Li Jie. "Who told you I'm giving massages here? I'm the CFO, understand? C-F-O!"

"A CFO has to be familiar with the business." Liu Xiaoyang put a small white cube on his forehead. The ice water would calm his up-flowing blood.

The girl serving him was wearing a black silk gown. Her fair neck was as elegant as a swan's.

Liu Xiaoyang was dizzy. His blood was flowing back again. Before he could see clearly, the opening whistle was heard and the match began.

At the beginning, the teams pressed each other on the whole field. They did not let up, which was common for a soccer match.

The UAE team was not a weak one. They had to be treated carefully.

Suddenly, the Chinese centre forward intercepted the ball and started advancing. His teammates followed him, trying to protect him.

After a perfect cooperation, Li Xiaopeng got the ball and shot without hesitation.

"Goal!" In only two minutes, the Chinese team had scored its first goal.

The commentator was shouting loudly in excitement.

The boys were also shouting, "Nice goal!"

"How awful!"

Da Niu got scared. His foot jerked and he accidentally kicked Xiao Xue.

They looked at each other in astonishment. Da Niu's face turned red, but Xiao Xue smiled. Before she could speak, the door was pushed open.

"Who's shouting? We're closed. Who let you in?"

Everyone stared at the uninvited guest in surprise.

"Senior Qin?"

"Mou Xiaoliu?"

Astonished, Qin Guan asked her, "What are you doing here?"

Mou Xiaoliu was wearing a club uniform. She looked both happy and uncomfortable to see Qin Guan there. Pointing at Da Niu, she said, "He is my fellow villager. He recommended me to work here."

"The club gives us room, board and a high salary. I had nothing to do in the summer holidays, so I came here."

Recalling Mou's power, Qin Guan looked at Da Niu seriously. He had to be a mighty fighter himself. Looks could fool people after all.

Mou asked back, "Why are you here, Senior Qin?"

Qin Guan coughed before explaining to her, "I also work part-time here. There's a match today, so the boss lent us a room for entertainment purposes. Come here and watch it with us!"

Mou Xiaoliu hesitated before shaking her head. "No, enjoy yourselves. Take care of Da Niu for me. He's silly around Xiao Xue. I have to go."

Qin Guan nodded. Da Niu was still staring at his own foot, which had touched Xiao Xue. He was paying no attention to Mou.

The door was shut again. Mou leaned against the wall outside and took a deep breath, covering her pounding heart.

Senior Qin is still so handsome... I thought time would make everything fade away, but it seems I was fooling myself. I don't want to grow up. Things will only get more difficult. I have to let him go. I'll just keep the beautiful memories in my mind.

Opening her eyes, Mou waved her fists towards the sky and then disappeared at the end of the corridor.

Chapter 208: The Quiet Before the Storm

Everyone in the room focused on the match. The stars were favoring the Chinese team. Several shots from UAE were unsuccessful.

Another shoot from Qi Hong!

"We're still at 19 minutes! Another goal!"

Qin Guan roared along with everyone else. After so many years of the same experience, he was still as crazy as ever.

Boxes of iced beer were opened. A match without beer was no match after all.

The chef of the club had also made some simple tuna salad for them and stolen some pot-stewed meat from the buffet in exchange for a seat in front of the TV.

Being considerate, the girls finished their work early. Their customers were not in the right mood to enjoy their skills.

They thought wrong though. [The boys might not have quit midway if they'd known what would follow.](#)

"It's the 33rd minute, and Hao Haidong has scored a third goal! We're less than half-way through the game! This is a good

beginning in the competition!" The goals were all shown in replay.

"What a powerful national team!"

"We will have a place at the World Cup in South Korea and Japan."

"This is our rising National Soccer Team!"

Qin Guan suddenly calmed down at those words.

Recalling the development of Chinese soccer, he sighed in sorrow. The god of destiny makes fools of people.

The Chinese team didn't score any goals in the second half, but nobody was upset about that. 3:0 was enough for everyone.

After the match, they finished all the food and drinks in excitement. When they went out of the room, they saw that the stars were shining in the sky.

They stumbled towards Qin Guan's car. It was not the wine that had intoxicated them. It was the drinker who got himself drunk.

"When's the next match?"

"August 31st, China versus Oman."

"They're playing here in SY."

"F*ck! Should we buy tickets and go watch it live?"

"Stop dreaming, they were sold out a month ago," Wang Lei ruined their dreams with only a few words.

"How do you know?"

"I couldn't depend on you guys. I tried to buy tickets myself, but there weren't any." Wang Lei sighed.

"Let's just stay home and watch the match on TV then."

They didn't insist on it. Before getting in the car, someone said, "There's another KTV club around here. Take us there to watch the next match, Qin Guan!"

Those boys were insatiable.

Qin Guan carried his drunk roommates into their room, finding them both funny and annoying.

Meanwhile, he was thinking of something.

Sister Xue had made a serious call to Qin Guan and Huang Bo,

forbidding them to attend any parties or balls related to celebrities.

There was a storm all over the entertainment circle, and they could be crashed with the slightest misstep.

There had been an incident concerning the 19th China Silver Eagle TV Festival, which had been scheduled to open in November, 2001. The festival had some kind of connection to Qin Guan.

The TV show "The Legendary Swordsman" had applied for some festival awards, and for the first time, the awards would be decided by the audience's vote.

The powerful directors preferred to see their works judged in a dignified, imposing contest.

It was a pity that they wouldn't get their wish. Zhang Jizhong had failed for some strange reason. Unexpectedly, Zhao Baogang's city life show had failed to get chosen.

This was a great influence on the actors. Those stars who had been likely to win awards were confused.

Qin Guan, Huang Bo and Sister Xue were in a small office at New Silk Road, analysing the situation in the domestic entertainment circle.

Sister Xue lit up a cigarette and shared all the gossip with them in a low voice. "Several days ago, Zhang Jizhong called me. He said he

was planning on taking you to the award ceremony of the Silk Eagle Festival. If the show passed the primary selection, he would recommend you for best male supporting actor. "

"His application was turned down though, and no other CCTV show succeeded either. I wanted to know more about it, but the director and producer changed the topic. They're guarding the secret closely. I gathered information from the crew though."

"Do you know who the most famous actress is right now? Zhao Wei! What happened to her this year though? The army flag incident!"

"This reminds us that arrogance can't withstand wind or waves. It is said that some other superstars are not on the list of winners either. You'd better be good boys these days. Consider it carefully before you accept any offer. Understand?"

Qin Guan and Huang Bo nodded conscientiously.

Huang looked a little worried. He stared at Sister Xue with pathetic small eyes. "But I have a family to support. I can't stay at home."

Sister Xue smiled meaningfully. "Don't worry. We can't participate in the official competition, but there's another way."

"Another way?"

Sister Xue looked at them excitedly. "I'll take you to Zhang Yang's party. You have to grab that opportunity! We should stay away from popular films, but we can work in indie films."

Some skills men would enjoy.

Chapter 209: [Artists in the 798 Plant](#)

Qin Guan shook his head repeatedly. "Sister Xue, I have collaborated with him. Don't you remember 'Sunflower'? Do you know his opinion of me?"

"What opinion? I don't know." Sister Xue pretended to be ignorant.

Qin Guan covered his forehead helplessly. "He put his hands on my shoulders without a word, and after a long while, he said, 'It's a pity that you have no chance of cooperating with this generation of directors.'"

"Those were his exact words. Directors of his generation are either looking for good acting skills and hiring actors as extras, or focusing on reality and ordinary people. Those who engage in films like that are still struggling to find their way. According to Zhang Yang, I was gifted by the gods, but I have nothing in common with other actors."

"Huang Bo will be welcomed by that group. If you bring me though, I will hurt their confidence."

Huang was listening to their conversation, taking pleasure in Qin Guan's misfortune. Despite his perfect looks, he's also been turned down. He felt quite comfortable.

Then he realized what Qin Guan was saying. "What are you talking about? I'm also an actor. I am!"

Qin Guan told Huang seriously, "You must go to that meeting. Gold always shines in the end. You will succeed one day."

Huang was shocked by his words. They stared at each other with a meaningful expression before Sister Xue decided that both of them would go.

It was slightly cold at night, and the industrial street by the 798 plant was shining in the white moonlight.

Concrete, waste and machines parts were everywhere. Even the small stand that sold snacks at the end of the street couldn't warm the night.

Zhang Yuan spit out the dust in his mouth. He walked to his secret base with some pot-stewed meat and beer in a plastic bag.

There were some hungry friends there, waiting for him and the food.

It was silent along the long, narrow path that led to the warehouse. Zhang Yuan headed directly for the only room with a light on.

Suddenly, the dazzling headlights of a car shined behind him. Scared and alert, he turned around and covered his eyes, trying to see the intruders clearly.

The driver saw Zhang Yuan and turned off the engine politely. Sister Xue poked her head out and asked Zhang loudly, "Is this warehouse 1122?"

Zhang Yuan nodded. Three people, a woman and two men, got out of the car.

They walked up to Zhang, who was estimating the distance between him and the secret base. It was said that workers there had been mugged several times. It seemed that it was impossible to escape that fate.

Zhang Yuan took a deep breath and decided to beg for his life. He was lost in thought, when he suddenly saw one of them more clearly.

Silver moonlight was shining, forming a slender shadow behind Qin Guan. He looked like a fairy.

As a director, Zhang Yuan had a romantic heart and boundless imagination. In 0.01 of a second, Zhang had convinced himself that Qin Guan was not human.

"Are you a ghost, a demon or an immortal?"

Huang immediately took over the conversation, trying to flatter Zhang, "Directors are really different from ordinary people. Your greeting is very creative!"

Zhang coughed awkwardly to cover up his mistake. "Are you Zhang Yang's friends? He told us that several partners would be coming over and he would introduce us to an actor. Follow me, we're all curious!"

Zhang Yuan came back to his senses and began to talk nonstop. "F*ck! You convinced me. I originally thought Zhang Yang was messing with us. What's your name? [Qin Guan](#)? The same as the ancient grand secretary? A good name indeed! You are really an exception among inferior actors."

Qin Guan was boasting silently.

"Before skilful actors can even show their talent, your face will attract all the attention. The audience will long for your presence."

"Why am I so excited though? Directors with good taste don't focus on box office success." He was chattering endlessly. His hungry brothers could hear his voice from afar.

"He must have met someone interesting."

"God! Give me some earplugs, or I'll go deaf tonight."

"Hush! Don't answer him. Quiet, they're coming!"

Suddenly, they all fell silent around the tumbledown table, leaving the groggy yellow lamp above them on.

The door was pushed open. Zhang Yuan put the beers and food on the table and drank some water from a porcelain jar.

Then he gestured at Qin Guan and Huang Bo, introducing them, "Hey! You should meet this guy. He is Qin Guan. Director Zhang often talks about him!"

He thought he was funny, but nobody answered him. They were all stunned by Qin Guan, who was standing under the dim 20-watt lamp.

Zhang Yang got a grip on himself and broke the silence first.

The 798 plant used to be a state-run industrial plant. Nowadays, it's a new landmark of Beijing urban culture that attracts plenty of public attention.

Qin Guan (1049-1100), an important litterateur during the North Song Dynasty, who was famous for writing Song lyrics.

Chapter 210: A Clash of Emotion and Reality

"Ha ha! Surprise! I'm not boasting. Stop laughing at me! How did you guys dare belittle my taste and call me blind?"

Hey, we are all professionals here. Don't act crazy!

Zhang Yang broke the charged atmosphere, and the other directors began to ask each other questions.

Among the sixth generation, some directors were renowned and some were not. Many of them had won awards overseas, but the majority were still nobodies at the time. Some of them were hunted by the government for their underground films. Only a few of them could actually make profits. Most of them had nothing at all.

They made jokes with their three new friends and drank to their heart's content. Nobody talked about money or sordid merchants.

Finally, all the rivers flowed into the same sea. They reached the most concerning topic.

"Do you have any new plans? You have to lead the way for young men."

"Here are some volunteer actors. They're the best support for us. Ha ha!"

They all roared with laughter. It was great to have free actors again! The muscles on Huang Bo's face twisted slightly. Where are all the high taste directors? Where's my reward? This is beyond my imagination!

"Stop beating around the bush! Let's talk business! Who will get investors and make new films in 2001 and 2002? Hands up!"

Silence prevailed. Only the sound of people chewing peanuts could be heard.

Zhang Yuan spoke first, "As you all know, I spent all my money on 'Beijing Bastard', but the film didn't pass the investigation. I secretly participated in the Tokyo Film Festival with it, which irritated the Competition Department. Before I could explain, they forbade me to shoot another film again. Those sons of b*tches! It's so unfair. That big film studio robbed me! They cancelled our contract for renting lights and cameras..."

"I lost everything! I even had to sell my pants at a pawnshop. The situation was getting worse and worse. No film or TV studio was allowed to cooperate with me. I'm Zhang Yuan though! I participated in competitions secretly. I shot commentary films to make money! They couldn't control me! I won an award in Venice! I fought back! Then the ban was revoked. I could shoot anything I liked. My film 'Going Home for the Spring Festival' was in theaters in China. Do they admire me? Those sons of b*tches! That's my strength!"

Zhang Yang kicked Zhang Yuan on the leg. "Stop boasting. We were talking about how young men can seize opportunities! Tell us

about your plan!"

Zhang Yuan shouted at him indifferently, "I have no money for films! After all this effort, my film didn't earn its budget back! I have a family to support! Who would invest in my films? Can I even live on indie films? If you want to make profits, you have to be obedient. They are watching you from above. I'll be waiting for the motherland's arrangements. I have resigned myself to my destiny."

His head fell down on the table unconsciously. He was already drunk.

The other men smiled bitterly. Jia Zhangke said, "You know, my shooting style is the same as other independent film producers'. I engage in international releases. I have nothing to do with the domestic film market. Would you like to act in films like that?"

"To tell you the truth, Qin Guan, you'd never get a part in my films. Even if you covered your face with mud, you would still not look like a poor man. You'd seem more like a prince facing a misfortune. Foreigners don't expect to see such actors in my films. I could look for roles for Huang Bo, but not this year. Right now I'm obsessed with my new documentary 'Public Places', which is financed by foreign investors. I'll win another award for it. You could ask Lao Lou, he's the most literary one among us. Everything in his films is extremely beautiful.

"You didn't see his film 'River in Suzhou'. If you don't beautify outdoor scenes, you know the results. Tell them, Lao Lou."

Lou Ye touched his nose in shame. "This is self-dramatizing. I'm only an aesthete with romantic feelings. Wait for me, Qin Guan. I'll give you a part in my next film. It's fixed. It's a pity that I can't use Zhou Xun as the heroine though. There's a large difference in height between you two. I couldn't ask you to bend down for the whole film."

"Ha ha ha!" They all liked jokes about actresses. Those rough directors had no idea how famous they would become in the future. In the deep dark night, even the moon seemed to be asleep. They drank and laughed happily.

When the first ray of light shone through the broken roof, the drunk talented men fell asleep.

Sister Xue managed to get up and lead the two guys out of the secret warehouse. The two of them were quite different from each other.

Qin Guan had a great spirit, and he had learned a lot from that conversation. He now knew about film concepts and skills, as well as about passionate, beautiful stories.

During that sleepless night, he'd heard the voices, thoughts and future concepts of a whole generation of directors. He hadn't fully expressed his own opinion though.

Huang Bo, on the other side, had earned compliments from all the directors who engaged in films about real life. In a daze, he

remembered countless shadows telling him the same thing, "You'll be the protagonist in my next film."

That was enough for him to go to bed reassured.

They walked along the dirty path. After that overnight meeting, they were feeling hungry. The breakfast stand at the end of the industrial area was the perfect solution to their problem.

In that plant area full of ruins and waste, the three mini casseroles they bought were like a feast in fairyland.

Chapter 211: A Gaffer Named Wenwen

The bean curd jelly was steaming in the marmite. The marinade made of mutton chops, dried mushrooms, soybean sauce and starch, as well as the slightly parched sesame baked roll, made it extremely delicious.

Qin Guan scooped up a block of bean curd jelly, and poured a spoonful of sauce and some capsicol on it. Then he stuck it in his mouth. It was so good!

While he was eating, he recited an ancient poem about bean curd jelly. Sister Xue and Huang Bo watched him with a horrified expression, sesame seeds dropping from their mouths.

Was he sad about those directors? Did he think he would never appear on the large screen?

Don't get discouraged. Indie films might not be for you, but there's always commercial films.

If Qin Guan hadn't been planning on going abroad, Sister Xue would have taken him to Hong Kong to act in commercial films.

"What are you doing, Qin Guan? Why are you reciting poems? Are you okay?" Huang Bo asked him kindly.

Qin Guan shook his head disappointedly. Then he told the busy woman at the stand, "Your dishes are really authentic!"

Qin Guan was her most handsome customer in years, so she was pleased by his approval. She wiped her hands on her apron proudly.

"It's an ancestral skill. My grandmother taught me so I could support my family."

She picked up the iron scoop and added a full scoop in Qin Guan's marmite. "Have some more if you like it. My treat."

Huang Bo was surprised. I want more too! "Fill my marmite!" he told the woman.

"No problem!"

A scoop of bean curd jelly and tasty sauce was poured into his bowl.

Huang couldn't believe it until they left.

"It's so unfair! A handsome guy can have a free lunch, but she charged me for two bowls!"

Sister Xue patted his hair to comfort him. The Cherokee roared to life, and they left the plant district.

No one knew whether this would be the cradle of the two young

actors, but a small fire had been lit. Time would help it burn through the wilderness.

Now let's go back to the World Cup, the sole focus in Qin Guan's dormitory.

On August 31st, 2001, the second phase of the preliminary competition began in Muscat. It was not only a celebration for Chinese soccer players, but also the final party of the six roommates before they became seniors.

Taking advantage of his job, Qin Guan took them to the rooms on the third floor of the Fruit & Candy club. The director welcomed them warmly, opening the door for them.

Qin Guan was too embarrassed to ask Bu Qinglu to use the VIP lounges on the fourth, fifth and sixth floor.

It was excessive enough for them to enjoy the free service on the third floor.

His roommates didn't see themselves as outsiders though. Before the competition began, they started singing songs to amuse each other.

As a loyal friend, Wang Lei accompanied Qin Guan to the drinks market to get some beer. There was an open buffet in the hall and a drinks market nearly 100 square metres big. Guests could take whatever they wanted.

Expensive red wine was on the drink menu, but ordinary drinks were in the supermarket. This was both for the convenience of the clients and for saving money. It was like killing two birds with one stone.

Qin Guan took a small handcart and walked to the beer shelf. Suddenly, Wang Lei pulled at his clothes.

"What's the matter?" Wang Lei didn't say anything. He just pointed at the French glass windows across from them.

Tens of girls were leaning against the glass, staring at Qin Guan with wide eyes. They were the girls who worked at the club, whose job was to drink with customers.

Wang Lei asked Qin Guan in a low voice, "Your enemies?"

Qin Guan shivered before answering, "I have to sneak away. Take the beer and pretend you saw nothing. I'll pay you later."

Wang Lei blocked Qin Guan with his body. The girls were pulling their hair in disappointment. Qin Guan squatted down, intending to sneak back from behind the shelves.

"Alas! It's Grand Accountant Qin! He's such a rare guest here!"

Qin Guan was walking fast, his body bending down when a pair

of high-heels appeared in his way.

Qin Guan looked up along the slender ankles, the legs in black silk, and the red lips that opened and closed above his head.

"Brother Qin, you are really a rare guest. Most of the time, you just talk about business with our boss. The girls have been missing you desperately. Today I caught you though. We are free now. Have a talk with your sisters, okay?"

Qin Guan straightened his body awkwardly and patted imaginary dust off his clothes. Then he greeted her, "Sister Wenwen! What a coincidence!"

Sister Wenwen was pleased with his words. She fanned her heated cheeks before saying, "Alas! You flatter me. Each time you run when you see me, I feel like a cat chasing a mouse. Why do you look down upon your sisters? We don't bite!"

"We can't be compared to the boss' favorite girl on the sixth floor though. Lily is like a white lotus, living in the silt without getting dirty. Grand Accountant Qin also cherishes her, don't you?"

"No, no! Listen to me!" Before Qin Guan could speak, Li Jie shouted loudly from the door of the supermarket.

"Aha! You are not loyal to your brothers! You know such a beautiful girl, yet you haven't introduced her to us! Are you afraid we'd tell your girlfriend?"

Confident now thanks to Li Jie's words, Qin Guan said, "You see, I have girlfriend. That's why I have to maintain my integrity. I'm afraid I could make a mistake if stayed too long around such a hot girl like you."

Chapter 212: Girls

Shocked by Qin Guan's words, Wenwen cast a miraculous glance at him that enchanted Li Jie. He felt dizzy and numb.

Sister Wenwen sneered, scrunching up her nose, "Interesting! Don't be afraid. We just want a taste of a luxurious dish."

Qin Guan's face tensed up in response to Wenwen. Suddenly, Wang Lei started laughing loudly, losing his self-control.

Wenwen was not in the mood to talk nonsense with Qin Guan. She raised her eyebrow at Li Jie, who was drooling with envy by the door. "You have to satisfy the girls if you want to leave safely. If you escape and influence their mood for work, I will come after you!" she said.

"Okay, okay, as you wish. Our room is 3066. We'll be there!" Before Qin Guan could speak, Li Jie had betrayed him. He was crazy about that sophisticated lady.

Wang Lei was laughing like a madman, while Li Jie had fixed his eyes on Wenwen's breasts. Qin Guan pulled them back to their room gloomily after paying for the beer.

"Where were you?" Ye Dong opened a bottle of beer, staring at the screen.

Qin Guan spread his hands open speechlessly. Wang Lei rolled

around on the leather couch. "Ha ha! The girls at the club love Qin Guan! They are lining up to see him!"

Suddenly, the door was pushed open and several girls entered, pulling and pushing each other.

"Who are you? This is our private room. We didn't ask for room service!" Liu Xiaoyang stared at them. Laughing, the girls cast several charming glances at the boy and went around him. They sat on the couch next to Qin Guan.

"I got here first, go away!"

"You go away, or I'll sit on your legs!"

The girls, who used to be close to each other, began to fight. Wang Lei laughed even louder. He was almost out of breath.

Qin Guan felt awkward. "Why aren't you on duty?" he asked. "It's peak time for guest flow."

"What's the hurry? We have to get ready before work. Some people get a refreshment, and some choose alcohol. We prefer to see you. We'll have an energetic day afterwards."

"Don't look down on us. We bought ELLE and VOGUE especially for you!" The two chief editors would have been glad to hear that.

Qin Guan resigned himself to his destiny. He sat up straight and sighed. "Come on!"

"Ha ha!" The girls stretched their hands towards Qin Guan.

Several girls held Qin Guan's face between their fingers. They pulled at his flesh before loosening their grip. "So elastic! Wonderful!"

One of them pinched his shoulder with a smile. "So strong. Just as I imagined..."

Finishing their words, the girls threw their long hair back, shook their firm butts and swayed their fair legs, walking out of the room leisurely. They didn't forget to blow the boys a kiss.

"We are the Kitty Group. Call us, boys!"

Witnessing the whole thing, Wang Lei climbed up from the couch. He found it rather hard to swallow. "What's going on? Was that all?"

Qin Guan massaged his stiff cheeks before replying, "What did you want to see? I kept hiding from them because they kept asking me about my skincare routine. They all like to touch my face. I only use ordinary facial cleanser and soap, but they didn't believe me and insisted on pinching my cheeks!"

Words couldn't express Wang's feelings. "A handsome guy like

you in such an environment... They don't have any other desires? Impossible! I thought they would caress you from head to toe and do something after we left."

The beer in Qin Guan's mouth was sprayed on Wang's head.

"Wonderful story, bro! You think my looks make me that lucky?"

Wang calmly wiped the beer off with a towel. "Why are you always spraying things out? It's like Wenwen said. You nourish their minds."

"That's just for fun. Those girls are practical. They prefer other customers, because they get tips. Romance? Are you kidding?"

Li Jie immediately argued, "You're wrong. Every girl is thirsty for love. They are all the same. They deserve sincere emotions."

Qin Guan nodded repeatedly. "Right! I like your idea. I'll help you with girls, so long as you don't fall in love with Wenwen."

Before Li Jie could contradict him, the door was pushed open again. "Brother Qin, Sister Wenwen has something to tell you." Some unfamiliar girls had appeared at the door.

Qin Guan answered, "The match will begin soon. Ask her to wait until it's over."

The girls were disappointed. They looked at Qin Guan's cheeks, reluctant to part from him. Then they left, closing the door behind them.

"The first half of the match is about to begin. We are now in Muscat, where the temperature is just right for the game..."

Liu Xiaoyang, who was always anxious to see the world in disorder, turned off the microphone and sat back on the couch, watching the TV. "Why don't you go?" he asked Qin Guan. "What if it's an emergency?"

Chapter 213: The Green Tea Bitch and White Pond Lily

Qin Guan shook his head, drinking some beer. "You have no idea how Wenwen is. The club is arranged in good order. Troublemakers will be dealt with by the guards. The managers in charge of different floors will handle any guests who refuse to pay. The disputes among girls will be settled by Wenwen. What does she have to tell me? I'm too afraid to get into trouble."

The shining screen attracted their attention. There was food, drinks and a soccer match. They didn't care about other people's affairs.

They were concentrated on the fierce match, when the door was suddenly pushed open again. Mou Xiaoliu waved at Qin Guan, who was holding a green soy bean in his mouth. "Hurry, Senior Qin!"

Qin Guan raised his eyebrows and left the room. His roommates glanced at him before turning back to the match.

Before he could ask Mou what was going on, the girl pulled his arm and headed for the elevator. Qin Guan staggered alongside her.

"Hey, take it easy! I'll come with you. Just tell me what's the matter."

Mou Xiaoliu stuck Qin Guan inside the elevator. She pressed the

button for the sixth floor and let out a long breath.

"Boss Wang is beating a guy to death. Boss Bu is not in today. You're the only one in the club who can talk to him."

The door to the sixth floor opened slowly. Qin Guan walked to the office at the end of the corridor and asked Mou, "What is Da Niu doing? Just get him!"

Mou wasn't quite clear on the exact situation. She just shook her head. Qin Guan sped up towards the office.

It was silent inside the room. Wang Hailiang was sitting in his chair with Da Niu and another strong man standing behind him.

A man was lying on his stomach on the floor. Alive or dead, nobody knew. Lily was in a white dress, squatting down beside him and sobbing. She looked like a pear blossom bathed in the rain.

Wenwen was wearing red clothes, an infinite flirtatious expression on her face. She was standing nearby and watching the scene with pleasure.

Wang Hailiang was panting heavily as he stared at his favorite girl. Ever since Lily had come for an interview, he had fallen in love with her.

She had been assigned to the sixth floor right from the beginning. She didn't have a tough time, nor did she have to drink

wine with other guests, and she got paid just as much as a gaffer. She would also get gifts from Wang frequently.

In his mind, he had treated her quite well, yet she had dared betray him with another man. It was unbelievable.

People thought he was a tiger without teeth and paws ever since he had started a formal business.

Lily kept crying, covering her face. Her slender shoulders were trembling. She tried to explain in a weak, helpless voice, "Trust me, Brother Liang. I didn't betray you."

Wang kicked a shelf right in front of her in a rush. "B*tch! I'm not blind anymore! If I was, it was only because of your butt and your talent in the shack!"

Qin Guan saw the clouds of misfortune gather above his head. Mou Xiaoliu is so stupid! Why did she ask me to come here? This is below me!

Qin Guan noticed that the man lying on the floor was breathing. Nobody died. I can still run.

Somebody wanted him to stay though. The sharp-eyed Wenwen had seen his attempt right away. She smiled and said, "It's not my fault, Lily. Why did you do it? For money? Boss Wang is rich, and he's a passionate lover. I'm really jealous of your luck."

"Was it for looks? That Adonis is nothing compared to Brother Qin. You should at least find a guy like Brother Qin if you're going to betray our boss." Thanks to Wenwen, Wang Hailiang noticed Qin Guan, who was about to run. He waved at him before turning to Lily. "She's right! Look at my brother! That's a real Adonis! Now look at the idiot on the floor! This is insulting!"

His guards smirked. Boss, we rely on you to make a living. To tell you the truth though, that handsome guy could get any girl. Why would he take a fancy to your Lily?

Wang's words inspired Lily, who wiped her tears away and looked at Wang with the most innocent expression. With quivering lips, she murmured, "Why don't you trust me, Brother Wang? I have been with you for such a long time. You should know how moral I am by now..."

Wang felt an electric current shock his forehead.

"As you said, Brother Qin is way better. Whenever he was in your office though, I would leave right away. I have never said anything to him on my own initiative like Wenwen and the other girls. Never! That's a testament to my loyalty."

Considering his limited cranial capacity and the electric current going through his head, Wang was muddled. He was thinking over the matter again. Did I treat her unjustly?

Wenwen was calm. She had been spying on Lily for a long time ever since she'd found out about the affair. She was well-prepared.

Slowly, she said, "Then how do you explain the scene just now? All the sisters in the club saw it."

Lily's brain was functioning like crazy. Half-blushing and half-grumbling in a flirtish manner, she cast a glance at Wang and said sadly, "I thought he was Brother Wang. He always liked role-playing. It was so dark in the room. Besides... Brother Wang, say something!"

Wang had calmed down. He was recalling all the role-playing games he liked best. She's right. It was so dark in that room that one wouldn't have been able to see their own hand. If the man didn't speak, Lily couldn't have known it was someone pretending to be me.

He waved at his subordinates and said something in a low voice. The man on the floor was carried out.

Lily glanced at the man fast without saying anything. Silence prevailed.

Qin Guan looked at Wenwen in confusion. She must have been the one who had orchestrated that drama. How had she caught Lily's lover though?

Chapter 214: Shareholder

Why had she stopped on the verge of victory?

Wenwen smiled gently at Wang. She was like a bloody rose, bright but dangerous.

"Boss Wang seems to have made his final decision. I'll get back to work. I have no time to waste."

She walked out of the office, swaying on her red heels. Wang glanced at her butt and shivered, swallowing his saliva.

Lily looked at Wang pathetically. She smiled in relief when he stretched his hand out towards her.

They hugged, acting as if no one else was present. Qin Guan coughed awkwardly. "Brother Wang, is there anything else? I have to go."

Wang Hailiang was too busy to pay attention. He gestured and everyone disappeared on the spot.

On the third floor, Mou Xiaoliu was waiting awkwardly to apologize to Qin Guan. Qin Guan just smiled gently and warned her, "Don't meddle here. Remember, you work here only for the money! Beware of people who want to use you."

Mou nodded tamely and disappeared at the end of the corridor.

Qin Guan didn't speak until she left. "Come out!" he told Wenwen, who was standing around the corner, before putting his hands in his pockets.

Wenwen smiled gently as she walked up to him. "You are one of the few clever guys in this company. So is Brother Bu."

Qin Guan looked at her doubtfully. "That was so anticlimactic! That's not your style. What are you planning?"

"Men are always fooled by women's tears. The truth was right before his eyes, yet he was still deceiving himself. I won't waste any more words on him. Tomorrow I'll bring evidence. It'll be interesting to see what the little lamb will say."

"What did you do, sister?"

"That's none of your business. I originally wanted to use you to uncover the truth. You are the most reliable person in their minds after all. It's a pity that you escaped. If you are not helping though, then you don't need to know anything." She walked to the bar without looking back.

"Hey! Is it even worth it for such a man?" She had disappeared before his voice had even faded away.

Qin Guan returned to his room in a bad mood. Even the two goals

the Chinese team scored couldn't arouse his interest. An end should be put to that accident. Good luck to them all!

Murphy's Law had worked.

On the first day of his senior year, Qin Guan received an angry call from Bu.

"Qin Guan! Something has happened! Don't ask questions! Just come over immediately!"

Qin Guan hung up right away and drove to the club. What on earth happened? Did my presentiment come true?

Qin Guan parked and locked his car before climbing up the fire ladder to the office in a hurry.

The three steel safes on the wall seemed to be laughing at the stupid guys in the room. They were empty except for some useless invoices and contracts.

"How much was taken?" Qin Guan asked directly.

Bu Qinglu looked up at him. "Several million. It was payment day today."

"Are there any savings in your accounts?"

"We repaid our debt."

Qin Guan covered his face helplessly. "I have told you countless times to deposit the money! Now it's all gone!"

Wang Hailiang's blue veins heaved on his forehead. He jumped up and shouted, "That b*tch! She took my money! I'll catch her though!"

Bu sighed and tried to comfort him, "I've sent men after her. She won't escape. The most important thing is for us to deal with the matter at hand. I have to pinch and scrape and calculate in every way. Our brothers who got paid back thought we were bankrupt. Now I need another million for the employees' salaries."

Qin Guan sighed in relief at the sum. "I could lend that amount to you for your immediate needs. I made a small fortune not long ago. It's for my studies abroad, so I'm not using it at present."

Bu hugged Qin Guan and patted him on the back. "My good brother. I live on XX, XXX Road in the Haidian District. I'll return the sum to you in two months."

Qin Guan struggled out of his embrace and grinned. "I don't need your money. Just add me to the shareholders of the company. It could be considered an investment. Ha ha!"

"You beat me! I had been planning on pulling you onto our boat anyway. As you like to say, no pain, no gain. Now that you're rich,

you've gotten greedy, huh?" Bu Qinglu relaxed and teased Qin Guan.

It was better to have him join in. He and Wang were unrestrained men, so it was worth it to have Qin Guan join them with such a small share.

When Qin Guan went abroad, they could contact each other through email.

Wang didn't look happy about the good news. He was still lying on the couch just like he had been when Qin Guan had entered the room.

They heard some steps up the stairs. Wenwen was standing at the door in a close-fitting black dress.

Wang's lifeless eyes flashed. "Wen... Wenwen, why are you here?"

Wenwen sneered coldly and threw a mini recording pen at his bare head. "No reason. I wanted to show you evidence of your sweetheart's affair, but it seems unnecessary now!"

She was about to turn around and leave, when Wang pulled her back from behind.

Bu Qinglu and Qin Guan closed their mouths awkwardly. There must be a story here. We'd better leave.

The door was closed. Wenwen's voice could be heard indistinctly from inside, half-grumbling and half-struggling. "What are you doing? Do you know who really cares about you? Yes, yes..."

Chapter 215: A Porch Light

"Eavesdropping is immoral, Bu! Make some room for me, or I'll calculate our share on the original investment. F*ck! You have no idea what that even means!"

They were eavesdropping on the drama inside happily. It should have been called "Beauty and the Beast".

Life was dramatic. The right person in one's heart might not be truly the right one. A real soulmate might have been by one's side all along.

It's the one waiting for you in the darkness, during your loneliest time. The one who is always there when you're tired or covered in dust.

On his way back, Qin Guan sighed with emotion. Life kept playing jokes on them, and one of them was on him.

It had only been a few days since the semester had begun, but Qin Guan's roommates were already behind on everything. They were not in the right mood to appreciate the freshman girls. Graduation day was drawing near, leaving them with little time to spare.

Cong Nianwei informed Qin Guan about their training class, which was the first step for studying abroad.

Qin Guan had to take time off to attend an evening party.

Actually, he was rather disgusted by such activities, so he tried his best not to go. Unfortunately, his popularity was much higher than before, and his presence or absence would be noticed.

That was a drawback of being a rising model.

If Qin Guan wanted to stay in the circle, there was one kind of party that he had to attend, the public relations parties of his 4A advertising company. That company brought him the most profits anyway.

It was not one 4A company, but 10 4A companies all over the capital who were holding that party together.

If a model like Qin Guan dared to turn down the invitation, he would be kicked out of the advertising industry.

Qin Guan put up with Sister Xue's chattering as he changed into his first customized suit in a famous tailor shop in Wangfujing.

It was a black traditional two-piece European-style suit with a French shirt and a black bowtie. Combined with the right silver Hermes sleeve buttons, he looked like a British nobleman.

As Qin Guan got in his precious Cherokee, Sister Xue smacked her lips in disappointment. Qin Guan's car did not match his outfit.

He looked like a gentleman who intended to ride a four-horse

European carriage to an extravagant evening ball, but had hijacked a Chicago gang ride instead.

When they arrived at the parking lot of the club, that feeling only increased.

The parking lot was as bright as day with shining lights. It was time for it to wake up.

Luxurious Benz and Audi cars parked together were common. Occasionally, there would be a petit Mini Cooper as soft and gentle as its female owner.

Sister Xue silently parked the Cherokee on the edge of the lot. Its style and taste didn't match the party well.

She entered the club according to the instructions on the invitation. Miss Etiquette showed her around, giving her some general information about the private club.

The club definitely deserved to be the venue of that evening party, as the arrangement and taste there complimented the style of people engaging in the fashion industry.

There was an elegant, dazzling dance hall and an exquisite self-service buffet. The most intimate element though was the cabinets especially designed for couples.

Talented businessmen could have red wine and experience the

tea ceremony, as well as a private model performance and a relaxing spa. No one could doubt the place's charm.

As soon as they entered the hall, Qin Guan and Sister Xue walked up to the director of A.M. It was a sensible move, as this was Qin Guan's clique. As their new exclusive model, he had to register with them first.

Sister Xue presented her powerful communicative model. Qin Guan just needed to talk about his professional attainments and give them his most charming smile.

The director of A.M was smiling so hard that his face looked as wrinkled as a chrysanthemum. After all, the companies had similarities in their abilities and clients, which prevented them from being compared to each other.

They could only show off about their performance and resources. As part of the human resources of A.M, Qin Guan was the best asset they could display.

Right before Qin Guan had arrived, the director had watched the boss of Long Teng show off to their common clients about his capable model, Shao Xiaobing. Now his best model was there too. Let's compare!

Qin Guan was pushed into the crowd. He and Shao looked at each other silently for a long time. People engaging in the ad industry and brand businessmen were surrounding them, looking as if they were picking Chinese cabbages in the morning market.

There was no pursuit of beauty in the eyes of businessmen, only value and profit.

Beijing was no romantic Paris, avant-garde Milan, or competitive New York. The capital was burgeoning, brisk and ready to start a great career. It rushed into the surging international financial world, leaving the original mysterious sense of beauty behind it.

Cups were raised as light and shadow interweaved. The guests got gradually intoxicated during the charming feast and forgot about their original topics.

Qin Guan sighed in relief. He was standing by a giant glass wall, looking at the busy streets of the East Third Ring under the cloud-kissed mansion.

Suddenly, a naughty kid ran fast by him. In a trance, Qin Guan recalled a time one year ago, when a concert of cicadas and crickets could still be heard at night in the capital. Now there was only a chorus of trumpets and big crowds.

People were anxious, seeking quick success and instant rewards.

This new exploration of fashion, film and TV would be smashed by Hollywood.

Only the generation of directors in that old warehouse, who stuck by their dreams, would light up a porch light in the dark

night.

Chapter 216: The Mystery Woman

Qin Guan was holding a round glass, a light yellow liquid bubbling inside it.

He was standing by the window, the dazzling light in the hall casting shadows around him.

"I didn't think you'd attend a business party," Shao said from behind him.

Qin Guan didn't look back, but he left some space by the window for Shao. A pair of shining black leather shoes came into his line of sight. A bottle of champagne was placed on the sill.

"Do you know who they are?" Shao took a sip of champagne.

Qin Guan shook his head. He turned around, following Shao's finger. They watched everyone make toasts, greet each other, kiss and dance in the hall, leaving the twinkling neon lights behind them.

"20 percent of them are directors and senior executives of the top 10 4A companies, and 60 percent are ad and PR representatives of big brands. The rest are related media."

"The party attracted nearly everyone in the advertising market in North China. Small-scale models were dying for an invitation."

Shao turned his head to Qin Guan's right. Qin Guan looked there and saw a model smiling and talking with a senior executive of an advertising company.

If his memory served right, it had to be one of the top 10 contestants of the New Face Competition.

At another table, a female model with an excellent figure and face was proposing a toast to the bosses.

Qin Guan saw the PR representatives of Liuyanghe and Lanqin among the crowd. There were also senior executives of brands famous for their taste and style, such as Citizen and Hermes, who were looking around indifferently.

Shao opened the champagne and filled his glass again.

"Are you content with yourself, Qin Guan? You and me are qualified enough to stand next to them without flattering them. Do you know why?"

"It's because of our value. We could bring a fortune to them, unlike those models who are begging for their mercy. We could make them money!"

"How do you feel? You are flattered by others. Your boss shows off with you to people. We enjoy the same treatment as superstars. It's an honor, you should be proud! Ha ha!"

Shao choked on his champagne. Qin Guan took the bottle and poured the liquid in his own glass. He had nothing to say to his insane rival.

Shao grinned. He looked up with unparalleled elegance shining in his neutral expression. "I'm not drunk. I've never been this sober before. One day, I'll be at the top, where no one has ever been, you or anyone else. Everyone here will worship me, without exception."

Qin Guan raised his head to finish the rest of his wine. He pointed to Shao's agent not far away before setting the glass down on the window sill.

A drop of champagne was flowing down along its bottom, sad at being abandoned by him.

Qin Guan didn't leave the party in advance, as that would have been impolite. He found a quiet place to rest instead.

With a professional smile, the staff of the club led Qin Guan to a side corridor behind the hall.

After taking a turn, they reached a secret garden.

The simple, unsophisticated gate was opened leisurely, revealing a private room with a wooden floor.

The staff member retreated and bowed. "At your service. I hope

you like it. 10 minutes before the party ends, I'll come to get you."

Qin Guan nodded in satisfaction and put his hands in his pockets, only to realize that he had no cash in his new suit.

Bending forward, the staff member said sincerely, "Unlike other clubs, you don't need to pay a tip here."

Qin Guan smiled awkwardly and walked into the elegant room. He took off his shoes and put them in the shoe cabinet in the corner, stepping on the slightly cool wooden floor.

The staff member closed the gate behind him carefully.

There was a sanders table, a simple, unsophisticated tea table and a dateless ancient Chinese zither in the room, which was filled with a coiling incense smoke.

Qin Guan walked to the tea table and picked up a jar of scented tea from a well-arranged line of jars. Sitting before the tea table, he decided to make a cup of tea.

On the noisy, depressing night of the party, he enjoyed some peace in that room.

The jasmine was blooming in the hot water, dancing along with the tea leaves. What a wonderful time he was having there!

Qin Guan hang his suit jacket up on the clothing rack and loosened his cuffs and bowtie, ready to enjoy his tea.

The gate was suddenly pushed open with a bang, and a slightly drunk lady walked in, swaying while holding a cup of red wine.

Before Qin Guan could speak, the beautiful woman shook her index finger at him in a naughty way and made a silencing gesture against her lips.

She threw her high heels away and stepped on the wooden floor with bare feet. "Ouch! My silk stockings are torn!"

She looked at a small hole on the sole of her foot nonchalantly.

Qin Guan looked at the smooth, mirror-like floor and muttered to himself, "Could you find a more believable excuse?"

As he came back to reality, the woman pulled at a corner of her red skirt, intending to take off the silk stockings on the spot.

Qin Guan coughed awkwardly, reminding her that there was a man present.

The woman did not give a damn. She pulled at her skirt with one hand and waved Qin Guan over with the other. "Come help me, Qin Guan!"

Qin Guan was stunned to hear his own name. "You know me?"

Chapter 217: Nothing About Romance

"Rubbish! I asked the staff to lead me to your room. I'm here for you. Help me!"

Qin Guan sat still. "Who are you? I'm confident about my memory. Forgive me, but I have never met you before. What can I do for you?"

The woman finished her wine and placed the cup on the floor. Her skirt was hanging down again.

"Hey, Qinqin. Don't be so nervous. This is not funny. You're wondering who I am?" She showed her shining ring to him. "What brand is this?"

Qin Guan glanced at it before replying, "Cartier."

"Bingo! Good eyesight! I'm Fang Meiya, the general director of Cartier in Asia. I'm lonely. Could you keep me company tonight?"

Qin Guan's eyes widened in astonishment. He had heard every word she'd said, but failed to understand them.

Before he could come back to his senses, Fang had come closer. Her flying red skirt was like a dangerous poppy.

Qin Guan gestured for her to stop and tried to persuade her, "You

must be drunk. This is a tea room. Let me make you a cup of tea to sober you up."

Fang Meiya was lost in the serious expression in his eyes. She smiled again. "You deserve your status in the modelling circle. Such good taste! Is this foreplay? I'm looking forward to the real pleasure."

Qin Guan wasn't moved by her words. He picked up a bucket of green tea from the shelf and got down to business.

Fang Meiya watched the handsome young man with misty eyes. He looked like he had walked out of an ancient scroll. He was making a cup of hot tea for her, a stranger in that metropolis.

Suddenly, she was reminded of another elegant person who used to make her tea when she returned home exhausted.

Using his slender fingers, Qin Guan held the green cup up and served Fang. "It's hot. Be careful!"

Fang scanned her prey for the night from head to toe. Qin Guan smiled calmly. "I think you got drunk and mistook me for your lover. You remind me of my girlfriend too."

Fang chuckled. She took a sip of tea and said, "Don't worry, I prefer my man to be willing so we can both experience pleasure. If there's a man willing to give up a forest for a single tree, no one will force him."

Then she put down her cup and said, "Will you accept an offer from Cartier Asia?"

Without thinking, Qin Guan answered, "Never!"

The invitation was as plain as water to him.

Fang's eyes sparkled. She looked at Qin Guan as if he was a newly-released jewel of her brand. Her smile was splendid. "You make good tea, Qinqin."

She handed him the cup, her eyes twinkling. Qin Guan accepted the cup with a smile, ignoring her fingers scratching his palm.

Fang sighed regretfully. Then she put on her high heels and blew Qin Guan a kiss. "Your agent has my business card. Call me if you want."

Qin Guan smiled bitterly as he watched her walk away.

What the hell was that? I'd better return to the hall. The party is coming to an end.

Qin Guan didn't care about the incident. Not long after going out though, Fang found another smiling model waiting for her around the corner.

"What about me? Am I qualified to spend a wonderful night with a lustful lady?"

Shao was leaning against the wall, looking at Fang with obvious desire.

Fang stopped pretending to be drunk. She walked up to Shao in a powerful, arrogant manner.

Their 20-centimeter height difference set off her petite, sweet figure. The dazzling lady was full of ambition. She raised her hand and took Shao's jaw between her fingers. Shao lowered his head.

They kissed without love or emotion, filled with authentic desire.

They parted their lips, both of them out of breath.

Fang Meiya closed her lips to spread her remaining lipstick evenly. She threw her key to Shao. "Pick me up after the party is over. The plate number is 6668. Understand?"

Shao Xiaobing wiped the red lipstick from his lips with his thumb and smiled charmingly. The key was swaying in his hand. They had a date.

Qin Guan had no idea that someone else was dying for what he had rejected. He was leaving the feast with Sister Xue and the others. His mission there was done.

Sitting on the back seat of the Cherokee, Qin Guan watched Sister Xue smoke before she started the car. They reported their achievements to each other as usual.

"Do you know how many advertisements I got? Do you know how many big brands..." Sister Xue talked non stop. Qin Guan suddenly broke in, "Sister Xue, did you lead Fang Meiya to my room?"

"What? Who is Fang Meiya?"

"Stop pretending! You don't know Cartier's agent in Asia?"

Chapter 218: My New Awesome Friend

Sister Xue coughed awkwardly and suddenly pointed to the front with a quivering finger.

Qin Guan craned his neck from the back seat and saw Shao help Fang open her Mini Cooper. Shao sat in the driver's seat.

"How did they get together? Qin Guan, are you having an affair with her?"

"What are you talking about? Do you think I'm that kind of guy?" Qin Guan pretended to be angry.

Embarrassed, Sister Xue exhaled a cloud of smoke. "I thought she wanted to take advantage of you, like those actresses. I had no idea. That sister is really open-minded. She's from a foreign country. This is so romantic!"

Qin Guan smiled helplessly. Open-minded is an understatement. The truth would shock the audience. Fortunately, my heart is taken, or the outcome might have been different.

Neon lights were shining in the dark night. It was so late that even the moon had fallen asleep. Qin Guan crept up to his dormitory, hung his suit on a hanger and lay down on his bed.

There was a distinct difference between the noisy party and his roommates' snores. Qin Guan tried to recall some important

information. Did I have the snow beef tonight? That's terrible! The mad cow disease will break out in Japan in a few days! Then what? I'm so sleepy. I should just sleep.

Another note was added to the dormitory snoring concert. This was the nature of ordinary life. The simpler, the better. His girlfriend would never laugh at him for his moderate aspirations.

Qin Guan didn't tell Cong Nianwei about the incident at the party. Most men had their secrets, and they kept them for self-protection or because they were ashamed.

Hand in hand, they arrived at the training centre in the Handian District, which had been recommended by Cong Nianwei's tutor.

In the following days, they'd have to take the TOEFL, GRE or GMAT exam and apply to American universities with their scores.

Time was pressing. Cong Nianwei had no time to waste.

Both of them were good at English. What they needed was just some training before the exams.

As the last ones to get there, they stood out among the group of students dreaming to go abroad.

As soon as Qin Guan entered the classroom, he noticed that the students were divided into two groups.

The tutor was not there, so all the students looked at the two freshmen. The leaders of each group waved at them. "Sit here!"

Silence prevailed.

"Hey, those are hillbillies over there. Steer clear of them, or they'll break your fragile hearts!" said the student on the left side, who was wearing a fashionable outfit with golden chains.

The student on the right side seemed more serious. He sneered at them, saying, "Look at their binder covers and shirts before you decide. Even money couldn't compensate for their low IQ!"

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei looked down and saw the logos of their universities on their shirts and binder covers.

The student on the left raised his middle finger towards the student on the right. "You are a just peasant! Students of famous universities are different from each other. Look at the boy's Polo shirt and pants. Would a f*cking poor student be able to afford that?"

Smiling, Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei exchanged a glance with each other before walking to the middle of the two groups, where two calm guys were seating.

They were writing swiftly without looking up. "Rich kids are on the left side and poor students relying on scholarships are on the

right."

Qin Guan pulled up the chairs in front of them and sat down. "We are neither."

The two students raised their heads to size them up.

"No wonder you didn't choose a side then. Are you going to study performance or art overseas?" the handsome guy asked Qin Guan.

The other guy stared at Cong Nianwei and said, "Maybe he's a rich second generation heir going abroad for his girlfriend. Let's not invade their privacy."

Cong Nianwei smiled and offered her hand. "Hello, I'm Cong Nianwei. This is my boyfriend Qin Guan. We'll be applying to different departments in the same university in the US. New York, as expected."

The gentle student insisted on his viewpoint, "You are from QH. Judging by your age, you have only two options: Columbia or New York University. As for your boyfriend..."

Qin Guan didn't feel offended. "My goal is MBA at Columbia."

The student was shocked. He sized them up again and shook hands with them. "He Ming. And this is Guan Jian."

The four of them shook hands with each other. The two group leaders coughed unnaturally, but remained silent.

The tutor entered the classroom and the lesson began. Cong Nianwei listened to him carefully, but Qin Guan felt that the lesson was too simple. His gifted memory was the best tool for learning vocabulary.

Cong Nianwei was jealous of Qin Guan's confidence. She was good at professional studies, but Qin Guan was talented in characters and language.

He Ming was doubtful of Qin Guan. As an international student, who had travelled all over the world with his parents, he dared not look down upon the GRE. How could that handsome guy be so confident?

The GRE full mark was 1,600, but Qin Guan was sure that he would get at least 1,100 points. TOEFL focused on speaking, listening, reading and writing. Ivy League universities set high standards for that exam.

Qin Guan began to yawn impatiently. He had originally thought there would be some kind of secret to success. Could I skip some classes?

The annoyed tutor counted the 99th yawn of the striking freshman. Pretending nothing had happened, he announced they would be taking a 15-minute break.

As soon as the tutor went out with his teaching material, Qin Guan became the center of the room. In 2001, most students would choose the US as their destination, as the country was famous for its money, freedom and dreams.

Some fashionable girls gathered around Qin Guan, attracted by his looks. Cong Nianwei's sour look didn't stop them.

"Hey, I know you! You are VOGUE's cover boy!"

"He's a model? But he's Zhang Changzhong, the toy boy from 'Daming Palace'!"

The brave girls wanted to push Cong Nianwei away and take the seat beside Qin Guan. Qin Guan stood up to protect Cong Nianwei.

"He is so tall! And he has such a nice figure!"

"Yes, he deserves to be a model! Take a photo with me!"

The girl tried to lean on Qin Guan's chest.

The leaders of the two groups were watching them happily. Qin Guan patted his desk, making everyone fall silent.

Then he pointed at Cong Nianwei and said, "This is my girlfriend. We are preparing to go abroad, just like you are. I hope we can all enjoy a good studying environment."

Guan Jian, who was sitting behind Qin Guan, kicked the spare desk beside him and said, "Lan Jin and Cui Jun, control your groups. They are too noisy."

The atmosphere was getting charged. Lan Jin, a red-haired boy, waved at the girls, indicating that they should keep a distance from the two demons.

The girls from Cui Jun's group, who had originally been watching silently, took this chance to walk away.

Qin Guan looked at Guan in appreciation. Guan grinned and said honestly, "Don't thank me. I was also annoyed." Then he buried his face in a book and fell asleep.

He Ming smiled and glanced at both sides. The two leaders bent their heads unconsciously.

Nothing else happened. It seemed that Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei had been accepted by He and Guan. No one dared speak to them on their own initiative.

Guan didn't show his face until the class was over. When he stood up, Qin Guan realized he was even taller than him.

Compared to him, He Ming looked much more preppy. They parted ways in the parking lot. One of them [got in a military car](#) with a plate number "甲A", and the other [got in an embassy car](#).

They drove away, leaving smoke behind them.

It means his parents were top military officers.

It means he had a family of diplomats.

Chapter 219: Weirdos Are Everywhere

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei exchanged a glance and shrugged. It seemed that they'd made two extraordinary friends.

Qin Guan was about to open the car door when he saw red hair poking out behind the rearview mirror.

He shouted, "Lan Jin, come out! What are you doing?"

Lan Jin came out, looking embarrassed. "I wanted to check your plate. I was just curious."

Qin Guan looked at his plate. It was [京CXXXX](#), nothing special. Lan Jin looked around him. "I thought I could discover your identity from your plate. Those two guys are showing off with their plates."

"You are swimming in deep waters, Qin Guan. With your simple plate and common car, you seem like a typical Taoist. Don't worry, I won't say a thing! Where do you live? [At No. 10 Yard or at Western Hill? Yuquang Hill? Diaoyutai? Zhongnanhai?](#)"

Cong Nianwei burst into laughter. Qin Guan sniffled before replying, "[I live on the Loess Plateau, where the strong winds blow.](#) Forget it, I'm no one important. Don't think too much."

Lan Jin scratched his head uncertainly, scanning Qin Guan from head to toe, "You could belong to a noble family from ancient

times! [Your surname is not Kong though.](#)"

Qin Guan was amused. That boy was really funny. He patted him on the shoulder and said, "You're thinking too much. We're just ordinary students. We're studying here to go abroad."

Lan Jin smiled. Dazed, he replied, "I believe you. I believe you. But who can I believe in anyway?"

Cong Nianwei covered her face. Qin Guan decided to use his mass destruction weapon, his beauty. That poor boy was brought under control at last.

Lan Jin looked around and reminded Qin Guan in a low voice, "You don't need to worry about anything if those two accept you. I admire them for everything except their financial status. By the way, which country are you going to?"

"The USA." Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei found him funny. It was interesting to talk with him.

"Aha! Destiny has tied us together. I also chose the USA. The consultant told me that I would definitely get accepted. I'm studying here only for the score."

"Which university did the consultant recommend for you?" Cong Nianwei asked.

"One in New York."

"New York University?" Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei asked in one voice.

"More or less. There's two more characters though. It's New York City College. Isn't it awful? It belongs to the city government!"

Cong Nianwei failed to answer him. Qin Guan was shameless and quick-witted though. "Yes, how awful! We may be in the same city. We should help each other. It's our destiny!"

Lan Jin clapped Qin Guan on the back and promised, "Abroad or not, we'll become good friends. Tell me if you have any difficulties." Then he pressed his key to unlock his car.

Not far away, the headlights of a Ferrari sports car flashed.

Lan Jin left, looking back at them repeatedly and murmuring to himself, "F*ck! How can his Polo shirt look so good? The spring collection my father bought me looked really ugly on me. I have to talk with him later."

The sports car roared to life and drove away. Qin Guan gestured for Cong Nianwei to get in the car. By then, another guy had run out towards him.

"What the f*ck..." Qin Guan had gotten scared. He fixed his eyes on the guy. "Cun Jun? Why are you here?"

Cui Jun smoothed his hair meticulously and told Qin Guan seriously, "I have to warn you, Qin Guan. You are dangerous now."

Looking around nervously, Cui Jun went on, "You two have yielded to power and money. You could have been accepted by our group of talented students with your high IQ and educational background. Why are you hanging around with Lan Jin and He Ming?"

Qin Guan laughed. "You're too suspicious, Cui Jun. We make friends for pleasure. Why do you insist on the different groups?"

"To be honest, those guys will embarrass Chinese people in foreign countries. They will pay rubbish universities for a diploma. We are different. We apply to the best universities and aim for scholarships. We symbolize the honor of our country."

Qin Guan shook his head. Cong Nianwei seemed impatient with the crazy boy. They both got in the car. "Tens of years ago, you would have been considered a traitor. Keep your word on the US campus."

"And which famous university did you choose?"

"Columbia, New York, Princeton... All of them. I'll pick the best one depending on their offers."

You are that much of a genius that you'll get to select one of the top 10 Ivy League universities? Qin Guan sneered and closed the

door with a bang.

Smoke was blown into Cun's face while he was still complaining in the void, dark parking lot. "Hey! That's so impolite! We are classmates! You could have at least offered to give me a ride!"

The most common plate number for cars registered in Beijing.

The places where the most important political leaders in China live.

A famous folk song in the 1980's. Qin Guan is making a joke here.

He's referring to the family of Confucius, the noblest family in China thousands of years ago.

Chapter 220: Outburst

Cong Nianwei was out of breath from laughing. Qin Guan drove away, humming a song.

They had prepared a thesis in advance, so the training was not that interesting for them. They had originally planned on skipping most courses, but in the end they decided to continue.

Only Qin Guan was worried about his application. Cong Nianwei's tutor had applied for public funding on her behalf. Unless something terrible happened, she would be a postgraduate student at the Department of Civil Engineering at Columbia University.

Qin Guan had to try harder in his courses, as he didn't want to study at some community college in New York.

On September 11th, 2001, they entered the classroom, expecting to have fun. The course that day was "comprehensive question-spotting cram school before the exams", which sounded necessary and really interesting.

The atmosphere was friendly and warm when they got there. Seats had been reserved for them. Other students were sleeping or reading in the back, paying no attention to them.

The color of Lan Jin's hair was really attractive that day. There were blue stripes on its red canvas. The tutor went in and began his lecture.

"Now let's clarify the different question types..." Suddenly, there was noise in the corridor.

"Boy Lan! Boy Lan! Where are you? My good boy!" a voice said in anguish.

"Mum?" Lan Jin looked at his watch doubtfully. It was before 10:00 p.m. His mother, who liked to watch TV shows, should have been at home at the time.

"Mum? I'm here!" Lan Jin stood up and gestured to the tutor apologetically. He went out to find his mother.

"My dear boy! You're still alive! Come home with me! You won't study or go abroad." The portly middle-aged woman burst into tears.

"What's the matter, mum? I have to go abroad for father. I have to take over our business in the future."

"Studying! What the f*ck is that even about? I won't let you die for that. Let's go home. I'll tell your father. You can just study in China, you don't have to go anywhere."

She wiped her snot with a handkerchief and pulled her son outside.

"Mum, stop that right now! What's the matter? What happened? I have already paid the consultant!"

"Darling, come home with me. Watch the TV news. Two tall buildings in the US collapsed. Such tall buildings!"

A thought struck Qin Guan and he turned to Lan Jin. "That woman is really anxious. Something must have happened. Let's go have a look. This course is not that important."

Lan was pulled out helplessly. They heard their conversation from afar.

"How did you get here, mum?"

"My boy, I was so worried about you."

All the students returned to their seats. The tutor announced solemnly, "Classes are suspended for today. Go back and watch the news, everyone. Reconsider your applications for US universities. Dismissed!"

The classroom was in uproar. Qin Guan and the other students drifted apart without any word.

On the way to QH, Qin Guan recalled the tragedy in the US that day. Two airplanes hijacked by terrorists had dashed towards the two buildings of the World Trade Centre in New York, which had collapsed after the attack.

The other five buildings of the World Trade Centre had collapsed from the shock. Then another hijacked plane had crashed into the Pentagon in Washington, part of which had been destroyed.

2,996 people had been killed and 200 billion US Dollars had been lost. And that was only the influence on the US.

According to UN statistics, the damage to the global economy had reached 1,000 billion US Dollars.

There was also an influence to the Middle East policy and the pattern of the world, which were quite far from Qin Guan. Their prospects in the US were difficult to predict though.

After the event, even US people themselves questioned national security.

Although the US government set stricter standards for exit and entry to the country, US universities opened their arms to students from all over the world to show their sincerity in solving the problem.

How Cong Nianwei wished she could greet students with open arms and shout, "Come here! We're safe!"

Qin Guan thought he was a really lucky guy. His country was the best.

He parked the car under Cong Nianwei's dormitory building. Cong Nianwei got out, and Qin Guan waved at her and kissed her on the forehead.

"Watch the news first. Then have a good rest. Call me later."

Cong Nianwei smiled gently. "Okay."

Qin Guan didn't start his car until Cong Nianwei waved at him from the balcony. Life is fragile. The world is unpredictable. I should cherish the people close to me.

His ringing phone broke his reverie. He glanced at the screen. It was Sister Xue. Perplexed, he answered it. "Hello? What's the matter? Okay, I'll be there tomorrow."

Qu Xuemei, the chief editor of VOGUE, wanted to meet with him. After their cooperation on the cover, Qin Guan had only kept in touch with her staff. What could she want?

Chapter 221: A Seductive Test

The next day, Qin Gun sat in Qu's office while the strict woman scanned him over.

"Look!" With a confused expression, Qu sized him up for a full 10 minutes before she threw a pile of newspapers to him.

Sister Xue and Qin Guan exchanged a glance before reading through them.

"Ms. Fang Meiya, the General Agent of Cartier Asia Attends the Asia New Prominent Jewellery Fair with Shao Xiaobing"

"Shao Xiaobing, the New Ambassador of Cartier Asia"

"Cartier Flagship Stores Open in Hong Kong, Japan and Singapore, Posters of Shao Xiaobing Make a Stir"

They looked up with a meaningful smile. Both of them recalled the scene in the parking lot after the party.

Qu Xuemei sighed. "Tell me, what happened? I promoted Qin Guan to Fang, so where did Shao come from? Tell me the truth! Don't tell me any rubbish about inferior capabilities."

"What? You recommended Qin Guan to Fang?" Sister Xue was surprised.

"Do you think she would ask for the phone number of an agent otherwise? There are plenty of agents clustering around her."

"We were schoolmates at Harvard. I knew you would attend the party, so I called her to recommend Qin Guan."

Sister Xue and Qin Guan exchanged another glance. How can I explain that her schoolmate wanted to f*ck me? It's hard to say this out loud!

Qu smiled and said, "Xue, leave us alone."

Sister Xue was confused, but she obeyed. She went out and sat down on a couch to rest.

When Qin Guan's fan, Qu's secretary, gave her a cup of coffee, the shades of the chief editor's office suddenly went down.

Qin Guan sat awkwardly on the couch, the glass wall just behind him. Qu was half-kneeling on the armrest, pulling the rope of the shades.

Qin Guan had to shrink against the couch. Qu's full bosom was just in front of his eyes. Black lace was visible through her white shirt.

Qu threw away the rope and opened her pink lips. "I know her

well. Did she act like this that day?"

Suddenly, she pulled loose the prim bun on her head.

Long black hair with natural curls poured down. Qin Guan could smell jasmine. A strand of naughty hair gently touched his face, making him move to the center of the couch in embarrassment.

Qu smoothed her hair down and took off her golden-framed glasses. She stared at Qin Guan with misty eyes. "Did she act like this?"

Qin Guan realized her pupils were hazel, shining mysteriously like amber.

Confused, he started shaking his head gently. What does she want?

"What did she do then? Tell me."

Her voice gradually lowered, her trim fingernails reaching for the buttons on Qin Guan's shirt. The first one on his neckline was unfastened easily.

"Stop! Stop! Stop! I'll tell you!"

Qin Guan told her everything, although she seemed like a completely different person. As he talked fast, his words were like

bullets being shot from a machine gun.

"That's what happened. Your friend left after getting rejected. I don't know what happened afterwards, but I saw Shao driving Fang's car in the parking lot. They left together."

Qin Guan dared not move. He could smell the Chanel on her body.

"Alas! So many years have passed, but she remains the same. She can lure any man to her bed." Satisfied with Qin Guan's story, Qu stood up and walked back to her desk leisurely, leaving a hint with her body, reminding Qin Guan that what had just happened had not been an illusion.

She pulled her hair back and put on her glasses. She was a professional again. "I misjudged you. You are such an honorable young man. It's hard to tell from your appearance."

You underestimated me. Do I seem like some random person? Qin Guan thought to himself proudly.

"I thought no domestic model could resist an offer from her. But what do I see now? You're like a panda sitting in front of me. Are you an idiot, Qin Guan? Did you have to bribe someone to get your diploma?" Qu's attitude suddenly changed.

"That offer could have helped you so much! You would have to struggle for a shorter time. Or were you just afraid that she would

ask for something more in the future? You are turning 20 this year. Don't be so naive!"

Qin Guan shrugged. Actually, I'm already 56. You'd be scared to death if I told you the truth. Staring at her with a sincere expression in his eyes, he switched to actor mode. "I know you want me to advance in my career and gave me a chance to soar up into the sky, but I have principles. I would never betray my girlfriend. Besides, I can use my looks to get other things I want. I had to be responsible for both me and Ms. Fang."

His young handsome face was shining with a devout, fervent light.

Qu's eyes twinkled, as if she was holding something back. She took a pile of paperwork from a drawer and threw it to Qin Guan.

"Okay, principled man! I'll give you a chance on your abilities alone. This brand is looking for an ambassador in Asia. Go to the audition!"

Chapter 222: Raising One's Status

Qin Guan read the paperwork page by page. He looked up in disappointment. "It's Citizen. Chief Editor Qu, I think I deserve Patek Philippe or Vacheron Constantin. Piaget and Roles would also be acceptable."

Qu was left speechless by his boasting. She threw an eraser at him to shut him up.

"You idiot! You let Cartier go! Do you think I can find another good chance like that in Asia? Stop dreaming! Citizen is good enough for you. You're only a B level model after all. Go to the audition first."

Qin Guan caught the eraser in the air and gave her an apologetic smile. "Don't be angry, Sister Qu. I'll pass the audition for you."

Qu Xuemei burst into laughter. A smile on her serious face was like a beautiful flower in the snow.

"You are really optimistic. You'll be competing against Jincheng Wu, Fanting Longshi, Fushanyazhi and Zhang Dongjian. They are a lot more popular than you. Besides, they've had leading roles in films and TV shows. Sure you'll pass the audition!"

Qin Guan choked when he heard the names she mentioned.

"Are you kidding me, Sister Qu? With so many choices, why

would they even decide to have an audition?"

Qu sneered at him. "That's why I call you an idiot. They are all top actors in their own nations, but when shepherds quarrel, the wolf wins. Understand? So long as the final choice is not made, you have a hope."

"Besides, you are cheaper and you have a charming face. If you fail to beat the men, you could compete with the women. There are also ladies' watches in there."

Qin Guan cleared his throat awkwardly. "Who are the female competitors?"

Where is your dignity? Do you really plan to compete with the ladies?

Qu smiled proudly. "Let me see. Kyoko Fukada..."

"Stop!" Qin Guan broke in. It was better to compete against the men and have a chance to cooperate with beautiful girls.

Qu didn't know his plan though. "Okay, just read the material carefully at home. I'll inform Sister Xue."

Qin Guan nodded tamely and began to arrange all the paperwork. Qu felt strange. "What? A chance is not enough? You want me to treat you to dinner too? So much for today. What are you waiting for?"

Qin Guan seemed hesitant to speak. "No, but just now... You and me..."

Qu pointed to the door. "What do you mean? What happened just now? I just like to intimidate others. What's the matter?"

"Nothing, It's fine. I have to go. Bye!" Qin Guan let out a long sigh of relief and smiled.

The door was shut. Qu opened the shades and watched Qin Guan, who was talking enraptured with Sister Xue.

Her secretary was busy making tea for him as he dealt with her enthusiasm clumsily.

Qu burst into laughter again.

That was a very different boy. Qu had thought deeply for a long time before she had recommended Qin Guan to Fang. Then he had appeared in her office again. She couldn't tell if she was disappointed or happy about it.

People set different moral standards for themselves. Qu had a different view on temptation. Fang was only a small failure for Qin Guan, but she had taken a big step forward.

She returned to her desk. There was an email draft on her PC

screen addressed to the VOGUE headquarters. Qu decided to wait for the results of the Citizen audition before sending it.

By then, Qin Guan might help her get a promotion.

Qin Guan had no idea about that. He was only focused on his courses, his job and his happy life.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei went upstairs hand in hand. The building was scarily empty that day. Their steps echoed in the corridor.

They entered the classroom and saw that less than half of the students had showed up. It seemed that 9/11 had influenced their plans for studying overseas.

Both Lan Jin and Cun Jun were not in attendance.

When they sat in their usual seats, the two guys behind them greeted them nonchalantly, "Hello!"

It was great to see such calm faces.

Just before the class started, a redhead poked his head inside the door. "Aha! I'm not late!"

Lan Jin rushed into the classroom with his shining red hair and jangling accessories. He noticed Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei right

away and ran over to them.

Surprised, Qin Guan stared at him. "You convinced your mother to let you come?"

Lan pointed at himself proudly. "Of course! I watched the news. Wow! It was just like an American blockbuster! My father and I were amused. The old fogey is not sympathetic at all. He wants to send me to the US for gold plating. He's taking pleasure in their misfortune. We convinced my mother. Nothing can stop a real man like me from going to the US!"

Chapter 223: Sister Xue's Cold Reception

Cong Nianwei burst into laughter. The tutor said from behind Lan, "Please sit back down. We'll begin our class now."

Lan gestured at Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei before stealing a glance at the two guys behind them. "See you after class."

Before his voice could fade away, He Ming spoke out, "Boy Lan, sit there."

"What?" The three of them were taken back. Guan Jian laughed. "Good Boy Lan. You, the redhead! Sit there. Never change seat."

All kinds of feelings welled up in his heart. Lan Jin had no idea what was going on. Shall I thank Qin Guan for this or my mother?

After such a long training course, he was finally accepted by that mysterious group.

He snorted and glanced at his previous seat proudly. The surrounding students were looking at him with a slightly confused, jealous expression.

Lan laughed and pulled out the chair on the other side of Qin Guan, holding his head high. He sat down as if he was about to die a martyr's death.

Cui Jun didn't attend the class that day. Maybe the coward wouldn't be back anytime soon. If he did, he would beat his chest and stamp his feet in anger.

Lan finished the class in a daydream. He fit in with that group naturally with his funny behavior.

Qin Guan was living a happy life while Sister Xue was having great trouble. She had been left at the reception hall of the Citizen offices in Beijing for over an hour. Their meeting time was postponed again and again.

Sister Xue looked at her watch impatiently and walked up to the reception desk. "May I know when they'll receive me? I've been waiting for a long time. I'm also busy myself."

Actually, Sister Xue was lying. Huang Bo had joined a new show one week ago. She was completely free. So what though? It was impolite to be late for a meeting.

The girl behind the reception desk was in a pickle, when suddenly a smiling assistant walked over and took a 90-degree bow before Sister Xue. "Sorry for the delay. My director had another meeting. It's finished now. Follow me, please."

Sister Xue held her temper in check. She was not accustomed to such courtesy. She followed the assistant along a long corridor and pushed the door of the director's office open.

There were two serious men sitting in the office. One of them was old with grey hair. He was sitting on a guest seat, while the owner of the office was standing beside him, listening to his words and nodding repeatedly.

Sister Xue and the assistant waited outside until they finished their conversation. Then they walked in at the director's indication.

Shanchuan was afraid, as the board of directors of the Citizen group had just divided the 56 branches into two parts. The general manager of East Asia, old Mr. Zhuchuanlongfu, had suddenly arrived in China that day.

Shanchuan was a little nervous. He was wondering if Mr. Zhuchuan would be satisfied with his business arrangement in China.

He felt sorry for unlucky Sister Xue. He asked Mr. Zhuchuan silently out of consideration, and the old gentleman gestured to him in invitation, indicating that Shanchuan could go on with his work.

Shanchuan nodded at his assistant, who led Sister Xue to another couch and gently closed the door.

They didn't beat around the bush. They made their intentions clear right away and got straight to the point.

Sister Xue was promoting Qin Guan, saliva splashing out of her mouth. The two Japanese men couldn't control themselves. They smiled.

"Ms. Xue, aren't you exaggerating a little? This is just a routine meeting before the audition. Aren't you afraid the boy will disappoint us later?"

Sister Xue sneered and apologized right away, "I'm not sneering at you, but at the way you're thinking. You don't believe me. There is an old Chinese saying that says that seeing is believing though, so let me show you my best model."

She handed Qin Guan's zed cards to them.

Sister Xue had played a little word trick here. She had only one model, so Qin Guan was of course the best one.

Zhuchuan and Shanchuan took the cards with a smile. They had met plenty of old ladies in Japan who liked to make a mountain out of a molehill.

They fell silent right away. Sister Xue looked at them with contempt. Do you believe me now?

Mr. Zhuchuan didn't say anything, but he kept caressing the VOGUE cover photo for a long, long time.

Shanchuan had to speak. Coughing, he said, "I apologize for my

attitude. It's true that facts speak louder than words. I'm shocked by your model. I originally thought Japanese stars such as Fushan, Fanding and Jincheng Wu, who are half-Japanese, have god-sent beauty. I can't believe we found someone better than them."

Sister Xue raised her eyebrows proudly. Living in such a tiny area has limited your vision. You didn't trust me, but now you've been rendered speechless, huh?

Shanchuan coughed softly and put Qin Guan's cards on the table. "Mr. Qin has some practical drawbacks though. Take Mr. Jincheng for example. He has plenty of fans for his films in Hong Kong and the mainland. The other Japanese stars also have a great reputation in Asian entertainment circles. Mr. Qin is too far behind to catch up with them."

Chapter 224: Profound Historical Accumulation

"Mr. Qin can be considered a rising star in the modelling circle, but he is not that famous in the TV and film circle. As far as I know, he has co-starred in two TV shows. He is not that influential."

Sister Xue had been attacked at a crucial point. She tried to explain awkwardly, "Mr. Qin has acted in three TV shows and three advertisements. Besides, he is on the cover of VOGUE China. That black-and-white photo is his current image."

The two men read the material carefully again. Sister Xue went on, "Plus, this is only a primary negotiation. I would suggest that you see him in person before we discuss this any further."

"I know that model selection is decided by the Marketing Department, but if Chief Editor Qu recommended me to you, this means that you choose brand ambassadors very carefully. It's necessary for you to see the model personally."

Suddenly, Changchuan, who had remained silent thus far, opened his mouth. "You make a good point. We are strict with our ambassador in 2002, because we have a brand new product coming out this year. It's a solar watch for ladies. The model for the men's mechanical watches will cooperate with the female model, so we have to be extremely strict. May I have the honor of meeting Mr. Qin?"

This sharp turn astonished Shanchuan and Sister Xue.

"Of course, my pleasure." Sister Xue and Zhuanchuan smiled. "I'll decide the place, and you can choose the date. Is that okay for you?"

Zhuanchuan touched the photo and smiled. "Sure, Ms. Xue."

Sister Xue waved farewell to the two directors after those good news. She had to prepare before making the final shot.

She called Qin Guan and invited Professor Li. After getting a general idea about the process, Professor Li said thoughtfully, "Listen to me, we have to find Teacher Rong."

That was why Teacher Rong saw those three special guests at her gate.

She invited them in calmly. In the main hall, she asked, "Tell me, what's the matter?"

Professor Li was unpleasant. "Why? I can't visit you unless there's something wrong? You have a point though. I need your help."

Finally, they made a decision. Teacher Rong was unsatisfied with their nervousness. "Take it easy. Why are you guys so serious about that Japanese brand?"

As a history tutor, Teacher Rong said angrily, "It's only a tiny island."

Sister Xue tried to flatter her, "Exactly, they are just a bridge for us. There's no right job for Qin Guan. He wants to be famous not just in China, but all over Asia. Besides, we want to shock those Japanese guys with your skills. They admire Chinese culture the most."

Teacher Rong was convinced by Sister Xue. I should do my best if I decide to give a hand.

She sized Qin Guan up and said, "Come over tomorrow, Qin Guan. I'll find something better for you."

Professor Li knew her old friend really well. She would cheer up with anything concerning national pride.

How fast time flew! It was already time for the meeting. It was September in Beijing. The autumn sky was clear, the air was crisp and the scenery was beautiful.

Zhuchuanlongfu's business car headed downtown. He was wearing a casual outfit and watching the historical sights outside, hitting a folding fan against his hand. "The essence of the old capital is definitely in Shichahai. "

For a city without a river, Shichahai was beautiful. There were

many historical sites, such as the Bell Tower, the Drum Tower, Song Qingling's former residence, and the Prince Gong Mansion.

It would be wonderful to have quadrangle dwellings there. One could cultivate oneself inside and enjoy the lake outside.

Zhuchuan was getting more and more surprised. As a foreigner, he could notice the scarcity of residences in Shichahai. What was Qin Guan's real identity?

He parked his car in Yar Hutong. Words couldn't express his feelings. There were only three gates on the street, which meant that there were only three house masters.

Shanchuan was even more surprised than him. He kept thinking, "Surely, this doesn't mean that Qin Guan is something more than a model?"

With that question in mind, they walked up to the large gate. Stone lions stood on both its sides. The assistant walked up the stairs paved with green rocks.

The red-lacquer gate was even higher. The assistant stood on his toes to reach the copper ring.

Clang, clang. They could hear ancient, mysterious echoes. Not long after, a man answered the door in an authentic capital accent. "Who is it?"

Chapter 225: Who Said the City Was not Literary?

The assistant checked his clothes unconsciously and stood up straight. "Excuse me. We were invited by Ms. Xue to meet Mr. Qin Guan."

The gatekeeper answered, "Okay, one second."

They heard the sound of the bolt, and then the gate was opened. A gatekeeper in a two-piece set made of blue satin was standing there with a smile.

"Are you Mr. Zhuchuan? Mr. Qin has been waiting for you for a long time. Follow me, please." Zhuchuan's attention was attracted by the lively stone lions. It was said that in ancient China, only high-rank feudal officers and noble families could put lions at their gates. The Chi dragon on the roof beams also enchanted him. His ancestors were definitely among the intelligentsia!

He focused again as the gatekeeper invited them in. They kept taking deep breaths as they entered. There was a grand yard 100-meters long, covered by the shadows of trees. There were two paths with red wooden pillars and a roof.

The gatekeeper pointed to the right. "Follow me, please."

They walked along the corridor on the right, flowers blooming on both their sides. The ground of the yard was paved with old

giant green stones.

They turned into a small hall after a minute. The gatekeeper didn't follow them in. He brushed his sleeves lightly and bowed before them. "I'm on duty. Please wait for a while. The steward is coming." Then he left silently.

They were confused. What do you mean? You won't lead us to Qin Guan? You're only a gatekeeper? How awful!

Zhuchuan was immediately attracted by the arrangement inside the hall. A scroll of calligraphy was hanging on the wall. It was the name of the hall, "Breeze Pavilion".

Gasping in admiration, he sat in a chair across from it, ready to appreciate the work. By then, another person had entered through the side door of the hall.

The man was dressed in the same blue satin clothes, but with more complicated embroidery. He had an ever-smiling expression. "Sorry I'm late. I'm the steward. Mr. Qin has been waiting for you for quite a long time. We were originally going to serve you tea, but Mr. Qin doesn't want a bigger delay. He would like to meet you now."

Zhuchuan nodded. He was extremely curious. If the reception hall was that extraordinary, then what would the living room be like?

They followed the steward along the pebbled path, through the flowery courtyard, to the deepest part of the yard.

The red-lacquer gate was opened, revealing a secret garden from another time. Traditional red lanterns were hanging above them. A towering glass house reminded them that this was not really an ancient yard.

A tall pomegranate tree was enveloped by the colorful glass house. The steward pushed the door open gently.

The sunshine fell through the leaves of the trees, leaving flecks on the benches under them. In the middle of the room, on a dragon-carved rosewood bench, a young man was reading an ancient thread-bound book.

He was wearing a black silk gown that did not look old-fashioned. The silver embroidery on the corners made it gorgeous.

There was a traditional rosewood table beside him. A purple teapot and a bowl were on it. Nothing else.

Steam was hovering around him, making the young man look like an immortal.

The visitors felt seduced by the charming autumn, the beautiful yard and the outstanding young man.

They were lost in thought, when someone suddenly coughed

behind them. "My dear guests, why don't you enter? You should remind our distinguished guests, steward."

Sister Xue presented herself proudly. Ha ha! You are all rubbish compared to my boy!

Following Sister Xue, the visitors entered the dreamlike greenhouse. They felt like they were in heaven as they approached Qin Guan.

Smiling, Qin Guan put his book down and stood up. He stretched his jade-like hands towards them, gesturing for them to take a seat.

They sat on old chairs, polished by age. They were surprised to find them comfortable.

With their typical structure, the chairs invited people to lean against their back. That was what Zhuchuan did. He leaned his back against the chair, surprising his assistant.

Our boss never relaxes before an audience! He must have done it by accident.

The steward retreated from the greenhouse. Not long after, several middle-aged ladies put a tea set on each table beside the chairs.

As the steam rose up, the guests could see the color of their tea. It was golden, like amber. There was the natural fragrance of orchid

in the air.

Zhuchuan held his cup up and took an appreciative sip.

"Clouds and mist always come from clear rivers and high mountains. The monks at temples plant tea trees, which swallow the air on the hills, bathe in sunshine and moonlight, and get the essence of the morning and evening glow..." Qin Guan was reading ancient poems.

In the innermost corner of the greenhouse, a maid was playing a Chinese zither. The Chrysanthemum blossoms were waiting to burst open, and the incense sticks were burning.

They all watched Qin Guan. It seemed like time was flowing back in that greenhouse. They were watching a young man living in a yard and making a cup of tea on an ordinary morning.

Zhuchuan showed his cup to Qin Guan, who smiled gently and said, "[Tieguanyin](#), from Anxi Town."

Tieguanyin was one of the top 10 traditional teas in China. It was found between 1723 and 1735 in Anxi Town in the Fujian Province.

Chapter 226: Making A Decision

Grinning, Sister Xue raised her eyebrows at Shanchuan. Qin Guan didn't pay attention to the others. He just stared at Zhuchuan. "It's boring to talk about business on such a fine day, amid such beautiful scenery. I think you have achieved your aim."

Zhuchuan fixed his eyes on him for a long while, losing himself in his memories. After a full ten minutes, he stood up and smiled. "You are right."

There was a 20-centimeter height difference between the old man and the young man, but their backs were in harmony as they walked out. It seemed like they were old friends.

When the two enigmatic men left, Sister Xue and Shanchuan began to debate right away. After three pots of tea and five portions of Chinese dessert, they stopped, contented and aware that the real heroes were not back yet.

They exchanged a doubtful glance and stood up together. Their rumpling stomachs betrayed their appetite. They changed the topic awkwardly. "Where did they go?"

"It's meaningless for the two of us to talk, Sister Xue. We'd better find the two decision-makers." With a faint smile on his face, the steward led them around the greenhouse and into the master living room.

They found the two men in the open hall.

They were playing Go calmly. Qin Guan was using the black pieces and Zhuchuan the white ones. It was a stalemate.

Sister Xue and Shanchuan didn't dare interrupt them. At Zhuchuan's indication, they approached and stood by their sides.

"Finished?" Zhuchuan pressed a piece onto the chessboard. Shanchuan bowed reverently. "Yes!"

"It's time for chatting. I know the Chinese like to discuss business affairs during their leisure time. I know that. My mother is Chinese, so I'm half-Chinese myself."

Shanchuan was surprised. He hadn't known about that secret part of his life. He tried to concentrate and lower his voice. "Yes!"

Nothing could bother Qin Guan though. He moved another piece.

Staring at the board, Zhuchuan said, "It's difficult to decide about the advertisement in Japan, but I can make a decision about the Asian branches."

He picked up a white piece from the chess basket and threw it down again. Shanchuan wanted to speak, but on second thought he didn't. Then he said, "I'll invite Qin Guan to our show. Let's take it easy. The ambassador should carry out his duties. I don't care about the headquarters in Japan. We are in charge of the Asian market, so it's better to have a long-term perspective."

If we look at this from a long-term perspective, we should go with Jincheng Wu. He's half-Chinese, half-Japanese after all.

"That's my final decision. Tell me about your price level, my little friend." Zhuchuanlongfu saw that he was losing, so he threw the piece back with a smile.

Qin Guan looked at Sister Xue and sat up straight. "Five million a year."

Shanchuan nearly spat out blood. That's blackmail! Aflame with indignation, he said, "Impossible! Our superstar Fantingyashi asked for two million RMB a year! That's too much!"

Qin Guan looked at him as if he was an idiot. "Five million Japanese Yen. I was talking in your currency."

Shanchuan calculated quickly in his mind. That's only 300,000 yuan. Great!

The Japanese were always polite. Shanchuan changed his attitude right away. He bowed before Qin Guan and said, "I'm really sorry for my impatience. I'm clear about your price now."

He glanced at Zhuchuan and saw his boss nod slightly, thankful for the prices of Chinese stars. They had the right to make their own prices according to the trends of the market-oriented economy.

They couldn't have signed a contract with a second-line Japanese star at such a low price. Jincheng Wu wouldn't agree to such a price, but it would be a surprise to hire Qin Guan.

One year would be alright for him. A year later, he would go to the US and leave the Asian market. It was a win-win situation.

Qin Guan and Sister Xue escorted them out and saw them drive away in the distance. Then they high-fived each other in celebration.

Shanchuan sat beside Zhuchuan and inquired respectfully, "If you made a decision, I'll report back to the headquarters and wait for their reply."

Zhuchuan nodded and stared at the scenery outside, which was retreating slowly. "You must be curious about why I'm so interested in an unknown Chinese star."

Shanchuan lowered his head and replied, "I wouldn't dare question you."

"Qin Guan reminded me of my mother. She was as beautiful as the young man in the pictures..." He was lost in memory.

Shanchuan dared not raise his head. He had to hide his expression from his boss. Liar! If your mother was as elegant as Mr. Qin, why are you so ugly? It's terrible to beautify memory so

much!

Zhuchuan rested his jaw gently on his hands. "My mother was like Qin Guan. She was born in an ancient noble family. That's why she could bring me back to Japan."

That's impossible, Mr. Zhuchuan! Judging by your surname, you have nothing to do with royalty. How could a rich young lady marry a peasant in Kanagawa?

"Mr. Shanchuan, Citizen is in danger. We had only one office in Hong Kong back in 1987, but the sales volume had reached one million that year. These days though? More than 10 years have passed, and our sales volume has dropped to no more than 100,000!"

Chapter 227: The Meritorious People

Backstage

"That means that Chinese people have a broader vision and more choices, so we have to bring in our new products this year. The parent company has set high expectations for you. We'll establish offices in every big city in China."

"China will restore her status in Asia... Just like my mother, who's still retaining her graceful upbringing..."

Shanchuan was clever enough to give up the debate on this. Ignorance was bliss after all.

In the fairy-like yard, Qin Guan was celebrating his success with Teacher Rong.

It was like an ocean of joy. The gatekeeper, steward, maids, player and the fake hosts were congratulating each other. Sister Xue gave Teacher Rong a thumbs-up. She was curious about how Teacher Rong had made such a perfect arrangement.

Teacher Rong pointed at Qin Guan's costume. "It could be used as a formal outfit. I helped Liang Shuping, the inheritor of Jing Embroidery, apply it to non-material cultural heritage. It's her work. She's unparalleled in China."

Then she pointed at a beautiful girl sitting between the flowers. "This is Wang Yanran, a student at the Central Conservatory of

Music. She majors in classical musical instruments. You should call her Senior Sister."

Wang Yanran craned her neck from behind Teacher Rong. Her black phoenix eyes twinkled at Qin Guan.

Wow! She looks like a portrait of a lady in ancient times.

It was rare to see such a pure girl in that annoying city. Qin Guan was a little shy. "Hello, Senior Sister."

Wang Yanran smiled at Qin Guan. That handsome boy seems like he's from ancient times himself. "Hello, Junior Brother." She raised her arched eyebrows slightly and gently opened her small red lips. She spoke without exposing her teeth.

Her soft words made the audience shiver. Qin Guan supported his body against the wall to prevent himself from collapsing.

Teacher Rong pointed at the steward. "The original host of the yard employed a professional group to arrange it."

They all expressed their appreciation to Qin Guan, holding drinks and food in their hands. Qin Guan had covered all the expenses.

With tears in his eyes, he turned around, waiting to hear the story of the yard.

"This yard belongs to an old friend of mine. They are abroad, so I borrowed it for the day. You don't need to know their identity."

Qin Guan understood. "Not long ago, I visited some small quadrangle dwellings that cost unbelievable prices. This must be much more expensive."

Teacher Rong nodded. "Especially considering the area it's in."

"Well done for today! I hope you can achieve everything you want with your own effort, instead of asking help from other people." She patted Qin Guan on the back kindly.

Wang Yanran said in a soft voice, "This is bias. He can do anything with his face!"

They all laughed together. The shaking leaves seemed to be talking in the autumn breeze, their happy voices flying high in the sky.

With a basin and a towel in hand, Qin Guan went out of the public bathroom in his slippers. After a busy day, a hot shower was the best way to relax.

On the way to his dormitory, the students passing by couldn't control their eyes. Senior Qin is here. He will graduate in one year. We have to take this chance and enjoy meeting him while we can.

More and more students clustered around him.

"Senior Qin, what are your future plans? Will you do your postgraduate degree at our university?"

"Senior Qin, you are not in a TV show this year. Why? Is it because your perfect looks limit your development, as some commentators have said?"

"Senior Qin, I like you..."

The crowd was like a snowball, getting larger and larger.

Qin Guan covered his chest with the basin and the towel. What do you all want?

"Hey, that's my body wash!"

"It's only an old towel! I'm not lying to you. Stop, it's torn!"

"Hey! Those slippers cost only eight yuan. They're not worth..."

"Give them back to me! How will I walk back without slippers?"

Qin Guan was doing all he could to resist, when suddenly his reinforcements arrived. Led by Ye Dong, his roommates dropped from heaven in a formidable array.

"What are you doing? Stop! You are students at our college! Do you have no shame? You're the same as crazy idolaters! You! I know what you boys do! You just aim at the girls!"

The boys ran away immediately.

"And you! I've told you many times that Qin Guan is not gay! He's not! Yet you dared bribe Liu Xiaoyang with money to change dormitories with him! Are you kidding? If you succeeded, it'd be just like being in the ladies' bathroom!"

Several gay boys turned around and left.

Ye Dong turned to the girls, who were the biggest part of the crowd. "Sisters, you have to choose an idol with high taste, or you'll be laughed at. Look at his low popularity. Most stars could beat him. He only enjoys fame at our college. Most people barely remember his face. You are all sophisticated young women!"

The freshmen, who were the most crazy, got angry at his words. It was unbearable to see their prince criticised.

"You dare defame our idol! Who are you? You're just a peasant!"

"Yes, he must be jealous of Qin Guan!"

Ye Dong was confused. I'm telling the truth! What are you attacking me for?

"You unreasonable women!"

"Are you kidding, bro? You want to reason with women?"

"Just go!"

Suddenly, the situation got out of control again. Qin Guan retreated to the side smartly. Liu Xiaoyang held his bathing stuff for him.

Chapter 228: Project Decided

He patted Liu Xiaoyang on the shoulder, whispering, "Run! Meet me in our dormitory!"

Before the fans could surround him completely, Qin Guan had run away in his slippers.

The girls focused on Liu Xiaoyang and Ye Dong, who were too slow to react.

Sparks flew. "That's mine!"

"Go away!" After pushing and shoving, they made the girls leave.

Ye Dong sighed in relief. "Great! We're all safe now."

They had messy hair and clear scratches on their hands and necks. Liu told Ye Dong miserably, "Safe? Are you blind? I was robbed just now. All of Qin Guan's things were taken. There's nothing left!" The collar of his fleece was torn.

His roommates hugged his shoulders, comforting him as they headed to their dormitory. "We'll watch the match in our dormitory."

Around the corner, Mou Xiaoliu, who was observing the situation, asked Huang Jiajia apprehensively, "Why did you urge

them to chase Qin Guan? The more competitors, the less hope you'll have..."

Huang Jiajia cast a disdainful look at her. She lost interest and headed to the cafeteria with Mou.

"Mind your own business! He doesn't care about me. but I'll be happy to cause him trouble. You are my friend. Why are you taking his side?" They disappeared at the end of the corridor.

.....

The boys had no idea who the main culprit was. Only when they returned to their dormitory and turned on their newly-installed TV did Qin Guan recall that he had missed countless matches during the National Day holiday.

The Chinese team would definitely qualify. If they won that day, they would also qualify in advance. Qin Gun sat down on a chair without worries, enjoying Liu's massage as an apology. They're just possessions. I'm a rich man! The Adidas body wash gift is enough to last all my roommates for half a year.

The match ended. China won with a score of 1:0. They were all trembling with excitement. Loud cheers filled the whole corridor.

Big red subtitles were occupying the whole screen: We Qualified!

CCTV was always a strict, serious channel, but that rule-breaking

subtitle was expressing the delight of fans all over the country.

Some crazy boys began to sing the national anthem at the top of their voices. Students emerged from different doors, trying to express their joy and satisfaction.

Wang Lei, who was renowned for his calmness, was flushed. Liu jumped down from his bed and shouted, "Long live the Chinese team! Long live the World Cup!"

He began to ransack Ye Dong's stuff, his roommates looking at him doubtfully.

"Got it!" Liu took out a folded national flag and spread it with both hands.

"Long live the Chinese team!" he said, rushing out into the ocean of happiness.

Qin Guan covered his face and shouted, "Wait! Wait! Do you want to show your penis to everyone? Don't you feel cold in some places?"

Liu Xiaoyang blinked and tried to arrange his pants. Ye Dong shouted at him, "Put down the flag! What do you want to do with it?"

Qin Guan handed him a pair of slacks. "Be careful! You'll be 19 next year. You've been four years in college, you are no longer a

little boy. We're still taking care of you. You should learn some survival skills."

Liu put on his slacks happily and went down the stairs with his babysitters.

It was the moment innumerable fans had been looking forward to. Young guys would be waiting with a vague hope from then on...

Qin Guan had no time to reminiscence in sorrow. He had to finish his thesis during his senior year, so he'd spent all his spare time on work.

After Zhuchuan's decision, the advertising group from Japan had come straight to China. As workaholics, they spent all their spare time on work.

They had to explore the way carefully before entering the market of a foreign country.

In order to help, Qin Guan introduced A.M. to Citizen, which made the director overjoyed.

A client like Citizen would not just bring a large income, but also big honor.

The temporary team worked together effectively and made a detailed plan for the products and the ambassador. After reading the final plan, Qin Guan realized with panic that he would release

his first photo album.

Will someone buy it?

The Japanese reassured him that in Japan and South Korea people focused more on looks, so the photo album of a handsome guy would sell well.

To compensate for Qin Guan's poor popularity in Asia, Citizen cooperated with A. M. They contacted different editions of famous fashion magazines in Asia, including VOGUE, ELLE, JJ in Japan, Rayli, and CECI in South Korea, to publish the album together.

The album would be an additional gift for the magazines. It would be attached to the package, so the audience would see the price clearly.

Suddenly, Qin Guan, who had always been a B level model, turned into an A level model. Magazines wanted to cooperate with him to promote the album, which surprised Yin Yan and Qu Xuemei a lot.

Chapter 229: The Photo Album

The young man rapidly took a place in the domestic fashion circle.

Finally, the professionals issued a notice for Qin Guan. He took a deep breath. This sure will be hard work.

With excellent quality and a reasonable price, the 56-page album would cost 35 yuan.

This meant that Qin Guan would have to finish the photoshoot before the release date of all the magazines.

All the photos would be checked by a professional group with a magnifying glass.

Fortunately, the Citizen watch Qin Guan would represent was a classical watch among mechanical ones. The branding business thought that his personality matched the watch perfectly. The watch symbolized independence, self-confidence and a low profile.

The album told the story of a man in an ice-cold metallic city, who had just started his own business. In the deep night, he worked at his desk alone, neon lights shining outside the window.

When he made some achievements at work, he was suddenly surrounded by applause. Tired but satisfied, he was waiting for the last subway home. The dim back view of the lonely man expressed

the loneliness of a stranger in a metropolis.

His heart palpitated with excitement when he came across a girl. The girl was Qin Guan's partner. As the female ambassador of Citizen, she had arrived in the capital that day.

The Japanese director nearly pulled his hair out for choosing a film actress to cooperate with Qin Guan.

After careful consideration, they finally chose Fukada Kyōko to be the ambassador of the new ladies' watch.

They met outside the Citizen headquarters for the first time and were quickly followed by countless journalists. Lights were flashing everywhere. Everyone was filled with curiosity about the controversial star.

The staff stopped the journalists and led the two actors into the shooting studio.

Qin Guan and Fukada Kyōko were looking at each other from head to toe. With her pure beautiful face and excellent figure, the girl had quickly become popular in Japan. She had impressed Qin Guan a lot.

As a tough man, Qin Guan never watched Japanese TV series, but she was renowned, not just for her face or figure, but for her romantic interests too. She was known as the [Stamp-Collecting Queen](#).

Qin Guan looked at the girl, who was only a little younger than him. Who could imagine that she'd had a three-way romance?

Her ex-boyfriends included Takizawa Hideaki, Noriyuki Higashiyama (their relationship had lasted for only one year), and the hot scriptwriter Shinji Nojima (who had been the third party).

The hot actress, who had made her debut two years earlier, had already begun collecting handsome boys.

The staff made a short introduction. Kyoko Fukada bowed before Qin Guan politely and then followed her assistant to the dressing room.

Looking at her back, Qin Guan touched his jaw. He would need a translator while he worked with the Japanese girl. He believed it was necessary to handle several foreign languages considering that he would have to work with a foreign brand.

Several days earlier, he had begun to study Japanese. He had even audited some Japanese classes at the training school and had mastered the basics of Japanese dialogue.

There would be some unique words during the shooting though. To avoid a misunderstanding, Qin Guan had relied on a translator during the negotiation.

Kyoko entered her dressing room and gave up her cute girl act.

She sat in a chair, folding her legs up.

The dresser got to work while she shared her opinion on Qin Guan with her assistant.

"My Chinese partner is so handsome, Yumiko! My vision was too narrow! I'll ask my agent to find foreign stars for me."

Yumiko smiled, her eyes narrowing to slits. "You're right, Ms. Kyoko. You have to work harder now. If you became a superstar in Asia, you would get more chances to work abroad."

Facing the mirror, Kyoko Fukada gently smoothed pink lip gloss over her lips and kissed the air. "Mr. Qin is really handsome. All the girls will fall in love with him. Am I right, Yumiko?"

Yumiko was nervous. You are my elder sister, Fukada. This is just a photo album. Did you find your true love again?

Kyoko seemed to know what she was thinking about. She turned around and cast a soft glance at her assistant.

"Don't worry, I prefer a man who can stay with me. I'm a textbook feminist. A lover from a foreign country is not my cup of tea."

She looked at herself in the large mirror. The girl reflected in it was dressed in a backless one-piece. "I'm jealous of those sexy girls," she murmured to herself disappointedly.

She looked even younger when she grumbled.

By the time Kyoko Fukada finished getting dressed and went to the studio, the crew had also arranged everything.

Qin Guan was standing on set in a dark grey suit, wearing a dark gold Citizen watch. The fine diamonds on it were shining in the light.

He had broad shoulders and a straight back. The close-fitting suit complimented his slender waist and long legs.

According to the script, Qin Guan, a successful businessman, had just found his other half. Wearing a long dress, Kyoko Fukada had to bend over his back with emotion and express her happiness for their meeting.

[1] Stamps here stand for men.

Chapter 230: The Girlfriend's Visit

A slight touch of their bodies would be enough.

Glancing at Qin Guan's long legs and thick shoulders meaningfully though, Kyoko stooped over his back tightly.

Qin Guan was unaware of what she was doing. Luckily, her body was light, so he fixed his posture quickly. The photographer was waiting patiently for the female star.

The naughty girl pushed her soft body against his again. Qin Guan dared not move, even though he felt two soft balls touch his back. Her thin silk dress couldn't hide her boobs.

Kyoko Fukada saw Qin Guan's neck tighten and his blue veins pulse. She smiled to herself and embraced his waist with her arm, placing her other hand on his back.

"Okay!" she said in Japanese.

She caressed his back gently, murmuring again in Japanese, "His back is so broad!"

Qin Guan's hair stood on end. She thinks I can't understand Japanese. She is teasing me in her language. I know what she's saying though!

The photo had a strange emotion to it thanks to her behavior.

When he saw the pictures, Qin Guan let out a long breath. Thank god my face is not visible. Sister Xue would have been amused by my twisted expression! F*ck! This girl is even worse than Fang Meiya. At least she only used her charm and words to seduce me. This one goes straight to action!

What was worse, her assistants seemed indifferent to the matter. They saw Qin Guan as another stamp in Kyoko Fukada's collection.

It was too dangerous. According to Qin Guan's small experience with women, with so many foreign and domestic journalists there, the news would spread fast.

During the break, Qin Guan expressed his worry to Sister Xue. She smiled. "Are you afraid of your popularity decreasing if girls know you have a girlfriend? Are you afraid you'll have less female fans?"

Qin Guan shook his head hesitantly. "That has nothing to do with me. I live my own life. This is just a job I took by chance."

Sister Xue clapped her hands. "That's it! Just ask your girlfriend... What's her name... Cong Nianwei! Ask her to come visit you now if she's free. She will give enough material to the media."

Qin Guan suddenly understood. He called his girlfriend, who he

was anxiously longing for.

"Qin Guan? What's the matter?"

Cong Nianwei sounded confused. The day before, Qin Guan had told her about the job, so she had been taking notes during their classes for him. Why is he calling me now?

Qin Guan was speaking hesitantly. He couldn't explain to her.

Sister Xue was impatient though. She bowed to the waiting photographer apologetically and grabbed the phone.

In a few words, she gave Cong Nianwei an idea about the situation. "Kyoko Fukada and Qin Guan?" Cong Nianwei asked in surprise.

Lan Jin, who was sitting nearby, tried to eavesdrop. "What? Kyoko Fukada? Oh my god! Where is she? Where is she? She's my dream woman!"

He stared at Cong Nianwei like a puppy.

Cong Nianwei was speechless. "Is that okay with you?" she asked Sister Xue. "Really? Okay..." She hung up and nodded at Lan Jin helplessly. "Three rules: keep a distance, keep silent, and be invisible. If you can do that, you can take me there."

Lan Jin nodded energetically, afraid that Cong Nianwei would change her mind. As soon as the tutor dismissed them, he helped her put away her books.

As they went out of the building though, they saw two students following them.

"He Ming? Guan Jian?"

Cong Nianwei glanced at Guan, who straightened his strong body and coughed. "Do you need a bodyguard, Cong Nianwei?"

Cong Nianwei sized the two guys up disdainfully. They seemed gentle under normal circumstances. That's men's nature though.

Lan Jin was excited to see them. "Keep a distance, keep silent, and be invisible. Can you do that?"

The two young guys, who were used to being the center of attention, nodded unconsciously.

What could Cong Nianwei do? I'll just take them there. They are Qin Guan's friends anyway.

Cong Nianwei nodded and Lan Jin took the lead, running to the parking lot. "Hurry up! Time is wasting!"

When Cong Nianwei got in the Ferrari, which was the same color

as Lan Jin's hair, she felt deeply regretful.

The three cars reached the Citizen offices as quick as a flash.

Cong Nianwei entered the building in her casual clothes, followed by the three striking boys. The receptionist led them upstairs with a smile.

Our boss sure has good insight. The ambassador he chose has such a striking girlfriend. He must be a great man!

He led them to the shooting studio, just as Qin Guan was coming out of the fitting room.

He was in an elegant white shirt. The buttons on his chest were all unfastened, revealing a wonderful view.

Lan Jin whistled at him in appreciation before shrinking back when he saw Cong Nianwei's cold expression.

Chapter 231: Jealousy

Qin Guan walked up to Cong Nianwei and asked the others in confusion, "Why are you here? My work is boring. You won't find it interesting."

They smiled modestly. "We just wanted to have a look."

Qin Guan nodded. "Okay, there are tables over there. Take a seat. I'm busy now. Can we talk later?"

The three guys waved at Qin Guan. Qin Guan led Cong Nianwei to the nearest table and pulled a chair out for her.

"You can rest here. I'll get a cup of water for you. It's quiet here, so you can just enjoy watching your handsome boyfriend."

Cong Nianwei cast him an accusing look. She watched the tall boy run up to the water dispenser happily.

When Kyoko Fukada came out of the fitting room, she saw Qin Guan sitting with a pretty girl. He was handing her a cup of water. Fingers twisting, they exchanged soft glances with each other.

"Yumiko, who is she?"

Yumiko told Kyoko the gossip she'd heard.

"According to Mr. Qin's agent, she's his girlfriend."

Sneering, Kyoko looked at her assistant like a cute, innocent girl.
"Girlfriend? He's just acting for me!"

"But they seem like such a sweet couple."

"He only cherishes his fame. He wants me to think he has a girlfriend, because he's afraid of getting involved with me."

"That's good. I have better taste anyway. I'm not interested in a man with a girlfriend."

She paused as Qin Guan blew on the hot water again and again before handing it to Cong Nianwei.

"Be careful!"

All the onlookers were drawn by his soft expression.

An assistant nearby fell into deep thought. If Qin Guan was my boyfriend, even for a day, I'd be extremely happy.

Thinking about the chauvinist male compatriots who always cooperated with her, Kyoko Fukada bit her lips.

Her assistant continued her report, "Don't be angry, Fukada. It's

just rumored that Mr. Qin's girlfriend is from a noble family."

Kyoko Fukada pointed at Cong Nianwei with wide eyes and said, "Impossible! Look at her cheap clothes. She's no nobility!"

Yumiko pulled her behind the set worriedly and looked around. Then she warned Kyoko in a low voice, "That was really impolite of you. What would you do if the president of Citizen Asia heard that?"

"What? Would they replace a hot star like me?"

"It's possible. Do you know why they chose me as your assistant? Do you know my nickname?"

"Know-It-All?"

"Bingo! According to official gossip, Mr. Zhuchuan discovered Mr. Qin's real identity. That's why he was chosen by Citizen."

"Mr. Qin is also a nobility. He's from an ancient family. Does his surname remind you of anything? Qin is quite an ancient family name, just like Shankou and Jingshang in Japan, which can be dated back to ancient times."

She looked at Cong Nianwei. "The girl must be the one his family chose for him. Some staff saw her come here in a Ferrari."

Kyoko Fukada grimaced. She was not convinced by her assistant. Her admirers in Japan also had luxury cars.

"That's not the point. The two cars clearing the way for her were private cars of high-level officials."

Kyoko was frustrated. Okay, I'll behave. Yumiko just wants to stop me from provoking Qin Guan.

With the gentlest expression of a Japanese lady, she waved at the photographer, reminding him that she was ready.

She hated seeing Qin Guan and that girl together though.

The photographer's assistant called Qin Guan over. Letting go of Cong Nianwei's hand, he returned to the set.

Cong Nianwei had just realized that her three classmates were not as excited as she had imagined. She glanced at them doubtfully, only to find them criticizing Kyoko Fukada with a strange expression.

Lan Jin made a gesture of holding two balls and told the others disappointedly, "They are not as big as they looked in the magazine!"

What are they talking about? Cong Nianwei was both shocked and happy. Women always liked to be in power. Plus, that girl had tried to provoke her boyfriend.

"F*ck! I was cheated! I only came here for her big boobs and sexy butt!" Lan Jin said angrily.

Guan Jian scratched his head in confusion. "What are they even doing here? They're taking photos with so many clothes on!"

F*ck! He Ming and Lan Jin suddenly cast a surprised, horrified glance at Quan Jian. They realized his reason for coming was different than theirs.

Sighing, Guan Jian continued, "I don't know her, but I think [Maria Ozawa and Aoi Sora](#) are much better."

Their theory was confirmed. He Ming asked him, "What do you think they'll do next?"

Guan Jian grinned. "Take off their clothes, of course!"

The guy had misunderstood Qin Guan's profession. The other two boys were shocked. Suddenly, Guan Jian laughed. "Ha! You really believed me? I think she'd do better as an AV actress though!"

They are famous AV actresses in Japan.

Chapter 232: Dramatic Acting Skills

He Ming smiled. "Her boobs are too small."

Cong Nianwei burst into laughter from the other table.

She looked like a virtuous woman, but she actually wanted to swallow Qin Guan up. She was too young to fool the three veterans.

In the scene being shot, the man and the girl fell in love with each other. They were in the same cold metal city filled with armored concrete. The red wine, candles and flowers reflected their tender feelings though.

Lifting their glasses, they looked at each other and toasted. It was a very romantic moment.

Keeping up her sweetest smile, Kyoko looked like a lovesick girl, caught in Qin Guan's net of emotion and desire.

She cast a glance in the direction of Cong Nianwei and then turned around. Suddenly, she leaned against Qin Guan's chest.

They had already been close to each other, but now she threw herself in his embrace.

"Careful!" Everyone reminded Qin Guan to support her. Only his

friends folded their arms across their chests and snorted.

Qin Guan was about to hug Kyoko, when he saw the evil girl smile cunningly at him and try to hit him directly on the chest.

It would be awkward if Qin Guan held her, as he would have to touch her somewhere. If he got out of the way though, he would be criticized. What should I do?

Qin Guan's brain worked fast and made a decision. The arrow on the string had to be fired.

"Ouch! I'm falling!"

His dramatic acting convinced everyone. He fell down before Kyoko could hit him.

Using the strong muscles on his waist, he leaned by more than 30 degrees. His arms moved to keep his balance as he shouted, "Ah! Someone help me!"

Cong Nianwei burst into laughter, and Sister Xue covered her face helplessly. Kyoko was in trouble. She couldn't control her body like Qin Guan.

When Qin Guan disappeared, she couldn't hold her body back anymore and she fell forward.

"Bang!" The cup in her hand flew in the air, and she fell on the floor face first.

After some wobbling, Qin Guan straightened up again. With a horror-struck expression, he told his girlfriend, "I got so scared!"

Liar! Before his friends and Sister Xue could cast disdainful glances at him, Yumiko rushed onto the set in a dramatic manner typical for Japanese people. She looked like she had just lost her mother in an accident.

Kyoko was in a daze, not from her fall, but from Qin Guan's behavior.

As a beautiful girl, she was used to being treated like a queen by men and boys. Qin Guan's behavior was a heavy blow for her. It hurt even more than her face.

Yumiko pulled her up and supported her out of the set. She sat in the resting area and slowly arranged her thoughts.

Cong Nianwei gave her the nearest table and sat with Lan Jin.

Kyoko Fukada was supported to the table while Qin Guan listened to Sister Xue's rebuke. Kyoko looked at Qin Guan with a confused expression before she turned her eyes to the cup on the table.

The water in the cup had cooled down, and a light pink lip print

was visible on the cup.

Grinding her teeth, Kyoko murmured to herself, "I have never been this humiliated before. I just wanted to play a joke on the boy, because he already has a girlfriend. I should have been more serious though."

Not long after, she apologized to everyone with a sweet smile, expressing her wish to continue the shooting. All the crew members let out a long breath.

A crunched-up paper cup was lying silently in a trash can. On the rim of the cup, there was an indistinct trace of a pink lip gloss.

To everyone's surprise, the rest of the work was finished smoothly. Kyoko Fukada worked extremely hard and the shooting ended early.

The other photos were individual photos of Qin Guan. Kyoko's first job in China had come to an official end.

In the following days, she would participate in a series of advertising activities in China to make the best of her exposure to Chinese media.

Both Sister Xue and Qin Guan let out a long breath of relief. The princess is gone at last. Nobody can stand her.

Kyoko Fukada bowed happily before the crew in farewell. Then

she walked up to Qin Guan and his friends.

"I appreciate your help, Mr. Qin. Although you nearly fell down, you still tried to catch me. You are so kind!"

Are you messing with me, girl? I'm not an idiot.

Qin Guan grimaced awkwardly, and Kyoko left satisfied. His three classmates sized her up from head to toe and reminded Qin Guan kindheartedly, "This is not just any woman. She must be planning something."

Guan Jian was a tough man though. He made fun of He Ming, "You see plots everywhere. You saw two hens at your house once and you didn't realize they'd be cooked for dinner!"

Everyone burst into laughter. They walked out of the Citizen building, fighting childishly. Suddenly, several men rushed out and stopped them.

The boys clustered around Cong Nianwei unconsciously. She was the only girl among them.

Chapter 233: Entertainment Circle Reporters

Qin Guan looked ahead and saw Kyoko Fukada's group blocked at the gate by several reporters.

Sister Xue opened her notebook. "That's strange. Neither Citizen nor A.M. invited any media today. According to the schedule, our first news conference will be on the day of brand launch event. Where did they come from?"

Unfortunately, they had found out themselves. In 2001, mainstream media had begun to transform into network media. With the popularity of the internet increasing, some websites, both in China and abroad, had started a business in that underdeveloped market.

Websites such as Xilang, Soulang, Wangnan and Yatu started emerging like mushrooms after the rain. Their news releases were much swifter and more comprehensive than the traditional media's, and their reporters were in on everything.

Thanks to an inside man who focused on the Japanese entertainment circle, Kyoko Fukada had been spotted at the capital airport.

That man was also a freelance reporter at Yatu. No secret could be kept in the media circle. Once one reporter knew, they all knew.

All the websites had sent reporters to wait outside the Citizen building in hopes of getting the scoop.

Their chance had come. A man had followed Kyoko Fukada out of the building. According to their understanding of the girl, they thought there was a possibility of a romance between her and that handsome guy.

At the time, there had been no net police, so anyone could write anything they wanted.

If the person mentioned in the news sued, the website just added the caption "reported by net users and reproduced by the website" to the article and kept themselves out of trouble.

Several brave reporters rushed over as the photographers started taking pictures like crazy. Those photos would be useful in the future.

"Kyoko, did you come to China for work? Are you cooperating with Citizen? Are you Citizen's ambassador this year?"

"Ms. Fukada, is that man your new boyfriend?"

Several wretched reporters tried to squeeze her crew away. Only one reporter, who was on his first day at the job, aimed for Qin Guan. He cast a glance at Kyoko Fukada.

That day was definitely his lucky day. As an expert on the fashion

industry, he always paid attention to that circle. Qin Guan had been the No.1 male model that year, so he had naturally attracted his attention.

He pointed his poor recorder at Qin Guan and asked, "Qin Guan, are you Citizen's ambassador this year? Did you cooperate with Kyoko Fukada? When will the news be officially released?"

That reporter has a keen sense of news. His questions are good.

Qin Guan stopped and answered the questions hurriedly, "Yes, I signed a contract with Citizen to be the ambassador of their new mechanical watches. The date of the press conference will be announced on their website. Kyoko is my work partner."

The reporter was excited to see his idol answer his questions patiently. "What activities will you participate in in the following days? Your fans are eager to see you in new films and TV shows."

Qin Guan smiled at him. "Tell my fans that three new TV shows will be aired this year. It will be their lucky year. I'm sorry to say I'll only be co-starring again though."

Suddenly, he saw the other reporters turn towards him after bothering Kyoko. He hastened to wave at the reporter and run away with his friends.

A line of cars left with a roar.

"F*ck, we were too late! That guy looked familiar. I've been seeing him on TV a lot lately."

"Don't you know him? Haven't you seen his advertisements? He is famous in the advertising circle. He's a guarantee of success and big sales. He's just as good as a box office guarantee!"

"Awesome! We rarely read any news about him though."

"He hasn't acted in that many films or TV shows. He is actually a model. What fans would be interested in an advertisement actor? He sure was a surprise today though!"

"He's a handsome man. He must be in a relationship with Kyoko! She is the Stamp-Collecting Queen after all!"

When they finished their discussion, they walked up to the reporter who had just interviewed Qin Guan.

"Hey bro, did you interview Qin Guan? Share with us, okay? That's routine, provided it won't make the headlines. We can share what Kyoko Fukada said with you."

The reporter held his recorder tightly in his arms and ran up to his photographer. "Never! I don't need Kyoko!"

They looked at each other as the reporter escaped like a scared rabbit.

"F*ck! We came here for nothing!"

"No, no! Wait!" One of them took the camera and smiled proudly, saying with lively gestures, "Look... Like this... Here..."

They all burst into laughter.

Inauspicious dark clouds started gathering above Qin Guan's head.

The next day was Saturday. It was sunny, which was ideal weather for sleeping in. Qin Guan was kissing Cong Nianwei in his dream, when his phone suddenly started ringing.

He took it out of his bag. It was not his alarm. Someone was calling him.

Qin Guan answered in a sleepy voice, "Sister Xue? What's the matter?"

"What's the matter? Go online at once! Visit any mainstream website! Read the Entertainment Section! You are everywhere! Do it fast!"

Chapter 234: The Affair

Qin Guan jumped up from his bed. He turned on his laptop and logged on to the Wangnan website.

The homepage was the same as it had been before. There were some links in the entertainment section.

The front-page headline was still "[Army Flag Gate](#)". There were also some reports about new films and TV shows, as well as the plans of some important directors.

Qin Guan clicked on the other pages, and his eyes opened wide. In one photo, he saw the Citizen building and the crowd around it. It was the scene from the day before.

The setting and the people were familiar, but the title was unexpected.

"Japanese Popular Idol Kyoko Fukada Came to Beijing to Cooperate with Qin Guan, the King of Advertisements."

It was a good photo, taken at accurate timing. Qin Guan was blocking Cong Nianwei from the camera and looking at Kyoko Fukada in alert.

The shooting position and the title made it seem like Kyoko Fukada was looking at Qin Guan shyly and Qin Guan was looking back at her, tenderness and love shining through their eyes. Cong

Nianwei and everyone else were out of the frame.

Qin Guan looked through and found another photo, in which he had been smiling at the reporter. Now it seemed like he was looking in the direction of Kyoko Fukada. Coincidentally, she also looked like she was paying attention to him. She was looking back at him and smiling.

After reading through the article, Qin Guan felt relieved. There was no evidence, only far-fetched guesses.

When he reached the comment section below though, his smile faded. Wangnan always attracted a group of tiresome people thanks to its sharp reports and fabricated news.

The comments on the website were famous for their hostility. Under normal circumstances, Qin Guan liked to read them for amusement. Now that he was the subject though, it was rather strange.

"Who is Qin Guan? I don't know him!"

"You don't? He is a monkey stamp! He's just looking for a chance to go to Japan and work in the service industry."

"Tell me more! I want to know!"

"He is the new favorite of an advertising company. He drinks Adidas body wash and eats Xianqu Biscuits and cold medicine!"

"Oh, that's why his face seemed familiar. I wonder what a Japanese girl tastes like..."

"You are such a gentleman."

The readers were making fun of Qin Guan. Nobody asked anything about the report.

Qin Guan visited the pages of other mainstream websites. The reports were all the same, except for minor differences. They even used the same photo. That was so unprofessional!

Finally, he found the only honest report on the Soulang website. No tinkered photos, only several shots of Qin Guan's smiling face.

Unfortunately, the report was sneered at by internet users.

"It must have been written by a green hand. Where is the romance? The insider trading? Ha ha! Their reporter must have been late to the scene. Just copy from the others, okay?"

Things were bad. Nobody believed the truth anymore.

Qin Guan called Sister Xue back. "What's Citizen's opinion on the matter? Will the news influence my job in the future?"

Sister Xue sighed. "The director of Citizen was glad. Your

popularity has been promoted by the affair, which will benefit the sales volume. You don't need to worry about your TV shows either. A popular co-star always promotes audience ratings. The producers were glad to hear the news."

"My phone has been ringing all day. Don't worry, I'll make you a big fortune!"

Qin Guan was speechless. "Hey! I'm not worried about my work, but about my life! What will my schoolmates think of me? And the masses who don't know the truth? I have a girlfriend, you know!"

Sister Xue still sounded happy on the other end of the line. "You would have been really popular if you liked giving interviews. This is good publicity. And your girlfriend was just beside you at the time! She will not misunderstand. This makes the best of both sides!"

Before Qin Guan could say anything, Sister Xue's other phone started ringing. "So much for that! You're thinking too much. Good night!" she said and hung up happily.

Qin Guan scratched his messy hair and tried to comfort himself. Maybe it's not so serious. I'll just take things as they come.

Things always exceeded his expectations though. In an era when the internet was gradually becoming popular, young people were the first internet target group.

Many students from Qin Guan's college read the news about their prince.

"Impossible! They're lying! Senior Qin has a girlfriend!"

"Yes! Plus, beauties from our college should come first!"

"They are slandering our prince! We have to tell the truth for him!"

"That's right! No student from our university should be treated unjustly! Those liars!"

There was an old Chinese saying that things of a kind always came together and people of one mind always got together. Those excited fans gathered on the Haijiao Forum.

With the objective of revealing the truth to the public, they put into action the term "cyber manhunt".

Several posters were placed at the top of the gossip and comment sections by forum moderators. The internet fighters focused on the hottest topics of the day.

In 2001, Zhao Wei, a famous Chinese actress, appeared in a US fashion magazine. In the photo, she was wearing a dress with the Japanese military flag on it. This had caused a great uproar at the time.

Chapter 235: A Battle

"How could a website full of false news fool us for so long?"

That post was in the social comments section.

"The true story about Qin Guan, the King of Advertisements, with photos. XX, XXX, and XX attracted users with false news."

That post was in the gossip section.

Suddenly, they were seen by internet users.

"Oh! He's a good boy and a straight-A student. I wonder if his girlfriend is sad about those news."

"Yes, it must be annoying. I'd be very sad if my boyfriend was having an affair."

"Actually, they were childhood sweethearts. It's rumored that Qin Guan refused a beautiful girl's affection without hesitation while in college."

Poor Huang Jiajia...

"Really? Those websites are so evil!"

The voices supporting Qin Guan were getting louder and louder. Some talented people with time on their hands started to make a chart of the different news about Qin Guan.

Finally, they read the news on Soulang, which clarified the truth and told the story from beginning to end.

Those websites had been fabricating news and attracting users by posting fake photos!

The fighters on the Haijiao Forum were excited. Those radicals were famous for fighting demons and defending moral principles.

They could start a fierce battle over a trifle, let alone over getting the hottest news.

They knew the truth, so they had to fight!

The battle started on the Haijiao Forum and quickly spread to the other websites.

Their first aim was Jiulang. Plenty of Haijiaoers flocked in and gathered under the post about Kyoko and Qin Guan's affair.

Using temporary IDs, they occupied the whole comment area and gradually took control of the entire entertainment section.

The Jiulang website administrator was sleeping in his office,

holding a cigarette in his mouth.

By the time he woke up from his nap, the whole page had collapsed.

He typed on his keyboard, his heart in his mouth, but it was too late.

One after the other, all the websites except Soulang crashed.

The administrator of Wangnan was confident though. They had bought the largest server in the market that year. He wasn't afraid of those internet mobs.

As expected, the Haijiao Army met its first obstacle there.

Posts were refreshed rapidly, but the function of the server was still unobstructed. As the fighters were discussing a counterplan, the administrator suddenly jumped up with wild eyes. He looked like he had been stamped on the tail.

The homepage had fallen into enemy hands. All the links had disappeared, leaving only a warning in black and white: Defending Qin Guan is our life-long career!

It had to be someone superior. The director wiped the sweat off his forehead. The technicians worked really hard, but failed to restore the homepage.

"What should we do?"

The director gritted his teeth. "We can only report this to the boss."

Many people lost sleep that night.

Qin Guan spent the day in bed, but Sister Xue informed him about the incident.

He watched the drama online with keen pleasure, eating chicken legs and noodles at the same time.

When Wangnan collapsed, his phone rang.

It was Cong Nianwei. Qin Guan had texted her one hour earlier, but she had been at a lecture at the time.

Her sweet voice improved his mood.

Liu Xiaoyang, who had a chicken wing in his mouth, was shocked by Qin Guan's expression. The wing fell into his bowl, covering his face in soup.

"Did Wangnan really collapse, Qin Guan?"

"Yes, but how do you know?"

"It's evening and I'm in my dormitory. You forget that QH is full of talented students. They could get information on all your family members with just one IP. I'm a goddess here, so lots of strangers are eager to help me. I don't even need to ask them."

I should be happy that my girlfriend is so popular, but...

Qin Guan nearly burst into tears. Thank god I didn't betray her, or I'd die in countless strange high-tech ways.

His heart still fluttering in fear, Qin Guan hung up. It's late, I should go to bed.

He fell asleep soon, but some deeply troubled people were working overnight, the phones in their offices ringing again and again. They were discussing countermeasures.

"We have free speech. What shall we do?" the staff members said one after the other.

"In my opinion, we should remove the articles. Without a target, they'd have no reason to keep attacking us."

"Shall we make a statement after removing them though? What if they attack other sections? Just think about Wangnan's fate."

"We can ask the PR department to make a written statement, telling them we have already dismissed the reporter."

"Good idea. Remove the articles first. Then keep observing."

They took urgent action as more and more users gathered on the Haijiao Forum like a rolling snowball. The Haijiao administrator was confused as well.

He knew the server well enough. With such a large flow, their own page would collapse soon. It was because of those fighters. They had attracted curious users from the websites that were under attack.

Chapter 236: The Citizen Launch Event

The director called the boss immediately, whose excitement nearly poured out of the receiver. "Invest more! Find the best server! Ha ha! The Haijiao Forum finally has its day!"

He was so happy, he was almost out of his mind.

At midnight, the threshold of the next day, all news about Qin Guan's affair on large web portals suddenly disappeared. Then an official announcement came out. Countless fans hailed before their TVs.

They were really powerful. They had caused that storm and made someone hear their voices.

That day had to be commemorated. It was a victory of thousands of nobodies on the internet. That incident made Qin Guan famous among young people. They all focused on him without saying anything.

October 25th was a good day. On the other side of the Pacific Ocean, Windows XP was launched, which was much better for office and home use.

That day was also an important day for Citizen. At the Chenxi Plaza in Wangfujing, the site of the Citizen launch event, the mysterious veil was lifted.

Sister Xue was excited about the luxurious setting. Citizen is so generous! They had set up a giant T stage especially for Qin Guan, its exit decorated with a big Citizen dial plate.

The hands moved and the diamonds on the plate shone one by one. In the dim light, the whole setting looked splendid.

On the centre of the T stage, there was a big hourglass. A golden bowknot was tied around its middle.

Inside the hourglass were hundreds of magnificent watches made of shiny metal.

What luxury!

The invited media and distributors slowly entered the hall.

When the last guest was inside, the staff in charge of security closed the entrance with a red rope.

The media gathered under the stage, talking in low, curious voices. A small group of people were hiding in a corner.

The reporter who was Qin Guan's fan had been promoted to assistant reporter of the entertainment section. He cast a disdainful glance at his downhearted peers. Ha! Do you know the outcome of offending my prince now? Behave yourselves and don't bring shame to the internet media again!

Qin Guan, who was backstage, had no idea what was going on. He just closed his eyes and felt refreshed. The assistant nodded to the program director and the background music began playing.

Qin Guan went out in advance, following the rhythm of the music.

He walked slowly from the dial plate in a charcoal business suit. He looked like an ageless fairy. The audience suddenly fell silent.

The host said in a low, deep voice, "Citizen men's watches focus on mature, confident expression instead of trying to please the public's eye."

By then, Qin Guan had reached the centre of the stage. He loosened his cuffs and rolled up his sleeves. A silver mechanical watch was presented to the media and the distributors.

The informed audience expressed its contempt for the shameless brand.

You said that you don't try to please the public, yet you hired a model to please it. Even a five-yuan plastic watch would look like a Swatch on that model.

Qin Guan raised his wrist naturally, showing the watch to the audience.

The host continued his narration, "Its independent, elegant style compliments Asian gentlemen. Its round plate and tough metal chains are quite different from traditional Japanese patterns. They reflect a natural, refined European style."

As they studied the details of the watch, the audience noticed Citizen's transformation. The brand had changed a lot, not only in the men's collection, but also in the women's. Even those watches were hi-tech.

It seemed that Citizen was not satisfied with its domineering position in the Asian market. Judging by those changes, the brand was planning to explore a way to the European and American market.

The media held on to their discovery. Citizen would probably become a favorite in Europe and the US one day.

Flashlights twinkled everywhere. Qin Guan took off his suit jacket and set it on the edge of the stage, arousing a fierce applause.

He rolled up his other sleeve to reveal the Citizen mark printed on his wrist. His acting skills were so professional that the head of the conference kept nodding at him.

The audience screamed again and again. Qin Guan had nothing to say about the moral integrity of the so-called media.

By the time he returned to the hourglass, his suit jacket had

disappeared from the stage.

Some crazy fan must have picked it up on the sly.

Before Qin Guan could do anything, the female ambassador, Kyoko Fukada, came out from backstage.

Qin Guan had to wait for her by the hourglass with his most graceful smile.

More and more flashlights started flashing. The music changed, and the audience gradually calmed down.

Zhuchuanlongfu got on the stage through an elevator. He made a short speech and began promoting the new watches.

Chapter 237: Rejected Affection

He took one end of the ribbon tied around the middle of the hourglass, while the two ambassadors held the other end.

Three, two, one! The ribbon was untied.

The watches poured out like sand, shiny and luxurious.

The photographers snapped pictures like crazy. They had to record that extraordinary moment.

Zhuchuan introduced the chief designer to the audience and got off the stage. Next was the introduction of the brand concept.

Qin Guan's photo album and the watches were shown on a big screen in the back.

Qin Guan and Kyoko Fukada retreated to the backstage area. There would be a ten-minute break before the press conference, during which they could rest a little.

Before going backstage, Qin Guan looked at the T stage in confusion. Who had taken his suit jacket?

There was a bulging plastic bag in a big LV carry-all, which belonged to Qu Xuemei.

She smiled at Qin Guan slyly. This is what you get for showing off on stage.

Thanks to the influence of the internet, all the media, both mainstream and not, had experienced the power of ordinary people.

They dared not provoke Qin Guan now.

They asked questions carefully during the press conference, trembling in fear.

The reporters were as professional as the distributors. They asked questions about the design, the inner structure, the target group and the advertising concept. There were no questions about the two ambassadors' personal lives.

This satisfied the distributors. We didn't pay them. Why are they being so considerate today?

They were overthinking. The reporters were just afraid of Qin Guan.

Kyoko Fukada was disappointed. She had originally planned on "carelessly" talking about the collaboration between her and Qin Guan while making an ambiguous comment about their relationship. She was used to doing things like that in Japan. They always promoted her popularity. Why would that be unacceptable in China? The media had inexplicably lost any interest in her

though.

Qin Guan, on the other side, was relieved. He had been afraid that some brave idiot would stand up and talk about the news on the internet.

All the reporters were good boys though. They were just taking notes on the side.

They actually felt wronged. Other stars are eager to have affairs. Why are we being punished for ambiguity? You have a relationship with an insider, don't you?

Qin Guan had no idea what they had on their minds. When the conference was over, Zhuchun returned to the empty meeting hall. The staff had tidied up, leaving only one bottle of champagne on a small table and several shining goblets.

Zhuchuan asked a waiter to open the bottle and fill two goblets for the ambassadors.

"Mr. Qin and Ms. Fukada, thank you for your hard work. Judging by what I heard from all sides, I think we can celebrate in advance. I expect a leap in the sales volume in China. To our success! Cheers!"

The beautiful goblets clanged against each other. Qin Guan and Sister Xue let out a long breath of relief.

The most important part was finished. Now they could just wait for the sales.

Qin Guan had been planning on leaving, when suddenly someone patted him on the back. He turned around and saw Kyoko Fukada standing behind him with her goblet. She was smiling.

"Mr. Qin, may I have the honor of having a drink with you?"

"My pleasure."

Qin Guan drained his goblet in one gulp, then showed the empty cup to her. He put it down and prepared to leave. He wanted to keep a respectful distance from the girl.

Suddenly, he was pulled back by his tie. He grabbed one end of the tie, trying to pull the other end out of her hand.

Kyoko Fukada opened her lips slightly and stood on her tiptoes, whispering to Qin Guan, "Not here, let's have a drink alone. I heard that there's a good bar at the bottom of the plaza. Shall we?"

Qin Guan smiled and lowered his head, whispering back to her, "Why are you insisting on having a drink with me? As far as I know, you're flying back to Japan tomorrow morning."

Kyoko Fukada smiled back. She seemed happy by the fact that he was whispering. "One night is enough." She was fascinated by Qin Guan's gentle smile. She loosened her grip on his tie

unconsciously.

Taking the chance, Qin Guan pulled the tie back from her.

"It's a pity I'm already drunk. No more wine for me."

He smoothed down the tie, which had cost him more than 1,000 yuan, and escaped as soon as possible, heading into the noisy crowd.

Yumiko walked up to Fukada at once, looking around her in alert. Sister Xue followed Qin Guan to the exit of the hall.

She raised her eyebrows at him proudly. "I told them we were leaving."

Qin Guan put the empty goblet on a waiter's tray and fastened his cuff.

"Let's go!"

Chapter 238: Thief!

Her words eliminated any hesitation on Qin Guan's part.

The crowd was suddenly enlightened. They all began to loosen their scarves and take out their handkerchiefs.

Before the manager could approach to help Qin Guan, they had all lined up.

What should I do now? Forget it, I'll just get in line.

As the only man present, the manager walked to the end of the queue. Luckily, I have a white handkerchief in my pocket.

Qin Guan signed fast, and the customers did not idle around. After a close contact with their idol, they expressed their gratitude politely and left.

The girl kept chattering, making the process more fun.

"Oh, still two girls left! Your signature is good, though the Chinese characters are not easy to read. That's okay. All star signatures are illegible. Should I give you my card? Your industry is quite different from mine, but you can call me if you need to. As they say, the more friends you make, the more roads you take..."

Sister Xue grimaced, but accepted her elegant card.

By then, Qin Guan had signed the last autograph for the manager. The manager gave Qin Guan several catering coupons along with the handkerchief. Qin Guan cheered up as soon as he saw the gift. What a kind man!

Qin Guan hugged him to express his appreciation. The man left feeling numb.

The girl watched him go jealously, murmuring, "That's so cunning! It's gender discrimination!"

Qin Guan smiled and reminded his fan, "We are leaving. Thank you for your card. I'll contact you if I need to."

Then he winked at her and left with Sister Xue.

The girl nearly got a heart attack. What should I do? He's so handsome!

As he exited the plaza, Qin Guan began to worry about his future. I'll have a hard life if I'm a recognizable idol.

In the car, Sister Xue threw the card at Qin Guan. "She is the general agent of a foreign brand in China. It's a pity that it has nothing to do with your profession."

Qin Guan picked up the card and recognized the familiar

trademark on it.

It said, "US STANLEY China General Agent, He Qian."

The heroic young girl had been Qin Guan's peer in his past life! Qin Guan put the card into his card holder longingly. It might be useful someday.

Qu Xuemei left the meeting hall with her huge bag after the press conference ended.

She drove back to her office as fast as she could. In the car, her palms were sweating nonstop. It was the first time a strict woman like her had stolen something.

She didn't understand why she had taken Qin Guan's jacket. Her brain had not been working at the time.

Before the astonished eyes of her staff, she pushed into her private office with a serious expression.

She closed the door and shut down the window-shades before she collapsed on the couch.

After a full minute, Qu Xuemei let out a long breath. She slowly opened her bag and took out the jacket in the simple plastic bag.

She frowned. She had never held anybody else's belongings in

her hands, let alone a man's jacket.

Suddenly, she became angry. She threw the jacket into the trash bin next to her, then returned to her desk and sat down. I have to work. There's so much paperwork to read through.

Her attention was still on the trash bin though. She bit her lips and kicked the trash bin open again.

She picked up the plastic bag up with her fingertips and called her secretary.

The assistant secretary knocked nervously. "Take the jacket to the dry-cleaner's. Bring it back when it's ironed and pressed," Qu told her.

The secretary relaxed when she heard the task. She took the bag and left quickly.

Qu turned on her computer and clicked on the email she had failed to send hesitantly. Qin Guan's material was in the attachments.

Qu added the Citizen file and pressed send after hesitating for a long time.

She cared for Qin Guan too much. He would have to rely on himself in the future.

Qin Guan had no idea about this. The time for his qualification exams for going abroad was approaching.

He couldn't focus his attention on insignificant things. The following job would be the biggest testament of his identity as a model.

Chapter 239: A Small World

According to the schedule, one week after Kyoko Fukada returned to Japan, Qin Guan's photo album would be released with local mainstream fashion magazines in all the countries where Citizen offices were located.

His carefree days would be over. He would be surrounded by gawkers whenever he strolled along the street.

He scampered off like a frightened rat to training school with Cong Nianwei. A few days later, the courses would be finished and they would drift apart.

The tutor was making a speech on the platform, giving them a pep talk for the following exams.

He Ming murmured, "That's why I hate new teachers. They are still new to their roles. Soon they won't be so excited anymore."

Lan Jin was laughing in the front, his red hair shaking.

He Ming hit him on the head. "This is the last time we meet before the exams. We should take advantage of it and have a party together. We could look after each other in the US in the future."

Lan Jin was in high spirits, when Qin Guan's phone suddenly rang.

"Yes, it's me, Brother Bu. What's the matter?"

Bu Qinglu was lying on the couch in his office, his feet on the tea table. Two more guys were lying on the couch across from him.

He spoke to the receiver loudly, "I have two things to tell you. First, your roommates came here today with your VIP card and I led them to the third floor for free."

"Thank you, Brother Bu. Just leave them alone. You don't need to take care of them."

Bu grinned. "Do you think I'm a stingy man? I'll make them feel at home, don't worry."

"Second, you are our shareholder and CFO, right? I've come across an opportunity here. Could you come over and give me some advice? The partner seems reliable, but you know I'm only experienced in the service industry. Help me and I'll share the opportunity with you."

"Okay, I'm coming. Will it take a lot of my time?"

"No, we'll just meet them here and get a general idea of their plan. We'll decide what to do on the spot. They are old friends and pretty straightforward guys."

Qin Guan smiled. "Okay. I have some new friends here. Could you give us some good rooms?"

Bu sounded much happier. He put his feet down and told Qin Guan in a mysterious voice. "Quick! You'll really like it!"

Qin Guan hung up and asked He Ming and Guan Jian, "Shall we go to the Fruit & Candy Club? I have some friends there."

He Ming and Guan Jian exchanged a glance and shrugged. "Good choice."

Did you forget to ask somebody else's opinion? Cong Nianwei always followed Qin Guan to any place he went for amusement.

Did he even ask Lan Jin?

Everyone always ignored him. The boy would be happy to go with them wherever they went.

He was a textbook case of a guy with no friends, who didn't feel loved.

After the teacher's 10-minute testimonial on graduation, the five boys left the classroom.

Four vastly different cars roared to life. Led by Qin Guan's Cherokee, they drove in line, heading for the main road.

It took them only 15 minutes to get to the club. They got out of

their cars and entered through the gate.

Qin Guan nodded at the manager and reached the third floor without any trouble.

"My roommates are also here. I have to go greet them."

He Ming smiled. "Your schoolmates? Let's go together."

Qin Guan smiled back. "Okay. Then we'll go to the fourth floor."

Qin Guan pushed in and the happy laughter and cheerful voices inside stopped at once.

Liu Xiaoyang was shouting at a microphone selflessly. The boy had taken off all the clothes on his upper body and tied ribbons on his head. A girl named Mimi or Lulu was applauding behind him.

There were empty beer bottles on the floor. Li Jie, who was slightly drunk, was teasing a beautiful girl. There were lipstick stains all over his face.

They were all stunned when Qin Guan entered. Li Jie fixed his eyes on him and grinned. "Qin Guan, it's you! Come in! Let's have fun together!"

Before Qin Guan could say anything, he noticed that Liu Xiaoyang suddenly looked way more shocked than before. His

eyeballs nearly dropped off his wide open eyes.

He turned off the microphone and stood up straighter. Trembling, he told the man behind Qin Guan, "B... Brother Guan, what are you doing here?"

Liu was famous for his sharp wit. Why was he stammering though? Did he know Guan Jian?

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Chapter 241: Questioning

Confused, everyone fixed their eyes on Guan Jian, who was standing behind Qin Guan. The tall boy strolled up to Liu Xiaoyang with a strange smile.

Before speaking, he looked around him. Then he looked down at Liu with a faint smile on his face. "Look at you, Liu Xiaoyang! Does your mom know what you're doing these days? You learned how to play with girls, huh?"

He clapped Liu on the head with his huge palm.

Liu tried to explain nervously, "No, Brother Guan. I was just singing here."

They must know each other!

Qin Guan kindly explained on Liu's behalf, "The owner of the club is my friend, so I invited them here. The girls only drink and sing songs with the clients. Don't worry."

Guan Jian turned to look at Qin Guan and grinned, making Qin Guan shiver.

He took his hand off Liu's head and patted him on the shoulder fatherly. "You have grown up so much. You know how to relax now."

Liu looked like a wild animal who felt safe again. He rolled his eyes and asked curiously, "Are you here with Qin Guan?"

Qin Guan made a gesture, letting Guan Jian speak.

Guan Jian's horrifying smile disappeared, and he hugged Liu around the shoulders.

"Liu Xiaoyang lives in the same neighborhood as me. I've known him since we were kids. I've watched him grow up. You are only 18 years old! This place..."

Then he took his hand and rubbed it on his pants.

"What a crazy boy! What's that on your body? It's so sticky!"

Liu put on his hoodie, trying to explain, "I'm sweaty all over..."

Guan Jian pointed at Qin Guan. "I know him from training school. He is the roommate you always showed off about, right? I would have never guessed. This is He Ming. He lives in the courtyard of the diplomats. It's not far from our neighborhood. And this is Lan Jin. He reminds me of you a lot. You could become good friends in the future."

By that time, Cong Nianwei had taken a seat opposite the two girls.

Liu cheered up at Guan's introduction. He bowed before He Ming and said, "Brother He, you are like my own brother."

Who said that Liu had not mastered everyday life courtesies? He was amazing at being the younger brother.

He sized Lan Jin up from head to toe and introduced himself, "Hello, I'm Liu Xiaoyang. Brother Guan says we are a lot alike."

The straight-A student and the underachiever talked happily.

Cong Nianwei was talking to the three girls with a calm smile.

Li Jie was sitting still with his hands between his legs. He no longer looked like a playboy. The two girls sitting with him were answering Cong Nianwei's questions honestly.

Cong Nianwei blinked and leaned forward slightly. "Good! Now I know your age, work experience and job description. I'll get straight to the point. Is anybody here a frequent guest? Who? How often?"

The two girls looked at Qin Guan subconsciously. They had finally met his mysterious girlfriend.

She was sitting in front of them, reminding them of a strict primary school teacher.

They couldn't help but shiver at her smile.

The girl in Li Jie's arms sat up straight. She was sure that Brother Qin was being bullied by his girlfriend.

"Brother Qin comes here the most often," she answered.

It felt like a thunder had landed on Qin Guan's head. Cong Nianwei was smiling sweetly, making Li Jie shiver and sober up.

The girl hastened to add, "He comes here for work. He goes directly to the sixth floor. Brother Li comes here for singing and playing. He's become a frequent guest after the soccer match. He comes here every weekend for me, because I have the biggest boobs."

She pushed her breasts up with both hands proudly. The girl beside her nodded.

Cong Nianwei relaxed a little, and everyone in the room felt warmer.

Relieved, Qin Guan invited everyone to the fourth floor.

Li Jie's feet felt flaccid, so the two girls had to support him with their hands. He smoothed his hair and asked Qin Guan, "Have you been promoted? Can you go to the fourth floor now?"

Chapter 242: Opportunity

Embarrassed, Qin Guan answered, "Yes, I've been promoted. If I knew how often you came here, I'd give you another VIP card."

They all went out of the room. Guan Jian put his arm around Liu's neck and warned him in a low voice, "Have a sense of propriety! Stay away from Li Jie."

Panting, Liu Xiaoyang answered, "We'll have the same tutor next year and we're still roommates. He might be a playboy, but he has no other bad habits."

Guan grinned and loosened his grip on him. "I had to advise you. They have no idea about your background, right?"

Liu whispered proudly, "I'm not an idiot. I wouldn't show off about my family to my roommates. Besides, those are my parent's achievements, not mine. I will show off about my own achievements someday."

Guan was relieved. The little boy has grown up.

They all went to the fourth floor together. This was the first time Qin Guan went there. He showed the golden card to the receptionist proudly.

"You have room 4004, Mr. Qin. Follow me, please."

Qin Guan told everyone, "I'll go have a talk with Brother Bu. Just enjoy yourselves. I'll come find you later."

Then he handed his wallet to Cong Nianwei. "Take it. Spend any money you need to."

Cong Nianwei glanced at Qin Guan and pushed the wallet away without hesitation. She had gotten a large bonus from the program. This kind of money was nothing for her.

She gestured at Qin Guan to reassure him and followed his unreliable friends into the room.

Qin Guan watched her go happily. She spends her own money for me! She's amazing!

Qin Guan hadn't noticed the new bed sheets and the groceries in the fridge and the kitchen cabinets. It was Cong Nianwei who had bought them in secret.

Besides, she also washed his towels and socks.

Qin Guan entered Bu Qinglu and Wang Hailiang's office and saw Zhang Zhenqian sitting on the couch. Surprised, he greeted everyone and took a seat.

Bu spoke first, "Qin Guan, you must know Zhang Zhenqian. We are old friends. Of course, I didn't invite you here to talk about friendship. Zhang wants to share an opportunity with us. You are

our partner, so we must discuss this together. This is his proposal. I'd like to hear your advice."

He handed Qin Guan a thick pile of auction invitations.

On the front page, there were the qualifications, requirements, types of machines and standard models.

Qin Guan read through the material and got a general idea. Then he returned the documents to Zhang. "Brother Zhang, how many projects are you after?"

"My company just began doing business. I deal in electric generators, battering rams and road rollers."

"So why are you here?"

Zhang coughed awkwardly. "You know, Qin Guan. This is my first business since I founded the company. I used all my contacts to get this chance. It's my first and final fight."

He looked around him pathetically. "The company is burning my capital. It's hard for me to take on three bids."

He had gone there for help. He knew his two old friends were running a club.

Zhang's words transferred Qin Guan back to his past life. He had

met Zhang at a party, but then he had only been a green hand, while Zhang had already had a large company.

Zhang liked to talk about himself over everything else. He had told the other guests a story about his struggles.

During his roughest time, he hadn't gotten a single job in one year.

He had started to doubt whether he was suitable for the industry or doomed to lose everything. He didn't want to give up his relations in the industry though. They had cost him a lot of energy and material resources after all.

Just as his chain in the capital was about to collapse, he had come across a big chance.

His relations had given him a chance to take a bid. He had borrowed money from all his friends and relatives and gathered all the capital he needed. In the end, he had won the bid and survived.

The story was much more interesting in this life though. Now he had three bids, which meant that the other two were beyond his means. Every link in the bidding process required an investment, and the government wouldn't prepay such a large-scale construction project.

Chapter 243: A Big Deal

As he thought of that, Qin Guan felt reassured. He decided to ask a sensitive question that Bu and Wang were too embarrassed to talk about.

"Brother Zhang, business is business. I have to be clear about the situation. How much can you invest on the project? What about the success rate? If we have enough capital, how many projects could you handle?"

Zhang was pleased to talk with Qin Guan. He was a very sensible person in his opinion. He was actually annoyed by the other two idiots, who were beating around the bush.

"With the right product prices, I can guarantee an 80% success rate. And I can promise to get two."

"As for other ones, one can just bid for a try. The government doesn't keep the deposits made for bidding applications. I'm qualified for 80% of the projects."

Qin Guan smiled. He didn't focus on the man's boasting. What he was interested in was the amount which Zhang had built a fortune on those days.

He broke in, "Brother Zhang, let's leave the bidding applications aside. Just tell me how much capital you have, how much you want us to invest, and how we would share the profits."

Zhang paused for a second before he replied shamelessly, "I have 30,000 in my hands. You'd have to make up for the rest. We can split the profits 50-50."

What the f*ck! Is your nickname Big Face? How could you make such a shameless proposal?

Qin Guan began to complain about his impudence, exposing his crafty side to Bu and Wang.

"According to the bidding applications, there are 50 generator sets with a listed price of 4,500 yuan each. The tender price would be about 7,000 yuan. Along with the transportation, we'd have to pay 300,000. The list price for the 20 road rollers is more than 200,000, and the tender price will be about 300,000, so we'd have to invest 6,000,000 just on this bid."

"As far as the 80 high-consumption battering rams are concerned, we'd have to buy them at any moment. According to the average domestic product price, we'd have to have another 300,000 at hand for those."

"This means that we'd invest 6,300,000 and get a net profit of 1,600,000 million, if we won the bidding contest. We'd only get 800,000. This is not worth our time."

Bu and Wang were confused by the numbers. Zhang was stupefied. How could this guy memorize so much data in such a short time?

He tried to explain, "But we can get our capital back in one month. It's an experimental program of the West North Development Plan. The government will see it through. Besides, you couldn't get that kind of profit if you deposited the money in a bank."

"Brother Zhang, this collaboration would cost us a lot," Qin Guan said.

Zhang looked up in surprise. Staring at the handsome young negotiator, he realized in horror that they were talking about business, not friendship.

He took a handkerchief out of his pocket to wipe the sweat of his face. He had tried all possible ways to convince them, but it was in vain. He was a drowning man clutching at a straw. Otherwise, he wouldn't be visiting old friends.

Qin Guan smiled. "According to your investment, you should earn only 5%. You were too greedy to ask for half of the profits."

Then he tried to lighten the mood and give Zhang some hope, "Nowadays, relationships are also taken into consideration though. You are a good friend of Brother Bu and Wang, so we wouldn't cheat you. How about two to eight? You'd get two."

Qin Guan gestured to stop Zhang. "Let me finish. Since you have the documents, we'd make a good deal as well."

He picked a pen up from the table and began to write on a page of product data.

His slender fingers danced between the pages as the three tough guys fixed their eyes on him. Finally, he poked at the last column and returned the documents to Zhang.

"We'd just bid for these."

Zhang read the documents, his fingers moving faster and faster between the pages.

Finally, he looked up, "Are you crazy? You want to get all the small electric machines and tools? Did you tick them for their low prices? Just the rivets on the guard railing would cost 1,000,000. You couldn't get that much money, even if you bought those two out!"

Qin Guan crossed his arms over his chest and leaned back as if everything was fine. "Did you notice anything about the objects I ticked?"

Chapter 244: Everything Is Ready

"It's only small tools and parts. The largest ones are ten small-scale workstations."

Qin Guan took He Qian's card out of his elegant silver card holder. He waved it before Zhang Zhenqian. "Have you heard of Stanley? I prepare small things for them."

Zhang laughed. "You want to buy stock from these guys? They might have just entered the Chinese market, but they are no idiots."

"If I succeed, will you agree to the shares I suggested?" Qin Guan asked confidently.

Zhang's brain was working fervently. No! The ticked objects were screaming at him, reminding him of the considerable profits. He licked his dry lips and said decisively, "If you convince Stanley, then yes. I'll accept your proposal."

Qin Guan clapped his hands. "Okay! If I convince Stanley, we'll split the profits eighty to twenty. If we get all three projects, it'll be forty to sixty. I think Brother Bu and Wang would like to give you a hand."

Zhang felt reassured by the proposal. This young man seems like a good partner.

He shook the documents before them, reminding them, "Time is pressing! The bidding evaluators will be isolated one week earlier. They will stay someplace together, away from other people. We have two weeks left. I'll submit the bidding applications according to your plan. Then you'll have only one week to gather the capital and convince Stanley."

Qin Guan nodded calmly. "One week is enough. Just take care of the documents for me."

Zhang left without a word. He had a lot to do in the following week. He and his staff would have to work overtime.

Bu Qinlu watched Zhang drive off in his car. Then he asked Qin Guan doubtfully, "Are you confident that you'll succeed? You shouldn't strain yourself. We could just lend him some money."

Qin Guan was shocked by his sincere words. He was used to a world in which everyone was trying to cheat others. The kind brothers had moved him.

He poked Bu's arm playfully. "I'm earning money for myself. Throw me a bone this time. I'll provide one third of the capital. 2,000,000, is that okay?"

Bu laughed and hugged Qin Guan. Then he told Wang, who was still in a daze, "Of course, we won't forget you."

The three of them laughed loudly.

Everything was settled, so Qin Guan put He Qian's card away carefully, said goodbye to Bu and Qin, and left the office. He was worried about his strange friends.

When he entered the room though, he saw that everything was normal.

It was a big room of about 100 square metres, perfect for private parties.

There was a bar by the door, and chairs and couches were scattered around the room. There was also a set of sound equipment, and a chess board and cards on a shelf.

Qin Guan looked around and saw that Cong Nianwei was not there. "Where is Cong Nianwei?" he asked Li Jie.

Li Jie was playing chess with one of the girls. He took a sip of his tea and pointed to a beautiful swinging door. "She might be in the oil massage room."

Relieved, Qin Guan sat down on the soft couch and watched the guys in confusion.

Guan Jian and Liu Xiaoyang were talking about something in low voices by the bar. Guan Jian was sitting and Liu was standing. Liu served tea or gave cigarettes to Guan with pleasure.

Any time Guan said something to him, Liu would flush in excitement. He was standing perfectly straight like a soldier.

The weirdest couple though was Lan Jin and He Ming. The two guys from two different worlds were enjoying an extra service of the room: shaving.

Two experienced masters were working on their faces with shining traditional razors. Their skills were impeccable.

Qin Guan was speechless. Suddenly, Cong Nianwei came out of the massage room looking satisfied. She smiled at her boyfriend and sat down beside him.

Chapter 245: Drunk Without Wine

They sat close to each other on the soft couch, the cold fragrance of orchid surrounding them.

Qin Guan sniffed her hair dramatically and teased her, "How sweet you smell, little girl!"

Before he could continue, Cong Nianwei pulled him up and pushed him towards the door of the massage room.

"It's free massage! It comes with the room. Just enjoy it!"

Then she smiled at the other guys and picked up a novel with an attractive cover from the shelf. Lying on the couch, she got absorbed in reading.

Not long after, a scream of agony came from the room. "It hurts! Don't press there! Ah!"

Cong Nianwei looked up, smiling in satisfaction.

Then she turned to the next page. The oil massage was relaxing, but it hurt. Cong Nianwei had withstood that pain for 40 minutes, gritting her teeth to hold back her shouts. Of course she would suggest a massage to her boyfriend.

They left the club late at night. Both He Ming and Guan Jian had

enjoyed their time at the quiet club.

Qin Guan handed them two VIP cards, making a short introduction. They could experience the cards' benefits gradually in the future.

Qin Guan couldn't show them the secret rooms while Cong Nianwei was there.

They started their cars and left one by one. Destiny had tied them together. Sighing with emotion, Qin Guan told Cong Nianwei, "It's getting cold. I'll take you back to college."

Cong Nianwei took Qin Guan's bag with a smile. "Okay."

He started the car and put on a slow blues song. Then he said tentatively, "Cong Nianwei?"

"Yes?" She turned her head around.

Looking steadily forward, Qin Guan said, "Shall we live outside campus in the US? I could ask John to find an apartment for us."

Cong Nianwei blinked and turned her head to watch the scenery outside. "Okay!" she answered without hesitation.

Qin Guan clenched the steering wheel harder. "No, I mean... Live together... You and..." he said nervously.

He couldn't continue.

Cong Nianwei didn't turn around. Her back turned to Qin Guan, she answered calmly, "I know what you mean. How long will we know each other by then? I would like to."

Qin Guan felt like he had lost his voice. Only his rapid breathing could be heard inside the carriage. Cong Nianwei's fairy-like face was visible in the window. Judging by the reflection, she had to be blushing.

They were growing up gradually. Some emotions would dissipate in time, while others would mature like the purest, richest wine.

Different people had different definitions of love. That was as natural as the air and water.

Under the QH dormitory building, a boy was seen shouting inside his car, waving his fists in the air, "YES! YES!"

...

He Qian thought this was her lucky day. Her idol had called her back!

She was busy putting on makeup at her desk. The fierce, tough girl was experiencing nervousness for the first time in her life.

Her assistant knocked on the door, informing her that Mr. Qin had arrived. He Qian looked up and pushed all her makeup tools into a drawer.

She smoothed her curly brown hair unconsciously and coughed. "Yes."

Her assistant was familiar with her behavior. Trying to cover up his smile, he led Qin Guan inside.

Qin Guan entered the office and saw the girl watching him seriously. "Thank you. Close the door for me, please," she told her assistant.

When he left, they looked at each other for more than ten seconds. Finally, He covered her face. "Oh, my god! You really called me back! What's the matter?"

Qin Guan couldn't help but smile. He handed He Qian all the documents.

"Something is the matter. Just look at these first."

Confused, He Qian took the documents and began reading.

She was getting more and more surprised as she progressed. Several days ago, her manager had brought her the bidding

applications. She had read the paperwork, but hadn't paid much attention to it. She engaged in importing tools, not in domestic development programs.

She was surprised to see that Qin Guan's prices were lower than her manager's by 10%.

"Do your friends want to bid on this project? The profit would be too small if they won."

Chapter 246: A Professional Agent

Qin Guan shook his head. "No, I want the equipment of the deal. The bidding project is my final goal. Are you interested?"

Suddenly, her eyes opened wide and she turned into a cunning merchant.

"Got it. I could provide you with the small tools and parts. I know the bidding price, but you are here for a basic agent price."

Qin Guan shook his head again. "No, the investment required is beyond my means."

"What? You want to get something for nothing then?"

"No, I want to transfer the equipment. If I could get 60% of the project with that price, would you be interested?"

He Qian's heart was beating faster and faster.

As a general agent of Stanley China, she had been distributing products only for a short time. Her performance was just average, but she relied on the sales volume to compete with others.

She had only achieved 60% of her annual goal by then, and it was already late October.

She calculated fast in her brain. I'll be able to reach my goal and then some!

She sighed. "The profit would be too low for me though."

Qin Guan smiled again. Gifted with the ability of foreseeing, he could read the cards in her hand. "As far as I know, there is a reward mechanism for general agents of foreign brands. For giant machinery, it's 10%. What's the rate for small tools?"

He Qing was surprised. My idol knows the industry.

She sighed and put down the paperwork, trying to make another proposal, "The second bid requires a guarantee between companies. To tell you the truth, I don't know anything about this company. It would be a huge risk on such a big project. There are too many holes on the other side."

Qin Guan kept smiling as he proposed a second plan: a temporary contract with five signatures between legal persons and shareholders.

"It's a new company with five shareholders. You could be considered one of them."

He Qian realized an experienced professional was sitting across from her.

She read through the contract and called her assistant.

"Take this to Ada from the Legal Department. It's urgent. I need it today!"

Her assistant took the contract and left.

Then He Qian asked, "Will you control the capital flow? Shall I monitor the bidding process then?"

"Don't worry. After we found the new company, the shareholders can send inspectors to the Finance and Sales Department. We'll need your direct participation in the future."

They began discussing it further. After a long time, the meeting was finished.

When Qin Guan left, He Qian saw that her eyeshadow brush was on the floor. She picked it up. The silver powder on it was shining with a mysterious light, just like Qin Guan's mysterious beauty.

Maybe he is my lucky star after all.

Qin Guan had finished his task. The rest of the work would be up to Bu Qinglu.

His exams were much more important. Lan Jin was nervous about the exams, but Cong Nianwei and Qin Guan were not.

When they exited the examination room, Qin Guan suddenly sneezed in the autumn wind.

Cong Nianwei hastened to take a red hand-woven scarf from her bag. Qin Guan took it and put it around his neck. "It's good."

Cong Nianwei was looking at him as if he was an idiot. She was thinking about weaving a blue scarf with the same materials. The long scarf made Qin Guan look like a cute hamster.

Their heads were really close, when suddenly Qin Guan's phone started ringing. Sister Xue sounded nervous. "Did you finish your exams? Come to my office later!"

Qin Guan hung up and shrugged. He had to take his girlfriend back to college and ran to work.

When he entered Sister Xue's private office, he saw a short-haired woman looking at him with an appraising expression. She seemed quite quick-witted and capable.

Qin Guan greeted her and cast a glance at Sister Xue, realizing her face was slightly twisted. This was their secret signal, indicating that the woman was difficult to deal with.

Acting calm, Qin Guan asked Sister Xue, "What's the matter?"

Sister Xue answered in a stranger manner, "Let me introduce Wang Jingcao, Sister Wang. She is a famous star agent."

Qin Guan got worried. What does she want from me? I'm a nobody!

Wang greeted Qin Guan as if she knew him, "Hello, I'm Wang Jingcao. Both Li Bingbing and Fang Pingping have talked about you. I'm really interested in you. I just wanted to have a look at the actor who attracted the attention of those two beauties. Now I understand why. Reality matches your reputation."

Chapter 247: Poaching

Qin Guan felt embarrassed by her words. He felt a strange sense of familiarity towards the woman. She seemed like an old friend or a family member, even though this was their first meeting.

Sister Xue stared at them nervously. The woman had great connections and background. She was afraid that Wang would steal Qin Guan from her in the future.

Her presentiment was correct. Wang stopped beating around the bush and got to the point, "I heard that you have been very productive this year. You acted in three TV shows, right?"

Sister Xue straightened her back proudly, but Wang's next words hit her across the face.

"I have watched your shows, and there were two serious problems. The first is that you always play the same roles. You are always a co-star in period shows. The second problem is your haste in selecting roles. It's dangerous to be limited to a certain type of character. Just count how many villains you have played! Five! In five different shows."

"Although your roles are popular among the audience, the directors will easily limit your choices. In the future, they will assign only villain parts to you, and it will be too late for you to change."

Sister Xue felt embarrassed by her words. I have no excuse to

defend myself.

Wang Jingcao looked at Qin Guan regretfully. This diamond has been misused! His agent must be an amateur.

Then she asked Qin Guan, "What's your opinion? Would you like to be my client?"

"In fact, I've been paying attention to you ever since W. Brother contacted you. You rejected them and they threw your card in the trash bin, but I picked it up. Then I visited the actors and crews you cooperated with and learned that you had a good reputation. Otherwise, I wouldn't be here."

Sister Xue and Qin Guan were convinced. Her clients included actors like Chen Daoming after all.

What she'd said had showed her scorn for Sister Xue though. The woman was really confident about herself.

Before Sister Xue exploded, Wang threw another bomb at them. "I'd like to invite you to Silver Eagle in early November."

Qin Guan was surprised. "But I wasn't nominated for an award. I'm not qualified to attend the festival."

Wang Jingcao tried to explain, "Besides the competitors, many honored guests and actors are invited to the ceremony. Will you consider it?"

In Qin Guan's past life, Wang had seized opportunities for her actors by using a bicycle. She would shuttle among crews, companies and VIP's homes by bike. In one year, she'd become the most famous agent. What she relied on was caring for her actors.

It was a pity that this was not Qin Guan's aim. Otherwise, he might have been convinced.

Sister Xue suddenly remembered something and began to gloat.

Qin Guan replied sincerely, "Sister Wang, it's my honor to get invited by you, but I'd like to be honest."

Sister Xue eyed Qin Guan, trying her best to stop him. Her eyes and nose were completely twisted.

Qin Guan held his laughter back as he said, "I have my own reasons for accepting roles like that. I'm planning on studying abroad next year."

Wang was shocked. It was hard for her to accept that a rising star would give up his career without hesitation to go abroad.

"If you were only an actor, the losses of going abroad would outweigh the gains. You are also well-known in the fashion industry though. In my opinion, your achievements as a model played a big part in your success. I'm also trying to create a do-all star in China. I want to foster a new star that sets fashion trends in

Asia, like those in Japan and South Korea."

"Why do you want to go abroad?"

Sister Xue broke in, "Qin Guan took this job in his spare time. He wants to be an accountant. He will apply for a financial major in foreign colleges. He's not going to a drama school."

Wang Jingcao was speechless. She'd known that he was a college student, but this was beyond her imagination.

Qin Guan wanted to deliver some good news to relieve the tension in the room.

"Don't worry, Sister Wang. I might continue working part-time overseas. I have some acquaintances in the modelling circle there. If I get an offer from a college, I'll have to earn my tuition fees, so I won't quit the industry anytime soon."

Wang looked cheered up. "Which country do you plan to move to? Which college are you applying to?"

"New York in the US. I think I could at least get an offer from LEE."

Wang clapped in excitement. "That's great! We should keep in touch. Don't rush to say no!"

Chapter 248: Preliminary Discussion

She smiled warmly at Sister Xue. "I know you. Qin Guan was your model at the very beginning. You might be a green hand in the film and TV circle, but that doesn't matter. Would you like to cooperate with me?"

Her attitude changed so fast that Sister Xue didn't know what to say.

Wang moved closer to them, breaking the deadlock. "Going abroad doesn't mean giving up your career in China. With proper management, you could manage that unfavorable situation. This may be another chance for you. If you trust me, I'll help you. Will you return to China after your graduation?"

"Of course!" Qin Guan answered resolutely.

"That's it!" Wang Jingcao looked slightly excited. She couldn't help but rub her hands together. "Study abroad and maintain your domestic popularity. When you return to China, you'll get other roles. If possible, you should appear at a top fashion week or a launching event to expose yourself to the public. Just send the photos back and I'll do the processing. Nowadays, most top brands are from foreign countries anyway."

Qin Guan was speechless. "That's cheating! If I can get an offer from a big brand, I'll inform you and Sister Xue as soon as possible. I don't want to squeeze in to shows like that though."

Wang was still happy. "So you agree with me?"

Sister Xue nodded at Qin Guan.

He tried to make the two excited women calm down, "I'll work hard, provided that the work doesn't influence my courses. You can just contact Sister Xue about our future cooperation. I trust her."

Sister Xue felt warm. That's my boy.

"I believe in you, Qin Guan. The LEE designer was full of praise for you at the Capital Fashion Week. He also invited you to the US. This is the perfect combination of a favorable climate and the best human resources. It will be easy for you to appear at a middle-scale fashion show. Your courses will be a piece of cake. Asian students are famous for their good marks."

Wang knew that they had decided to cooperate with her and she suddenly turned into a babysitter. She clapped on the table happily. "We have a deal! You can attend the Silver Eagle Festival with me. I'll invite you as an honorable guest on the red carpet. I'll discuss this further with your agent."

The atmosphere was quite harmonious. Qin Guan decided to leave. He had to prepare for his college applications.

Before leaving though, he turned around and asked, "Sister Wang, when will the Silver Eagle Festival be held?"

"On November 5th."

Smiling, Qin Guan reminded her, "My photo album..."

Then he left, leaving the two women to discuss about his first photo album, which would be released in all major Asian countries at the same time.

Qin Guan's TV shows would be aired at the end of the year on local TV stations. With proper management, his status in the entertainment circle would be promoted to a certain level.

By the time he went abroad, he might have a place not just on the internet, but among traditional media as well.

He might even be as popular as Huang Xiaoming, who had starred in "Emperor of the Han Dynasty".

"When the album is released, we should..."

Qin Guan was calm about the current situation. They had already established the five-shareholder company.

His deposit and most of the income had been transferred to the account of the company as an investment.

Early November would be the luckiest period of his life, what

with the bidding, the photo album, and the red carpet of the Silver Eagle Festival happening at the same time.

Qu Xuemei opened Ada's reply in the VOGUE headquarters. She read the email, taking in ten lines at a glance and letting out a long breath. She slowly leaned back against her chair.

As expected, Qin Guan had failed to qualify for World Fashion Man. Half a loaf was better than no bread though. He had at least qualified for Asia.

People among the top fashion circle didn't attach importance to the title anyway. It was just the domestic circle.

Her assistant knocked on the door as she was massaging the bridge of her nose.

"Yes?"

The assistant walked in with a hanger. "Here's the suit, Chief Editor."

Qu paused for a while before she answered, "Put it on the couch."

Her assistant did as she was told. Then she asked, "The printer is waiting for our orders. Is this version okay for printing?"

Chapter 249: The Photo Album Release

Qu turned her eyes away from the clothes. "Ask them to start printing. The same process."

The assistant had another question. "We sent a sample fragrance for the Citizen photo album as a gift. Would it exceed the budget?"

Qu smiled. There was still a lot for the girl to learn.

"We will deduct it from the album. Plus, the advertisers asked for the gift. It was J Clothing, or something like that. They want to post an advertisement in our magazine, so that it can be released at the same time as Qin Guan's album. Too bad this is not our cup of tea. They should ask Rayli instead. 10,000 copies are not much for Asia anyway. China could swallow half of them up. Besides, Citizen will definitely publish an autographed copy later. It should be at the end of the year. They'll organize some kind of activity to take advantage of the increasing purchases."

The assistant admired Qu very much. She retreated from the office silently to deliver her orders.

Ms. Fu, with her preeminent statistical capacity, had an indistinct feeling that the Chief Editor really appreciated Qin Guan.

Qu pick up the suit and pulled open the folding door of a tall yellow wooden cabinet beside her desk, which was filled with articles about Qin Guan.

There were giant posters, newspaper clippings, photos, even the background for a racing festival. Qu hung the suit up among them and smiled with satisfaction. I have one more piece for my collection.

The next day, Qin Guan's photo album was silently put on shelves all around Asia.

The biggest markets included the China mainland, Hong Kong, Macao, Taiwan, Japan and South Korea. Nearly all top fashion magazines featured the album as an additional gift.

The same scene was repeated in different areas.

In China:

"15 yuan for VOGUE! There's an album as a gift. Have a look!"

Lao Zhang, the owner of the newsstand, actually paid for one. He looked through it page by page and then put it on the most prominent place on the shelf.

He remembered Qin Guan. The boy would bring him a small fortune. He had recognized him at first glance when Xiao Wang had delivered the albums and the newspapers. He shamelessly took all the magazines from the five neighboring newsstands.

A girl turned over two pages before she saw Qin Guan, the cover model of the first issue of VOGUE. As a loyal fan of the magazine, she would definitely buy it.

Lao Zhang took 50 yuan from her happily and handed her two magazines, as well as a beautiful pocket-size basket with a 5 ml fragrance sample.

"Here's the gift!"

The girl accepted the gift with joy. When I get off work, I will drop by the fragrance shop. If the sample smells good, I may buy it.

The sales volume the whole week made Lao Zhang happy.

Meanwhile, newsstand owners in Japan and South Korea took tough measures to sell the magazines.

"Why is this edition so expensive?" Some girls hesitated by the shelves, looking at JJ and Rayli. "It's for two magazines and an album. Look at the cover! That boy is so handsome..."

The two girls bought one magazine together. They would really regret that decision in the future. They would fight over the ownership of the magazine and become arch enemies.

While the sales were carrying on silently, Wang Jingcao returned to her private office in W. Brother.

Her actors were getting more and more, and she preferred to do all the work herself, no matter how important or trivial it was.

Following her orders, her assistant had been waiting for that date for several days. Now he was ready to report to his director about the statistics.

Wang touched the glass on her desk. The temperature of the water was just right. She looked at the smart young man in satisfaction. "Tell me, Xu Chen. What are the results?"

Xu opened his big file and made a clear report, "The amount distributed in Asia was limited to 10,000 copies, which were bought by 10 magazines. Half of them are in China, the main battlefield. The rest are divided equally according to the population of other countries."

"According to the statistics sent by our staff, the total sales on the first day reached 35%. At such a high speed, I believe they'll be sold out in less a week. Following your orders, I have sent the news to entertainment reporters in Hong Kong, Japan and South Korea. They sent back relative photos and material. I have entered everything into the company office system. Call me if you need anything."

Then he put the file on Wang's desk, waiting for her next orders.

Wang drank half the glass of water to soothe her dry throat. Then she nodded at her capable assistant, "Good. Select the script

for me. I'll call you if I need you."

"Yes, madam!"

After he left, Wang turned on her computer to check out the data.

In one of the photos, there was a classic Japanese house of a distinct Nagoya style. It was a characteristic teahouse.

The owner was a gentle Japanese lady, and the shelves were filled with Qin Guan's albums.

She had to be a crazy fan. Under the cover, there was a pink heart.

The customers looked embarrassed. The lady refused to sell them the albums.

Chapter 250: Hot News

Satisfied, Wang moved the photo to another folder for future use. It would sell like crazy.

The worship of foreigners always resonated with ordinary people.

Thinking of the military flag incident, Wang sneered.

"Rather than admiring Japan or South Korea, we should make them admire China. That would be the real success." She clicked on the second photo and suddenly sprayed water on the screen. What's going on?

It was a photo from South Korea. Two girls in different school uniforms were fighting over a magazine.

Unfortunately, they had no idea that a boy had taken advantage of their fight to steal the magazine from them and pay the newsstand owner.

At the back door, an old man was taking a photo of the scene.

Wang laughed. The photo would be perfect for propaganda.

Out of the domestic photos, she selected the one with the most people lining up to purchase the album. That was enough. Qin

Guan was really charming!

Wang's propaganda material was silently placed on the boss' desk.

"She signed on with another actor?" he asked his secretary doubtfully.

"No, she's just preparing for the future. He is not an actor, he's actually a model. He has enjoyed certain fame in the entertainment circle though."

The boss picked up a photo and recognized Qin Guan, whom he had failed to recruit.

He knocked on his desk. "What's the relationship between him and our company?"

"According to Sister Wang, they're collaborating. If our actors fail an audition, he will be a substitute. We have a detailed contract on the income share. Sister Wang says it's better than letting other companies benefit from him."

The boss nodded in agreement. "Show him our power, provide enough opportunities, and he will gradually join our camp. Good idea! All the agents in our company should learn from Wang. This is what a talented agent is like. Others get frustrated, but she explores ways out of a muddle."

The boss signed the list. It would not cost him much anyway. "In the future, the expenses of this actor can be incorporated into Wang's bills. There's no formal contract, but they can be considered daily expenditures."

"Okay!" The secretary retreated from the office with the list.

It seems like I have to change my evaluation of Wang. Even the boss trusts her!

Every company had its own mechanism on publicity and propaganda. The machine quickly got to work.

They used printed media, the internet and TV, silently reaching all entertainment fans.

"Top Chinese male model débuts in Asia. 10,000 Citizen photo albums are selling like crazy."

"Qin Guan, the most cost-effective ambassador of Citizen."

Those were the titles on several national newspapers.

The editor read the latest Southern Weekly contently. W. Brother was so generous.

He took the bills out of the envelope and began to count them.

600 yuan, no more or less. In an era when ordinary white-collar employees earned 2,500 yuan monthly, it was quite a good bonus.

He knocked on a photo of Qin Guan and whispered with satisfaction, "Thank you, bro!"

The news on the internet were a mess. Chinese people were interested in the foreigners' worship of Great China, which arose a heartfelt sense of pride in them. At the time, young people wanted to be understood and accepted by the world. Due to the anonymity of communication, many misunderstandings arose among countries.

Patriotism was a civil feeling that existed not only among middle-aged people, but also among the youth. Most young nationalists gathered on the internet.

When the news were released, commenting areas suddenly got jammed. Thousands of comments appeared under the news.

The news about Qin Guan were just in time to provide an outlet for confused young people.

Forum users discussed and spread the news.

They began to sneer happily at photos from Japan and South Korea.

"Chinese boys have a lingering charm. It's said that top brands

and designers prefer models who refuse to have cosmetic surgery."

"Of course, they like natural beauty. Wild flowers are much better than plastic ones."

Those kinds of comments kept emerging, some of them analysing the situation and some just boasting. To everyone's surprise, the Goupu Forum, who used to belittle Qin Guan, remained silent. Everyone on the forum was applauding.

By then, Qin Guan had become a symbol of national honor. Between seven and eight p.m. in the comprehensive entertainment reports, different local TV stations broadcasted the news in their own way.

Prompt news was a way to keep up audience ratings. Real photos were also proof of the news' authenticity.

Qu Xuemen opened the door of her apartment and threw her high heels at random. Despite its elegant decoration, her room looked like a waste yard.

Judging by her strict and capable image, no one could have imagined that Qu was lazy in nature.

Chapter 251: Adding Fuel to the Fire

She looked at the pile of bowls and chopsticks in the sink and turned around. I'll watch TV to relax first.

She pushed the remote control and the big screen turned on. She shifted to the capital entertainment channel.

"Top Chinese male model débuts in Asia today. 10,000 Citizen photo albums are selling like crazy..."

Qu burst into laughter when she saw the cute girl delivering the news in a dramatic way.

Interesting. In the news circle, people traded information with each other. Little had she thought that Qin Guan would have a connection with Wang Jingcao. That kind of propaganda was typical W. Brother style.

There were not that many idlers fussing over stars online. They were all paid internet users, but the method was very effective.

Qu leaned her head back against the leather couch and moved a sock to the side with her toes. Shall I add fuel to the fire?

She closed her eyes, trying to picture Qin Guan cleaning the room for her in an apron.

She opened her eyes again with a silly smile. Then she dialed the private number of Wang Jingcao.

When she got through, she heard some background noise. Wang was at a dinner party.

Qu was straightforward. "Sister Wang, this is Qu Xuemei. I saw the news. Did you sign on with another actor?"

Wang found a quiet corner to speak on the phone.

She smiled at the receiver. "I haven't heard from you in a long time. How come you remembered me? Do you want to express your appreciation for the hot sales? You are just in time. I need your help. Can I promote an actor on your cover? Any issue would be okay for me."

Qu was silent for several seconds. What a cunning woman!

Qu was a cunning woman herself though, except where Qin Guan was concerned. With a consistent superior tone, she answered, "You are embarrassing me, Sister Wang. Your actors are not qualified to be in our magazine. The hot ones are not fashionable, and vice versa. I have the latest news on Qin Guan. Do you want it?"

Wang sensed it would be striking news. "What news?"

"In early 2002, he was selected for the next round of the Asian

Fashion Men competition. The winners will be voted online. Isn't that big news?"

Wang was speechless.

In fact, people in the circle knew that Asia was inferior to Europe and the US in the fashion industry. That competition was only a way to comfort Asian models.

In the domestic entertainment circle, the title could be overused. People were losing interest in the routines of the circle.

The fashion circle was strange and very tasteful though.

There were no vulgar models those days, because they lowered the taste of the whole circle.

Real luxury brands kept ties with countless fashion experts and top companies. A three-minute advertisement with an exclusive model cost about 6,000,000 dollars.

The title meant nothing for top luxury brands, but it was an important symbol for the domestic public and media.

Wang was excited about the news. At the time, Qin Guan was only a familiar face for TV show audiences. This would be the best way to call upon his fans.

She had to confirm the news for the sake of professional prudence though. "Are the news reliable? Can I ask who's your source?"

Qu put down the remote control and said proudly, "I helped Qin Guan apply to the competition. I originally planned on publishing the news in our magazine, but I'd like to share it with you to get the best results."

Wang was content with her answer. "Got it! You are just in time! I appreciate it."

It will provide more fuel for the fire. Shall I share the honor with other actors?

Considering Qin Guan's simple, clean background, she felt pity for the boy. Besides, this was the perfect chance to shape him into a national idol.

Countless potential plans filled Wang's mind. She wasn't in the mood to enjoy the feast anymore.

Qu wasn't able to calm down for a long time. She pressed on her phone and a photo of Qin Guan was displayed on the screen.

She blinked at the photo and then switched her phone off.

"I hate you..." she said and started crying weakly.

...

Qin Guan thought it was a wonderful world. He had been working hard for several years, but his popularity had been average at best.

With Wang Jingcao's help though, he had become famous overnight. That was the power of a big company.

It was also a sign that Qin Guan had been accepted by the entertainment circle. He had been labelled an "instant online celebrity".

In directors and producers' minds though, those celebrities did not have a solid foundation.

Chapter 252: Endless Strange Affairs

The wheels of the entertainment circle kept moving forward for Qin Guan. The Silver Eagle Festival was about to open, and everyone was busy preparing for the ceremony. Most activities had been pushed aside for the festival, but just two days before the event, Wang Jingcao took action.

News about Qin Guan started spreading around mainstream websites. The web star quickly got to the top of the charts.

Visitors saw small voting areas on the homepages of web portals. They were black and white, just like the VOGUE cover had been.

They looked conspicuous and mysterious among the other colorful photos.

"Asia Fashion Men is inviting you to vote."

Some curious users clicked on it. The title sounds good.

They were disappointed by the introduction though.

There was information about 20 models from different Asian countries. Their photos were all on the same page, their nationalities and ages noted right under them. If one clicked on a photo, they would see the model's resume, height, size and brand.

The concept of voting online was interesting, but the buttons under the photos were grey. On the bottom, there was a line of words: Voting will be open from January 1st to January 3rd, 2002.

This was just the warm-up. Some guys took it as a joke, but there were also many who took it seriously.

They were curious about the strange modelling circle. The boys in the photos looked like fairies.

They noticed a serious problem: There were only two Chinese men among the candidates. As a country with such a large population, that rate was way too low.

Many people decided that they would support Qin Guan, the only model they recognized. They ignored the second model, Shao Xiaobing, because of his inferior popularity.

Qu was looking at the voting page doubtfully. The promotion was not strong enough in her opinion. What was Wang thinking about?

Suddenly, her phone rang, attracting her attention. She got to work, leaving Qin Guan behind.

Qu was right, but Wang already had plans to take care of the situation.

She had originally planned on assigning an image advisor to help

Qin Guan with his outfit for the festival. Then she realized that Sister Xue could do it. Qin Guan had never made any mistakes in public.

It was safe for him to wear something straight and narrow for his debut.

They all flied to Changsha to attend the festival on November 5th.

As Qin Guan was busy putting on his custom-made suit, a group of strange people took over internet cafes.

A strong man watched his part-time staff fill an internet cafe that could host about 100 people.

When everyone was seated, he cleared his throat and said, "Attention! Your work today is to vote. Later, I'll give you a list and some instructions on voting. Look here!"

He pointed to a small TV hanging from the ceiling. "When they begin to count down, you just start voting again and again. Understand?"

Some people were hesitant. A brave one asked, "Brother, this will take only several minutes. Will I get 15 yuan for the whole day?"

The strong man looked at him disdainfully. The thin, smaller man had stinky hair and messy clothes. He looked like he was an

internet addict.

He grinned and announced, "You'll get a salary and free lunch. The job will take four days. I can't let you guys out."

People grew excited at his words. It was quite a good job, and it would only take them some time. They were all up to the task.

Meanwhile, the same scene was repeated in different internet bars.

The host of the opening ceremony sat up in the dressing room. Busy staff were shuttling back and forth.

The office of the committee was in chaos.

A producer was shouting to the head of the committee with red cheeks, waving a pile of tickets at him.

"Stop talking about the new rules! Never before has a committee acted like yours! I have won three Silver Eagle Awards! I know the rules very well! I know them even better than you!"

"Of course, your awards are not as prestigious as the Flying and May the First awards, but they're also national awards. You should expect an uproar in the circle if you insist on acting like this."

"I have never seen a voting ticket like this one! You bound others

to my tickets! I paid for this! Why do I have to pay for others? I just want to vote for my show! Why do I have to fill in the other three blanks on the ticket? I have spent 100,000 yuan on promotion. Why should three other productions profit at my expense? Are you kidding me? This is unfair!"

Chapter 253: Chaos

Words couldn't express the grievance of the head of the committee. The organizers had countless ties with different parties. As a general director in charge of the balance among them, he was actually a marionette of the masters behind the scenes.

He could foresee the storm in the entertainment circle after the festival, as well as the stain on his resume.

It'd be better to quit from the circle and look for a chance somewhere else.

While they were arguing, the fourth assistant in charge of the photo studio knocked on the door.

It was too noisy inside the meeting room for anyone to pay attention to the sound though. Only an assistant in charge of serving tea heard him.

He walked around the messy room and opened the door. The fourth assistant dashed in and was shocked by the chaos.

His colleague warned him, "They are about to kill us. If it's not an emergency, you'd better deal with it yourself."

The fourth assistant exploded, shouting in a Hunan accent, "F*ck! At least they are behaving like Christians. The people in my room are having a fistfight!"

His loud voice made the excited crowd calm down. The assistant wanted to escape from the room.

The director covered his face helplessly. Li Tian always causes me trouble.

Li Tian could read his mind. "It's not my fault, boss. It's because of the f*cking rules. The reporters in my room are fighting with us! Some people are hurt!"

The director realized the seriousness of the situation and tried to follow Li Tian out. The crowd rushed forward in outrage.

"Hey, stop! Deal with our problems first!"

"You are not loyal, Lao Yang!"

Lao Yang smiled bitterly and rushed out, his staff covering his back.

The door was closed. The producers all the stars looked up to looked at each other in speechless despair.

Actually, they all knew Lao Yang was just a scapegoat who couldn't do anything to help them.

The director walked down the long corridor nervously, asking Li

Tian about the situation.

He stood outside the studio hesitantly. This problem was actually below him, but the small fish in the studio were easier to deal with compared to the whales in the meeting room.

Paying no attention to the chaos, he mounted the stage and picked up the microphone. "Hello! One, two, three!"

His voice echoed resonantly around the studio. "Welcome, everyone! I'm Yang Guang, one of the directors. We have issued notices to all the media about the entrance qualifications. Is there a problem? Why are you so restless? Stop fighting with each other!"

The reporters under the stage exchanged looks with each other. The reporter from the [Xin Hua News Agency](#) spoke up, "Hello! We would like to know what 'media entrance fee' means? You charge us 700 yuan each every day. As media, we only get paid as assistants. No organizers have ever charged us before! Are you down and out? You're basically selling admission tickets to us! Let's be clear about the situation. We are media, not some stupid fans!"

The director poured a basin of iced water over his head.

"No fee, no entrance. That's our rule. Before leaving though, I suggest you call your directors and let them make the discussion."

The director hastened to leave. There was little time left for him

before the selection began.

Silence prevailed in the studio as he disappeared.

"What shall we do? Should we leave or not?"

"Leave? If all the media leave, we'll leave. Look at them though. They won't leave!"

"You must know this about our circle. Everyone is always eager to get an exclusive report."

"Yes, but without unity..."

Some reporters backed off in indignation.

They started calling their offices one after the other. "They want to charge us, Chief Editor. Okay, okay!"

They all relaxed after the budget was approved. They wouldn't have paid for it themselves. That would have been a loss for them.

The beautiful stars were not bothered by the chaos. The stylist invited by Wang Jingcao was touching up Qin Guan's makeup.

He gasped in admiration. In that cold, bleak autumn, only that handsome boy could warm one's heart up.

The No.1 official news agency in China.

Chapter 254: A Female Companion on the Red Carpet

Before going out, Sister Xue fixed Qin Guan's bow tie. His popularity notwithstanding, he was the most handsome out of all the actors there.

Hasty staff were shuttling around the hotel lobby. Qin Guan sat down on a couch, waiting for Wang Jingcao.

Several black and blue business vehicles were parked before the gate. Wang got out of one and walked up to Qin Guan.

She patted Qin Guan's suit and told him happily, "That last car is your throne. I found someone to accompany you on the red carpet. Here she is."

Qin Guan turned around and saw Li Bingbing walk over in a long red dress.

Qin Guan smiled. "Sister Bingbing! Why didn't you call me? Do you see me as an outsider?"

Li Bingbing laughed and stretched her arm out to Qin Guan. "Ha! Today I'll be sharing your honor. I've been begging Sister Wang to attend a red carpet for a long time. Am I not qualified to be your partner?"

Qin Guan took her hand. "It would be my honor!"

Li smiled at Qin Guan and asked, "Shall we go now, Sister Wang?"

Wang was busy talking to Sister Xue and the other agents and assistants. "Xiao Qin is a green hand. Share your experience with him," she said softly.

Li Bingbing pulled Qin Guan into the car happily. "Quick, let's go! I wonder if the company following us is China Entertainment. Their first pair will be superstars, so we have to be quick. Otherwise, those snobbish reporters will focus on them, and we'll look awkward."

They got in the backseat of the car.

"Impossible! You have played very influential roles in TV shows, Sister Bingbing!"

Li lifted her long dress and replied sadly, "But I still couldn't get a good script. I signed a contract with Sister Wang for a better chance."

She heaved a great sigh, but cheered up again in a moment.

She poked at Qin Guan's arm. "What about you? Well done, boy! You are famous now! You've made the headlines. Do you plan on signing a contract with Sister Wang? Then you'll have to call me

Senior Sister!"

Qin Guan grinned. "No, Sister Wang just helped me a lot. I'll cooperate with W. Brothers in the future. I'll appreciate your help then."

Li smirked and pulled at his cheek with her red nails.

"Don't smile at a girl like this, Qin Guan. It's dangerous. I'm a tough woman, so I won't be enchanted, but you'd be in danger if you met a more shrewd woman."

"That hurts, Sister."

Li Bingbing reluctantly loosened her fingers and let Qin Guan go. How does he look after his skin?

The cars slowed down. The leading cars parked into their reserved places right in front of the red carpet.

The security staff had circled the area with ropes, and guards were standing around at a certain distance.

The reporters were at their posts, pointing their cameras towards the carpet.

Far back, there were some fans who wanted to applaud for their idols.

At the other end of the carpet, there was a signature board and two hosts waiting on both its sides.

It was time to enter.

Following the directions, the first car parked at the end of the red carpet. Pu Cunxin got out and stepped onto the carpet. He was the first superstar to appear.

Experienced actors set foot on the carpet according to priority. Flashlights twinkled like crazy and fans screamed loudly. It was a supreme honor for a star to be walking on the red carpet.

Li Bingbing looked at the next car and let out a breath of relief. "Don't worry, it's just a small company who wants to be exposed to the public."

Qin Guan nodded. He was ready for his first appearance on the red carpet.

The door of the car opened and a long leg in black pants strode out.

The onlookers held their breath, waiting to see its owner.

Judging from his slender leg, it must be a handsome guy.

Qin Guan got out of the car and stood still. The crowd suddenly fell silent. They felt the cold autumn become warmer.

Everyone held their breath, afraid that they would scare the fairy away. Only the clicks of the shutters could be heard.

Qin Guan, who was used to that kind of show, walked through the crowd without feeling nervous.

Chapter 255: The 18th Line

Following Teacher Rong's instructions, Qin Guan smiled, just like Li had warned him in the car.

His smile broke the deadlock. Fans started shouting like mad.

"Qin Guan! It's Qin Guan! I love you!"

"Qin Guan! Look at me!"

Qin Guan wasn't affected by the voices. With professional equanimity, he turned around and stretched his arms towards Li Bingbing. Her fair fingers touched his black suit.

It was like an immortal standing by a red lotus. The gods almost cried from the shock of the beautiful scene.

Raindrops kept pattering. Li Bingbing murmured to herself, "Bad luck."

They were not influenced by the rain though as they walked slowly along the red carpet.

However, Li's high heels slowed them down a bit. Before they could reach the middle of the carpet, another girl had stepped on it.

She was a green hand recently discovered by a talent agent. She raised her eyebrow to the pair up front.

Bad luck! Their popularity will defeat mine! Judging by their speed, by the time they finish the carpet, I'll have walked more than half of it. How dare she walk with Qin Guan when she's so short!

The beautiful girl stuck out her breasts. She was 170 centimeters and she looked very slender on her average heels.

She breathed in and walked forward along the carpet with her most charming smile. She was wearing a golden custom-made wrapped skirt. Better walk fast and steal the show.

She walked with vigorous strides, showing off her booty.

Meanwhile, Qin Guan and Li had reached the other end of the carpet. The hosts welcomed them and handed them a signing pen. Qin Guan signed on the background, his shining diamond sleeve buttons showing as he moved his hand.

The small stones looked splendid under the flashes of the cameras.

Qin Guan finished his signature and gave the pen to Li. Taking the chance, the host passed the microphone to him.

"Is this your first time attending the Silver Eagle Festival?"

"Yes."

"Last year, 'Daming Palace' had been nominated. Why didn't you attend the ceremony? Was it because the crew hadn't nominated you for any awards?"

Qin Guan had been expecting that question. Straightening his back, he answered with his trademark smile, "Director Li had asked for my opinion. I made the decision not to attend for personal reasons. The show had only been nominated for best TV series, not for individual actor performances."

The host suddenly seemed enlightened. "Well, have you played any roles in a TV series this season?"

You troublemaker! Qin Guan looked at Wang Jingcao, who was waiting by the entrance. Wang gestured, trying to comfort him.

Li returned the pen to the host. "Hey, Zhao Liang! This is discrimination! Interview me too!"

Zhao Liang looked awkward about the interruption, but changed the topic.

The girl behind Qin Guan and Li followed them gloomily as they walked along the red carpet. They had attracted everyone's attention.

She cast a glance at them and saw Li talking with the host. She was too far to hear clearly and thought that Li was stealing the show.

The girl's name was Liu Jia, and she was the big-boobs-no-brain type.

If Li is stealing the show, I should copy her!

She took action immediately. Before Qin Guan and Li could leave, she reached the background.

Meanwhile, the actor behind Liu Jia was happy. She was the only actress on the red carpet, so it was a good chance to show off!

Before she could jump with joy, she saw all the cameras turn towards the background.

There seemed to have been some kind of accident. Liu Jia had arrived in advance, so Qin Guan had tried to leave as soon as possible to leave the place to her. With a dangerous smile, he had stretched his arm out to Li Bingbing.

Annoyed by Li, Liu had looked up and seen his charming smile.

It had been like a spring breeze had suddenly blown and a pear had blossomed.

In Liu's eyes, it had seemed like a scene from an old film. A man in black standing under a pear tree with white flowers as he smiled at her.

Confused and stupefied, she had extended her hand, planning to take his arm. A woman in a red dress had ruined her dream though.

Li Bingbing cast a glance at the strange girl and took Qin Guan's arm.

Chapter 256: My Savior

"Excuse me! We are leaving!" Li Bingbing took Liu Jia for a cunning bitch who planned on using Qin Guan, so she stepped forward and protected Qin Guan with her body.

"Oh!" Liu Jia came back to her senses at the sight of Li's cool, beautiful face.

She took a step back, but stamped on the edge of the narrow carpet. The slippery rainwater and her plastic soles were what caused the tragedy.

She slipped on the floor thanks to her heavy boobs. She could have kept her balance without the weight of her upper body, but...

Qin Guan watched her fall down and stepped forward to grab her arm. Fortunately, he was able to pull her back before her body could hit the floor. Unfortunately, her tight wrapped skirt was torn in the process.

At the sound of it ripping, Qin Guan looked down and saw the pink kitty on her underwear. He had not expected that. Such a sexy girl wearing cartoon underwear...

He turned his head away like a gentleman.

Li Jia tried her best to block the ripped skirt from sight as the reporters cast covetous glances at her.

The star walking behind her felt like crying. No one was paying any attention to her. You are stealing the show! That's so cunning! Then she smiled again. That unlucky girl had gotten into big trouble!

Li Bingbing smiled, taking pleasure in Liu's misfortune. She locked her arm in Qin Guan's and whispered to him, "Shall we go?"

Qin Guan sighed at the beautiful girl, who was busy hiding her underwear. If she had been an experienced star, she would have stood still and walked carefully, so the split wouldn't have been so obvious. She had hurried to cover it though, the result turning out to be the exact opposite of what she wanted.

Qin Guan began to unfasten the buttons on his suit jacket. The fans outside started shouting.

"Qin Guan! I love you! You are such a gentleman!"

"Qin Guan! Give me your buttons!"

Stupefied, Li Bingbing watched Qin Guan take his suit jacket off quickly and hand it to Liu Jia.

"Put my coat on. Don't worry, it's bigger than your skirt," he said in a deep voice.

He was her savior. Fans were rushing up to the red rope, trying to slip through the security staff to get a closer look at Qin Guan.

In his white shirt and fitting suit vest, he looked even more handsome in the cold autumn breeze.

The usher reminded them, "Quick, Sister Bingbing! The next star will arrive!"

Li and Qin Guan exchanged a glance and locked arms again.

The star following Liu Jia cried out. She had failed to catch up with them. Qin Guan and Li left in a natural manner, leaving Liu and her lonely follower behind.

Both the reporters and the fans were satisfied with the funny incident.

Qin Guan and Li Bingbing found their seats in the hall. In the spare time before the ceremony began, Li scolded Qin Guan, "Are you silly? Others would have hid from her, why did you do that? If the reporters took any ambiguous photos, how would you explain them?"

Qin Guan smiled at her. No one had dared speak to him like that before. Not even Cong Nianwei's admirers or any cunning reporters.

People were pouring into the hall. Liu Jia sat behind Qin Guan

and Li Bingbing, a black Burberry coat covering her fair legs.

She was looking at Qin Guan with a grateful expression. Her agent was chattering away beside her.

"What did you do? The company was planning on promoting you! Why would you do that during your first festival? Behave yourself and use your brain in the future! Otherwise, I can't help you!"

The noisy crowd calmed down when the host got on the stage. The screen lit up and the curtain rose. The Silver Eagle Festival had just begun.

Everything went on in an orderly way, just like the previous years. Wang Jingcao, who was sitting at the side of the hall, smiled mysteriously. She had just received a call from Sister Zhao. The results had been as she'd expected.

Chapter 257: An Eagle Falling from the Altar

The vote-counting screen lit up. They had finally reached the most important part of the Silver Eagle Festival, the actors' awards.

The vote-counters for the favorite actor were rolling at a high speed. As time passed, the rising number on the screen slowed down.

There were lots of nominees for the award, and the voting mechanism made the competition fiercer.

Li Baotian, a frequent Silver Eagle nominee, was sure about the result.

There was only one minute left. The whole audience was focused on the countdown. As an onlooker, Qin Guan was clear about the situation.

All the nominated actors were more or less nervous. Only one was unusually calm.

The host was adding fuel to the raging fire. Suddenly, everyone stirred. During the last ten seconds, the counter for Pu Cunxin was rolling like crazy.

10,000, 20,000, 60,000 votes were pouring in in those thrilling last ten seconds.

His opponents watched the gap between them with wild eyes.

"What's happening?"

"Why?"

"I have no idea!"

Qin Guan cast a glance at Wang Jingcao. Her expression stood out among the stunned audience.

Li Bingbing whispered to him, "What's the matter? This is strange."

Despite her rich experience in the circle, the situation had exceeded her expectations.

Not long after, she would feel grateful. "Thank god our show wasn't nominated. Those seniors all look really shocked. This season may be an exception."

Qin Guan asked curiously, "Are there even any rules here?"

Li patted his leg and whispered, "Later! Let's not talk about this here."

Qin Guan sat up straight. Behind them, Liu Jia was staring at Li and gritting her teeth. "The bitch is robbing the cradle!"

Her agent read her mind and poured cold water on her. "Stop it! I know what you're thinking about!"

Liu grimaced but calmed down and listened to the host announcing the four favorite actors of the season.

It seemed that they had only taken money into consideration. Li Baotian, Li Youbin, Pu Cunxin and Huang Hong mounted the podium hand in hand. The audience stopped making noise and worshipped their acting skills.

The winners on the stage felt somewhat strange. They made a hasty speech and left quickly. The host diverted the attention at once.

The audience calmed down and waited for the favorite actress award to be announced.

Little did they know that the strange scene would be repeated. The actress who won was a green hand in the circle called Cao Ying.

She had originally been a hostess, but after several shows, she'd finally won the famous national prize, shocking everyone.

Some actresses had the impulse to stand up and leave the hall,

but considering the surrounding directors, producers and media, they sat back down.

Wang Jingcao smiled and left the hall through a side corridor. Everything was settled.

Qin Guan and Li Bingbing watched her leave. They exchanged a meaningful look with each other. We should be careful with her.

Many years later, Li would rejoice about her presence at the festival.

The host tried to attract the audience's attention again, but the reporters were outraged. You are cheating both the audience and the media! You are looking down on us!

In fact, they didn't take any of them seriously.

The reporters wanted to do something. They were impatient as the next awards were announced. When the ceremony was over, they rushed back to their offices to work on their reports.

Countless photos, voting data and truth-revealing articles were sent to their headquarters.

Their partners hurried to their offices to work overnight. They had to make the headlines.

It was a pity that their excitement lasted for only half an hour.

Suddenly, their phones started ringing one after the other.

"Hello! Chief Editor? Did you see my report? What? It's not allowed? Any other news? Are you kidding? This is the biggest news! What are you talking about?"

The Chief Editor on the other end of the line was sitting in his dark, empty office, the dim light of his laptop shining on his face.

Chapter 258: Interesting

Annoyed, he massaged his temples and said in the receiver, "The others won't publish the news. Just find some trifle news for me."

Before the reporter could say anything, he hung up.

Confused, the reporter stared at the photos on his computer for a long while. Then he put everything in the "Rejected" folder.

That night was doomed to be a combination of noise and silence. By then, Qin Guan and Li Bingbing had returned to the hotel.

On their way back, Qin Guan had stared at Li curiously. Li sighed. The boy is really lucky. He didn't plan or prepare for anything to get where he is now.

By then, his salary was equal to that of a second-line star. Li organized her thoughts and explained everything to him.

"To put it simply, the Silver Eagle Festival gives no financial rewards to the winners. It's inferior to the Flying and the Five 'One' Projects awards, but it's still respected in the entertainment circle. Actors can upgrade their professional status with it. Directors, producers and investors will pay more attention to the winners."

"For example, XXX's salary used to be 2,000 to 3,000 yuan per episode. If she had won the favorite actress award today, she would

have gotten more than 10,000 per episode starting tomorrow. It's a pity that this season's awards surprised everyone. The awards will have to be re-evaluated, so people don't lose their investments."

Qin Guan raised his eyebrows. He had heard too much from Sister Xue about black box operations in fashion competitions.

Ever since the New Face Competition, Professor Li had advised him not to participate in any other national contests.

In fact, if Qin Guan won another national prize, he could be promoted directly to an A-level model without hard work. It seemed that evil people were the same all over the world. Qin Guan leaned back against the leather seat. This has nothing to do with my life.

Li admired Qin Guan's calmness. He remained indifferent to both praise and humiliation. She was also attracted by his figure.

He had no belly, even when he was leaning back. The buttons on his suit vest were shining with suppressed sensual passion.

"Hey! How do you maintain that perfect figure?" she asked.

Qin Guan suddenly opened his eyes. "I was born this way, Sister." Males and females should keep a distance from each other.

As a 20 year-old virgin, Qin Guan was sensitive to her soft hand.

He sat up to avoid it, as it had been about to touch his chest.

Then the two of them got out of the car. Li Bingbing's dress was blooming like a flower. She sized Qin Guan up and asked half-jokingly, "Do you know my room number?" Then she gestured, making him cough loudly.

Liu Jia, who was just entering the hall, looked at her angrily. Her agent poured another basin of cold water on her. "What are you looking at? Your nostrils are as wide as a cow's. Shall I put a nose ring on you?"

She had been cursed with a mean agent.

As Qin Guan was taking off his clothes in his room, he nearly burst into tears. I lost a suit jacket during the Citizen launch event and a Burberry jacket today! They both cost me a lot! This is not my year.

He was unfastening the last button on his shirt, when someone knocked on the door.

He thought it would be Sister Xue, so he pulled the door open without hesitation.

"I'm ready, Sister Xue. Is there anything special about this buffet dinner?"

Suddenly, he stopped. Liu Jia was standing outside shyly with his suit jacket in her arms. A thin woman, who seemed like her agent, was behind her.

"Qin, Qin Gan, I..." Liu Jia was tongue-tied at the sight of his naked chest.

The woman beside her covered her face. Even his childhood friends hadn't had such fierce characteristics. She seemed like a vicious villain who bullied the delicate, kind heroine. Only her acquaintances knew what a silly, brainless sweetheart she was.

As a fierce fighter, she helped Liu reject countless unreliable pursuers so she wouldn't get swallowed up by the darkness of the entertainment circle.

Wanting to break up the deadlock. Li Tong said, "Hello, Qin Guan. This is Liu Jia. Thank you for saving her on the red carpet. We would like to express our appreciation and return your jacket. It's very expensive after all."

She pulled the jacket from Liu's arms and handed it to Qin Guan. "Wow! No wonder Liu Jia kept talking about you. You look like an evil spirit!"

She pulled Liu Jia away. "Thank you so much! Keep in touch!"

Then she closed the door with a bang and went downstairs with Liu.

It was an insincere thank you. You didn't leave your contact information! How shall we keep in contact? It was just courtesy, right?

Qin Guan smiled at the door. Interesting!

His jacket had been returned though, which was a happy surprise.

Chapter 259: Silence

Qin Guan threw the jacket on the bed and entered the bathroom. By the time he went out refreshed, Sister Xue was waiting impatiently in the dining hall downstairs. Seldom was Qin Guan so late for dinner.

When they met, she pulled him inside without a word.

Qin Guan came to a stop and saw his good friend Huang Bo burying his head in food.

He rushed up to Huang with a smile. It was wonderful to meet a good friend there.

He sat down next to Huang and asked, "Hi, bro! How come you're here? Are you in a show?"

Huang looked up happily.

Sister Xue sighed and pulled out a chair, giving Qin Guan a short explanation.

"I had originally found a long show for Huang. It would be finished by the end of the year, but since you were invited to the Silver Eagle Festival, I thought it would be a good chance to promote your popularity and enhance your relations, so I asked Huang to rearrange his schedule and come here. Plans can't always keep up with changes. After that ceremony, no one dares act

rashly. So I decided not to promote him to Wang Jingcao after all."

Sister Xue warned them seriously, "This is the last day. Tomorrow we'll fly back to the capital. You two stay in your rooms. Don't wander around. Understand?"

Huang had no idea what had happened at the ceremony. He was only focused on the food. Qin Guan had witnessed the farce, so he nodded.

Then he ran to get food happily. Just when Sister Xue let out a long breath of relief, she saw Wang Jingcao walking up to her.

Wang was still in professional attire. She greeted Sister Xue with her trademark warm smile. "I've been looking for you. Qin Guan left the hall quickly after the ceremony. I thought he would be in the dining hall."

Sister Xue was suspicious of her and anything she said. She pointed at Huang. "My actor came to find us after shooting his show. We'll return to Beijing together tomorrow."

Wang didn't care about that. "Where is Qin Guan? I want to introduce some friends to him."

She pointed to the entrance of the dining hall. Sister Xue saw some actors there, including Li Bingbing.

Li's eyes were following Wang around. When she saw Sister Xue,

she gestured at her, making a cross with her fingers.

Seeing the gesture, Sister Xue smiled at Wang. "Qin Guan might be in the washroom. He's been having loose bowels today."

Huang looked up in confusion. Sister, I'm trying to eat here.

Acquaintances always betrayed people. Meanwhile, Qin Guan returned to the table with several dishes piled as high as half a meter. "Sister Xue, get some food quickly! The organizing committee is really generous. There are lobsters!" he said enthusiastically.

Sister Xue looked at him and Wang Jingcao, who had a faint smile on her face. She tried to cover up her lie, "You should thank Qin Guan, Huang Bo. He's sick, but he still remembered to get food for you."

Huang Bo looked at her pitifully. "Thank you..."

Qin Guan realized something was going on and put the dishes in front of Huang. "Here you are."

Wang Jingcao smiled. If Qin Guan hates personal gain, I won't force him to do anything. In this circle, money is everything. I'll tolerate him for his perfect appearance.

She stood up with a warm smile and patted Qin Guan on the shoulder. "Have a good rest. I just wanted to introduce some

friends to you. They are in the dining room over there. We can leave it for later though. Maybe once we're back in the capital?"

Qin Guan smiled. "Okay!"

Satisfied, Wang led her actors around the corner and disappeared towards the corridor.

Qin Guan returned to his senses and exchanged a glance with Sister Xue. He sat down and then caught sight of Huang Bo. "Hey! That's my lobster!"

Huang was feasting on his lobsters.

The next day, the weather was sunny. They flew back to the capital, leaving the city behind them. Did that mean that the influence of the Silver Eagle Festival was gone?

Rest assured, the event had not benefited Qin Guan or anybody else, as all the media had remained silent about the festival.

Only some brave websites had published the news. It seemed like everyone had suffered a collective memory loss.

The hot news about Qin Guan and Liu Jia were also buried in the strange deep waters.

Liu Jia had kept a photo in which Qin Guan was handing the

jacket to her. It would be her most beautiful memory forever.

Her agent covered her face with the newspaper, leaving Liu smiling to herself like silly. That was the latest newspaper. There was only one line with small characters at the corner of the entertainment section.

"The 19th Silver Eagle Festival Concluded Successfully."

Chapter 260: The Bid Opening

Liu Jia won a top 10 title in the festival, so her status was also upgraded.

Qin Guan was very busy before the Spring Festival. He had been awarded a scholarship for the last time, filled his GRE and TOEFL scores in his application and send it to several universities. There was only a thesis left to write before his graduation.

He still remembered what his tutor had told him when he'd written his recommendation letter. "Qin Guan, you must return to China alive."

It was only 9/11. I'm not heading to my execution!

Qin Guan left the tutor's office, having no idea that his tutor had written a long emotional email to his old friend Martin, a tutor at one of the universities Qin Guan had applied to. He will be interested in my beloved student.

On the other side of the ocean, Martin lit up a cigar contentedly. This is the first time my proud Chinese classmate is begging me for something. I'll pay attention to that Chinese boy.

Qin Guan didn't know that a serious tutor was waiting for him in the US. He was too focused on the new company.

At the end of 2001, the construction industry in China had just

started to develop, so it was a good chance for making money.

An important meeting was taking place at a small building in a small city.

When everyone was present, the greffier blew the steam off the hot tea in front of him and the bidding began.

As time passed, Zhang Zhenqin got more and more nervous. Will Qin Guan's plan work? Will we win the bid with high prices?

The arrow was on the bowstring now. There was no turning back. When the host read the name of his company, Zhang pushed the manager sitting beside him, indicating for him to submit the documents.

He'd originally wanted to submit them himself, but there were so many directors and officials in the meeting room that he was afraid of making a negative impression on them with his behavior.

The manager carried the documents over with a trolley. Everyone was shocked. That company is bidding for so many projects! They have to be bigger business moguls than the famous Xu and Shan Groups.

Everyone let out a sigh of relief. You scared us! You are only bidding for small tools after all. Good!

The directors were satisfied. It's annoying to have bidding

applications that make it difficult to do statistical work. That company seems serious about work. Judging from the documents, they attach great importance to the bidding process.

When the manager got off the podium, Zhang let out a long breath. He took out a handkerchief to wipe the sweat off his bare head.

Today I'm more nervous than I was when I was being chased by armed enemies. I'll call Qin Guan later and ask about how to negotiate with these directors.

Even though it was late at night, Qin Guan was still waiting for Zhang's call. Zhang called him from the dining party. Qin Guan answered the call in the corridor for fear of disturbing his sleeping roommates.

"Hi! How is it going?"

Zhang told him proudly, "Good boy! You clearly know them well! They are all drunk by now!"

Qin Guan couldn't tell him that he had gotten enough of the drinking culture in that city in his past life. Since he was awake, he asked the most pressing question on his mind, "Did they make a final decision?"

Zhang burst into wild laughter on the other end of the line.

"Ha ha! Spirits stand for friendship! Don't worry, I did as you told me!"

Qin Guan felt relieved as Zhang began to talk nonsense.

"Where are you now? Can you return to..."

"Don't worry! We have a group of assistants here..."

Bang! Clang!

He hung up. Qin Guan smiled. Zhang's call had added warmth to the cold empty corridor.

Qin Guan sneezed in the cool breeze and returned to his bed.

It was true that extreme joy begot sorrow. The next day, Qin Guan caught a cold. He lay in bed all day, out of energy.

Chapter 261: I'm Sick

Ever since his rebirth, Qin Guan had always been healthy. He had never gotten sick. He had thought it was another gift from the gods.

Birth, death, illness and old age were all undeniable elements of nature after all. Why would the greedy guy wish to be young forever?

He decided to take advantage of his cold and beg his girlfriend for mercy.

No sooner said than done. Cong Nianwei's phone started ringing.

"Hello? What's the matter?" Cong Nianwei was studying for her thesis. She answered the call doubtfully.

"Darling, I'm sick. I feel terrible..."

Cong Nianwei shivered at his weak, trembling voice. Is that my boyfriend? His voice is so soft...

"Where are you, Qin Guan? Is it serious?"

"I'm in my dormitory. I have a runny nose and I'm sneezing..."

He sounds really sick! Cong Nianwei stopped writing and started

moving her pencil between her fingers nervously.

"Wait for me. I'll come as soon as possible!"

She threw the pencil down at her desk and disappeared in a whirlwind.

Ten minutes later, a taxi pulled up at the entrance of the Capital University of Finance and Economics. The talkative driver had remained unprecedentedly silent the whole way there.

The girl in the backseat had looked too serious, so the scared driver had sped up unconsciously. Cong Nianwei handed him 15 yuan and rushed out in a hurry.

"Hey, girl! That's not enough!"

Another five-yuan bill fell on the seat.

"Hey! Here's your change!"

Cong Nianwei was already 10 metres away from him.

"Wonderful! I'll keep the tip!" The driver grinned and drove away.

Cong Nianwei ran upstairs with red cheeks, her fear evident in

her eyes.

Qin Guan had sounded awful on the phone. It had seemed like he was about to collapse.

I have to take him to the hospital. Fortunately, Renmin Hospital is not far from here.

Cong Nianwei knocked on the door gently.

Liu Xiaoyang answered the door. "Cong Nianwei, it's you! Come in, please."

Cong Nianwei entered the room and saw Qin Guan sitting up in bed, wrapped with a quilt. "Are you feeling better now?"

Qin Guan smiled at the mere sight of her. "I caught a cold..."

Cong Nianwei picked up a tissue and cleaned his snot for him.

"You have never caught a cold ever since we've known each other. I'll take you to the hospital."

She lifted the quilt before Qin Guan could react. Then she put the quilt back down again calmly.

"Put your pants on first."

Liu covered his mouth and turned towards the wall. Cong Nianwei observed the sky through the window. Looks like a good day today.

After two minutes, Qin Guan poked her on the back. "Oh!"

Cong Nianwei turned around and glanced at him. "Oh!"

They went out hand in hand.

Liu Xiaoyang was confused. How do they communicate with each other? Lovers are different from ordinary people.

The two of them got into Qin Guan's car. When they were more than 100 meters away, Qin Guan remembered to ask, "When did you get your driver's license?"

Cong Nianwei looked steadily forward. "I'm really busy these days with my courses, learning a foreign language and getting my driver's license. There will be more surprises waiting for you in the US."

Qin Guan smiled at her. That's my girl.

She was not a clingy girl. She was professional and independent.

They walked out of the Renmin hospital parking lot. Cong

Nianwei pointed to the elevator. "I'll register for you. Wait for me at the clinic."

Qin Guan was a well-behaved patient that day. He got to the third floor like a good boy.

The corridor was crowded, but he shamelessly occupied two seats.

He leaned back against his chair in a daze. He waited for more than 10 minutes before Cong Nianwei came over with a piece of paper. "You are lucky. There are still some vacancies left."

As soon as she stopped, the doctor in the clinic called, "Next, Qin Guan!"

Cong Nianwei put the paper and his medical record in his hand and pushed him towards the clinic. Then she sat down and realized something.

The clinic was near the [family planning](#) and gynaecology department.

A pregnant woman was sitting beside her. As she caressed her belly, she began talking to Cong Nianwei. "You look so young. Why are you waiting here?"

Where surgical abortions are performed.

Chapter 262: Injections and Buttocks

Cong Nianwei answered calmly, "My boyfriend needed to see a doctor."

"Ah! You seem like a good girl. [Why would you do something stupid like that girl over there?](#)"

A blue vein heaved on Cong Nianwei's forehead. Are you even listening to me? "My boyfriend caught a cold. He's over there in the medical clinic."

The woman sighed in relief. She pointed to the family planning clinic and said, "She committed a sin..."

As a virgin, Cong Nianwei didn't know what to say.

Can you lower your voice when you're talking about others? Those girls with the heavy makeup are staring at you!

Cong Nianwei was sitting on pins and needles, but so was Qin Guan.

"It's nothing serious. Just a cold. You better take an intravenous drip though."

"That would take a long time, doctor. Can't I just take some medicine?"

The doctor smiled wisely. "I know you are a star. It's my first time seeing a star in an ordinary hospital. Do you see that crowd outside? Just take an intravenous drip and you'll recover tomorrow. You won't need to seek any further consultation."

Qin Guan scratched his hair in shame. "Isn't there a quicker way?"

The doctor looked up in relief. He's a good guy, he's not causing any trouble to the hospital.

He wrote something on his record. "Pay the medical fees and have an injection at the nurse station. Drink more water and get some sleep. Eat vegetables. No oil or spices. You'll recover soon."

Qin Guan took the paper and stood up. The doctor shouted to the nurse beside the door, "Close the door, Xiao Chen!"

The nurse did as he said. Qin Guan hugged his backpack in horror. Is there a robber in the hospital?

The doctor took off his mask. "Take a picture with me. I'm a fan of yours."

You scared me!

The doctor and the nurse took photos with Qin Guan happily.

His cold didn't influence his appearance. It added a delicate beauty to him instead.

When the nurse opened the door to set Qin Guan free, the doctor smiled to himself proudly. I can use these photos to show off to girls!

Cong Nianwei ran to pay Qin Guan's medical fees. Then she pulled him towards the door of the nurse station.

Despite his sickness, Qin Guan looked cute.

Cong Nianwei sent the bill in and a nurse with a big mask appeared at the small window. "Go to Room Three!"

Cong Nianwei patted Qin Guan on the back and found a seat by the door.

Thank god I don't need to sit with strange women anymore.

Qin Guan entered Room Three and saw a line of pointed needles shining coldly in the incandescent light. The nurse broke the small glass bottle easily.

It was filled with liquid medicine. Qin Guan swallowed nervously.

"Pants off!"

The strong nurse was looking at him with a poker face.

Qin Guan sniffled and turned around to face the wall. He unfastened his buckle with one hand.

Suddenly, the door opened with a squeak.

"Sister Zhao, we are short on cotton swabs!" A young nurse pushed in happily. The door opened with another squeak. "Sister Zhao, do you have any extra disposable gloves?"

The door opened again with another squeak...

Are you kidding? I already took off my pants. Do you want me to stand against the wall as punishment?

Qin Guan turned his head around and begged, "Sisters, can I have my injection first?"

"No one wants to delay you. Have your injection."

"Sure, we see plenty of buttocks every day. Who cares?"

Of course they cared. They all knew what they were there for.

Xiao Chen had shown off to them about the picture. All the staff on that floor had heard the news.

Sister Zhao was still calm. Taking the chance, she pricked Qin Guan.

Before he could react, the needle was pulled out without any blood.

Sister Zhao told him expressionlessly, "Pants on. Are you addicted to being naked?"

"Okay, okay..." Qin Guan pulled his pants up with his back to the nurses, who were sighing in disappointment.

Qin Guan smiled at them awkwardly. I misunderstood them. The masks were covering their greedy expressions.

When Qin Guan went out, the nurses shouted excitedly. "Did you see?"

"Of course! He's so sexy! Those long legs! He should go have a check-up at the urology department!"

Sister Zhao broke in, "If he really did, would you want to have a look? At his age, what sickness would bring him to the urology department?"

At the time, premarital pregnancy was frowned upon.

Chapter 263: An Abundance of Scripts

After thinking deeply about it, the girls got scared. They exchanged glances with each other and smiled awkwardly at Sister Zhao. "See you, Sister Zhao."

When he left the nurse station, Qin Guan exhaled in relief. The sight of Cong Nianwei's face made him forget about everything.

They returned home together. After eating some porridge, Qin Guan lay in bed and slept under the effect of the medicine.

Cong Nianwei put the quilt carefully over his body. As she stared at his face, her fingers slid over his beautiful eyebrows, nose and lips.

She blinked and lowered her head. Their lips touched softly.

The next morning, Qin Guan woke up feeling refreshed. He saw his girlfriend sleeping in his arms.

He cherished the quiet, sweet morning, but his body was uncomfortable.

He leaned forward to kiss her, but she woke up with a start.

Smiling faintly, Cong Nianwei pecked him on the lips. "What do you want to eat? I'll prepare something for you."

Then she turned to get up.

"I want to eat you!" Qin Guan pressed Cong Nianwei back against the bed.

It was like spring had entered the room. A little sparrow on the sill watched them with curiosity. Its mother covered its eyes with her wings nervously.

Qin Guan welcomed another beautiful morning with full energy and bumps all over his head (where Cong Nianwei had hit him). He took Cong Nianwei back to her college and then received a call from Sister Xue.

His TV shows were all on air by then. Qin Guan had no idea why Sister Xue had asked him to go to her office to discuss things further.

He found her ambiguous statement on the phone strange.

He was right. Wang Jingcao was also there. There was an impressive number of scripts before them.

Qin Guan greeted them and cast a glance at Sister Xue. We decided to keep a distance from Wang. Why did you keep in touch with her?

Sister Xue looked just as gloomy. It was difficult to say no to people with a smile. Wang had come to her office early in the morning.

Qin Guan took a seat, and Wang threw a bomb at them. "Would you be interested in a movie?"

Qin Guan looked down at the scripts on the desk.

Wang went on, "The film 'Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon' was really hot this year. Some domestic directors would like to have a try overseas. The road to the US has been paved. Are you interested in Zhang Yimou's work?"

Qin Guan smiled at her and picked up a script. As expected, the main roles had already been cast.

He turned a few pages and asked, "There are plenty of actors at W. Brother. Why don't you recommend them?"

"They only focus on leading roles. After the final editing, there may be no scenes left for the supporting actors. So..."

So you think I'll be the spare wheel?

Qin Guan didn't reply. He continued to check the rest of the scripts. "Zhou Yu's Train"? It was an indie film directed by Zhang Zhou, a good director. It was a pity that the two leads had already been cast.

There were only two more worthwhile films in 2002. It was a tragic year for the domestic film industry. The total box office had been below 1,000,000,000.

Qin Guan had originally wanted to appear on the large screen, but considering the reality of the situation...

He looked up and saw another thick pile under the two scripts. Wang Jingcao praised him, "I underestimated you. You're familiar with Zhang Jizhong?"

"He focused on martial arts dramas this year, taking advantage of Jin Yong's popularity. He wrote roles for you in all his TV shows. He attached great importance to you."

Qin Guan was surprised to see the titles. "The Legend of The Condor Heroes", "Dragon Buster" and "Demi-Gods and Demi-Demons".

He calculated in his mind. If he could fit them in his schedule, he would take them all. Uncle Zhang was kind to him. He always thought of Qin Guan whenever he wrote a new script. Qin Guan smiled at Wang. "Thank you, Sister Wang. I'll keep them for further study. Could you also tell me about the parts in these shows?"

Wang agreed and told them goodbye.

When she left, Sister Xue grabbed Qin Guan. "Are you silly? You accepted her offer?"

Qin Guan put the film scripts in his bag and began to read through the TV show scripts.

"We made the situation clear right from the beginning. This is just mutual back scratching. The roles must have been rejected by W. Brother. This way, she can gain popularity and make good use of resources. It's a win-win situation for us."

Sister Xue didn't say anything. Qin Guan will go abroad in half a year. Who cares?

She forgot that she also had to take care of Huang Bo.

Chapter 264: Choice

Qin Guan put all the scripts in his bag and whisked the dust away with his hand. "I'll tell you my decision in two days. Meanwhile, you can inquire about their shooting schedule. If it doesn't fit mine, just say no. I'm busy today. I'll call you tomorrow."

Sister Xue nodded. I have another sheep to look after. Better keep the goodies within the family.

Qin Guan left her office and went straight to Zhang Zhenqian's company in the East Third Ring.

That day, the bidding would start.

Bu Qinglu, Wang Hailiang and He Qian were waiting in the office. Zhang did not look nervous at all. He was handing cigars out to everyone.

"Don't worry. After drinking together at several parties, we've become brothers. We'll definitely win the bid."

Bu cast a disdainful glance at him. "Promises made over wine are not reliable. Is your friend trustworthy, Zhang?"

Zhang got angry at his words, especially as there was a beautiful partner sitting beside him.

He bared his teeth. "Talking is pointless. I'll show you the results today."

At ten o'clock, the bidding list would be published on the website.

Everyone was looking at the marketing assistant.

The young guy kept refreshing the page every minute, waiting for the official announcement.

Ten minutes after the given time, the website was finally updated. The long list of the winning companies was on the page.

In one day, written notices would be sent out by post mail, including the delivery address, payment method, receiving point and other essential information.

Then the temporary company would be able to function normally.

Of course, first they would celebrate their success. The assistant gave the list to Zhang Zhenqian's secretary.

Everyone was eager to read it. "What about our bids?"

"Take it easy. We have to compare them to our offer to calculate our profit."

Qin Guan read through the list from the very beginning silently. Then he said happily, "Don't bother. We won 10 bids this time. We bid for 17, so the winning rate is 58.8%. Brother Zhang wasn't exaggerating."

"There are 54 kinds of equipment in total, and we got 10 of them. They are all small parts with low profits though. We'll get about 10,000,000 as a net margin."

"After splitting it according to the equity ratio, He Qian will get 4,000,000, Brother Zhang will get 1,400,000, and each of us will get 2,000,000. It's all clear."

The others were watching Qin Guan in shock. He was spilling out numbers like it was no big deal.

"The profit of the generator system will be 127,636.28 yuan, and profit of the machinery will be..."

As he calculated the final number, the cigar fell from Zhang's hand.

Bu Qinglu and Wang Hailiang looked like they had looked Medusa in the eye. They stared at Qin Guan like stupefied, with their mouths and eyes wide open.

He Qian remained calm before her idol. In her mind, Qin Guan was perfect in all aspects.

Qin Guan felt embarrassed by their looks. "Sorry, I'm just gifted with numbers."

If you are gifted with numbers, then students studying mathematics should just give up!

Soon, they went back to being happy and productive. All their faces radiated with joy. They could foresee a good beginning. The small company would rise and develop thanks to their strategy.

After he left work, Qin Guan enjoyed some leisure time. He read scripts at the teahouse of the Fuhua Plaza while drinking a cup of mocha.

As soon as he'd gotten the scripts, he had called Zhang Jizhong to express his appreciation. He had accepted a role in "Demi-Gods and Demi-Demons" without hesitation. He had announced that he wouldn't accept a villain's role again though.

He thought deeply about the part in "Dragon Buster", which was not directed by Zhang, but he didn't want to accept the role of Song Qingshu. The salary wasn't that good and it was an annoying character. He just felt like something was missing from Song, unlike his previous roles.

Song is short for "obsession". Zhang Changzhong had been obsessed with his brother's kindness, Yang Lianting had been obsessed with Dongfang's love, and Gao Fuming had been obsessed with his former master. They'd all had a reasonable obsession with

something.

Song had a forced obsession with love though. He seemed to be obsessed with obsession itself. He would give up his family and career for a woman, which was not reasonable.

Despite his deep love for Cong Nianwei, Qin Guan wouldn't have behaved like Song. People didn't live just for others. He would never give something up just for love.

Besides, if he was Song Qingshu, he wouldn't have won Cong Nianwei's heart. Cong Nianwei was a clever girl, so she would have sensed his nature.

Qin Guan let out a sigh and put the script in his large bag. The hand-made nubuck bag was a gift from Cong Nianwei. It had excellent quality and a reasonable price.

Chapter 265: Qualifying for an Autographed Copy

The thick leather belt crossed the buttermilk skin and formed a simple but large handbag for men. It was the best choice for Qin Guan, who always carried a pile of scripts everywhere.

Qin Guan looked at the other two scripts in the bag, which he always ignored. After a pause, he picked one of them up.

Before he turned the cover over, he heard of a familiar voice. "Qin Guan? What are you doing here?"

The man behind the bar counter was supporting his jaw with his hands, appreciating the beautiful scenery by the window. Three beauties of different styles were looking at the most handsome customer he had ever served.

Yin Yan spoke first. She was meeting Qu Xuemei and Liu Yan there to hear their news. Little did they know that they'd meet their favorite model there.

"Qin Guan? What a coincidence!"

Confused, Qin Guan greeted them. They are rivals. Why are they meeting here?

Wary of the potential trouble, he decided to escape. "I just

finished work. Don't bother treating me. I'm leaving."

"Take your time. In fact, the matter at hand has something to do with modelling. You'd better get a general idea."

Qu Xuemei blocked his way.

The other two nodded. "Yes, it'd be good for you."

Qin Guan couldn't do anything but pull out chairs for the three girls. The bar owner served them instead of the waiter. It was his pleasure to see such beauties up close.

They took their seats. The steam rising from the cups added warmth to the deep autumn.

"There is a scandal within the industry. The chief director of 'Fashion' will take the blame and resign after the Spring Festival."

Qin Guan nearly fell off his chair upon hearing the news.

He had cooperated with "Fashion" for an inside spread. Several months earlier, the editor had contacted Sister Xue, but she had sensed something strange and made up an excuse for Qin Guan to turn down the offer.

The three women all had their poker faces on as they talked about the editor's tragic fate.

"She chose that path herself. She's only a scapegoat anyway."

"She already had an important role in the domestic fashion industry. What was she really after?"

"She was implicated with that female star. The one with the military flag, right?"

They paused there and drank their coffee.

Qu put her cup down and looked at Qin Guan, "You should deny any offers from them for the next six months. Understand?"

Qin Guan nodded. He was clear about his priorities. He had heard from Wang Jingcao that CCTV and the government would also force the female star out. According to inside information, it would be a long time for her.

The three queens asked Qin Guan to leave so they could discuss their official responses.

Qin Guan scampered off like a frightened rat. Noting the jealous expression in the bar owner's eyes, he paid for the three queens' drinks.

When he got to the parking lot, he called Sister Xue. 2001 was an eventful year for the entertainment and fashion circle, but it was a

productive year for Qin Guan. He was President Qin.

President Qin was currently cleaning his house like a poor servant. Cong Nianwei had sent him home, because she had discovered that the room was covered in dust.

He was fighting with the dust on the floor when Sister Xue called him back. It was time for him to get down to business.

Qin Guan hurried to the Citizen Public Relations Department. At the time, Citizen had begun to promote Qin Guan's autographed copy of the album to fans in Asian countries.

The buyers of the album would find an elegant postcard inside the package, as well as instructions on how to apply for the signed copy.

They could send the card back to Citizen to apply. If they were selected, the organizer would send them the instructions and charge them.

Only few Asian countries would get the chance to get a copy. Citizen would cover all the expenditures.

Fans would not just be able to see their idols, but also visit a new country. It would be a wonderful chance for them.

Admissions were rare though. There were only 20 in some Asian countries, so some fans paid a high price in order to qualify.

Some girls who shared an album fought with each other when sending the postcard.

Their friendship came to an end thanks to the magazine.

"Let me go!"

"You let me go! You are shameless! You sent the card out secretly with your own name!"

"I paid more than you. The album is mine!"

"The collection belongs to both of us! You are so cunning!"

The two of them wrestled. They were lucky in the end, as they both got the chance to participate in the activity.

Chapter 266: Qualification

There were plenty of fans purchasing photo albums who failed to win and cried at home over their misfortune.

"I'll buy the postcard with the winning number and the instructions at triple its original price."

"I'll appeal to Citizen to increase admissions for the autographed copies!"

The phones at the Customer Service Department rang nonstop, and the person in charge of the activity was annoyed. Of course, the more admissions the better, but that was easier said than done. It was difficult to organize an international activity. If the participants didn't control themselves, they would be too busy to finish the job.

Qin Guan was nervous as he listened to the director's instructions. Every step of the process required the cooperation of all parties. They had to rehearse in advance.

Soon, Qin Guan had a general idea about the autographed copy sale. Citizen basically wanted to promote the opening ceremony of its largest store in Asia.

First, they would cut the ribbon, and then the copy sale would be held. Finally, a small-scale meeting would be held in the back hall to greet fans from different countries.

Qin Guan would interact with fans for 10 to 20 minutes. To avoid an emergency, the participants would be limited to 100, half of whom would be Chinese.

Foreigners were complaining that the Chinese fans took up too many admission spots, but they had no idea how many domestic fans Qin Guan had.

His first fan was a girl named Huang Jiajia.

Huang Jiajia had still not given up hope. She followed Qin Guan everywhere on campus, peeping at him tearfully. Her pride prevented her from moving closer to him, but it still couldn't stop her lingering affection.

Naturally, she had bought plenty of the albums, so she was one of the 50 lucky fans.

Excited, Huang Jiajia had uploaded the card on the college forum to show off to the other girls. She had underestimated the power of internet and gossip though. The picture was quickly uploaded on the Haijiao Forum, the headquarters of Qin Guan's fans.

A stone could stir a thousand waves.

Qin Guan, who had never been involved in entertainment programs, specials or news, or had an affair with another actress, would have an autographed copy sale?

They couldn't believe it. This would be their only chance to see the real Qin Guan.

Suddenly, a post about the album was made on the Haijiao Forum. All the details, including the distribution number, issuing country, participation conditions, signing process, and fan ratio were clearly stated.

It seemed like a report from Citizen and the magazine staff.

Countless fans regretted not buying the album. They expressed their feelings in articles on the internet.

"His album had only been two stands away from me, but I hesitated. It's too late now."

Someone replied to the post with an even sadder story.

"At least you saw the album. I didn't even cast a glance at it. The newsstand owner had covered it with a VOGUE! Later, I found out that he had been saving it for some fans who had paid him 70 yuan for it."

Readers began sharing their sad stories with each other. The saddest story was about a girl who had bought the album, but forgotten to send the card!

Of course, the unlucky fans who hadn't been selected in the lottery were the gloomiest.

The outcome couldn't be changed though, so rich fans put their wits to work. There was a black market, where some fans sold their albums and admissions spots.

As the date was drawing near, the Citizen director realized that the fan list had changed. The number was the same though, so everything else was mere details.

It was the first day of December, and people's breaths were fogging the air. A group of people were waiting by the entrance of the Hengji Plaza early in the morning.

The security guard was left speechless by the girls, who were wearing very few clothes in the cold winter. He tried to talk to them kindly.

Chapter 267: Chaos

"Ladies, the plaza will open at 10 o'clock. It's only nine o'clock. It's too early for entrance."

The girls grimaced. They could read just fine! They just wanted to see their idol earlier!

Besides, many of them were not even qualified to go in. They had to wait outside in advance to get a look at Qin Guan.

The kind-hearted man had to return to his post. His colleague, an older man, smiled at him. "Don't waste your words on those young girls. Today we'll be really busy. Look at the crowd around the square! The organizer told us there would be 100 fans, but the whole square is full of people. It's always us who get exhausted after such events."

The young man laughed and answered, "I feel good. I'm happy to see so many beautiful girls in the morning."

The older security guard sneered. "Enjoy it then!"

The younger man fixed his eyes on the beautiful scene on the square.

There were increasingly more people. The shopping mall in the second ring was about to open.

The Citizen staff put the last chair down and wiped the sweat off their foreheads. Everything is ready.

Disappointed, the fans on the square realized Qin Guan hadn't gone through the front of the square as they'd imagined, but had headed directly for the underground parking lot in an ordinary black business car.

Qin Guan followed the security guards into the elevator.

Looking at the four bodyguards in black suits around him, he whispered to Sister Xue, "They look so nervous! Is there an army waiting for us or something? There will be only 100 fans on that big square."

Sister Xue was also confused. "The Japanese always act like this. They are strict and serious about everything."

Qin Guan nodded. In fact, he was contented with the guards, because it meant Citizen was paying close attention to him. Suddenly, the door opened with a loud sound.

Everyone inside was scared. It was really crowded, and there were ropes all along the path for fear that people would block the way.

Qin Guan whispered to Sister Xue with pursed lips, "Shall I go in before the fans? What's going on?"

Sister Xue whispered back, "No idea. There must be more than 100 people inside. The hall is nearly full."

They couldn't talk anymore. Qin Guan went out of the elevator with the guards.

"Qin Guan!"

"Look at me!"

"I love you!"

Flashlights blinked everywhere. Fans waved their hands passionately, eager to attract the attention of their idol.

The director of the flagship store was wiping cold sweat off restlessly. He shouted angrily at his assistant, "How did the fans know when Qin Guan would arrive?" His assistant was also puzzled. What had gone wrong indeed?

On the square, the security director was rebuking the young security guard. "You! Motherf*cker! Idiot! You would even forget your own name before a beautiful girl! You talked about the time on the intercom before them! You just wanted to show off to them!"

"Wonderful! All the women outside know the details of the event now! Look at what you did! Where's the woman accosting you? Did she give you a red package?"

Mou Xiaoliu patted her chest in the crowd, sharing that thrilling experience with Huang Jiajia.

"Huang Jiajia, you're great! How did you come up with such a good idea? We should have kept the secret to ourselves though. Why did you share it with the other girls?"

Huang Jiajia sighed at the simple girl and pointed to the crazy women.

"Do you think we could have broken through the security line just with our own strength? We have to rely on them to succeed. Plus, the law does not punish multiple offenders."

Mou nodded, convinced. The two girls had caused a lot of trouble to Citizen and Qin Guan.

Before the ribbon was cut, the fans surged in. The foreign fans were still in the bus outside. What could they do?

It was the worst possible outcome. The fans with invitations would rebel when they realized it was impossible for them to enter the hall. Both the director and Sister Xue were in despair.

It was time for foreign fans to enter the site, but they were scared of their Chinese friends. Sister Xue showed her resourcefulness during that emergency. She talked with the director and got a microphone.

After testing it, she addressed the fans crowded by the entrance of the Citizen store, "Attention, please!"

Chapter 268: The Offer

Her loud voice suppressed the noise. Sister Xue went on, "Today, the Citizen flagship store in Hengji will open for business, and Qin Guan will have his first autographed copy sale. You are all fans of him. Are you excited?"

"Of course!" the girls answered in one voice.

"The fans who got an invitation were the luckiest ones in Asia. Do you think this is fair for them?"

Some fans murmured, "It's unfair for us."

Sister Xue tried to convince them, "This is Qin Guan's first meet-and-greet. There are fans here from other countries. What you're doing will not just inconvenience your idol, but also have international consequences"

The fans still mumbled sadly, "We are unhappy too."

Sister Xue came up with a proposal, "I have good news for everyone. There are fans here from everywhere. You all like Qin Guan, so we also have something for you. Now, listen to me."

The fans were comforted by her words. There will be a surprise!

It was human nature. Their original expectations had been

destroyed by the organizers, so they had planned on resisting till the very end, but the new proposal had mitigated the situation and eased their anxiety.

Sister Xue waved at them. "Follow my orders. Please form two lines. Fans with invitations on the right, and others on the left."

The interpreter got to work, and the fans lined up obediently. Not bad. The two lines are about the same length.

Sister Xue pointed to the fans on the right. "Hand in your invitation to the security staff and enter the hall one by one."

Then she turned to the girls on the left. "Do you see the big board over there? I promise that Qin Guan will meet you there in an hour and a half."

They all looked in that direction and saw a man standing there happily with a giant poster of Qin Guan in his hands.

J Clothing was always keen on seizing a chance.

Sister Xue was a smart woman and she had noticed the J Clothing store on her way out of the elevator. She had originally just considered it a coincidence that J clothing also had a store in Hengji Plaza. Ten minutes later though, it came in handy.

She had a short discussion with the Citizen director. She had to get their approval before bringing another brand in.

The director approved her plan without hesitation, as it wouldn't influence their meeting. It would only relieve the chaos.

Everything else was quite easy. Sister Xue called the J Clothing boss, who was overjoyed.

Qin Guan is my lucky star. In Xidan, my brand is promoted by LEE. The sales volume there was tripled last year. Now I'll get Citizen's help!

He attached great importance to that opportunity. After several calls, his staff rushed over.

In the past, such a thing would have been impossible, but now the store in Hengje was cleared up in 15 minutes.

The ignorant fans were led into the store. The Hengji manager wiped his sweat off secretly.

That was a close call! Thanks to their trouble, the two brands cooperated and put the situation under control. It was wonderful!

When the fans were all inside the store, the J Clothing staff handed out posters of Qin Guan.

Surprise! The posters had originally been only for J Clothing customers.

The manager in charge of promotion ran over in a hurry. The cunning man had been entrusted with a mission at that critical moment.

"Attention, please..."

The fans calmed down. Meanwhile, Qin Guan let out a long breath of relief after being updated about the situation.

The opening ceremony was completed in an orderly manner. The ribbon was cut and all the attendants applauded.

The fans with invitations were getting impatient. They were there for Qin Guan, not for that f*cking ceremony.

Luckily, the speech lasted only for 10 minutes, or they would have rebelled again. Finally, their moment was there.

They took out their albums and opened the covers, where the picture of a Citizen watch was printed. The designer had skillfully left enough space for a signature on the picture.

The functional art of Citizen took all kinds of things, no matter how big or trivial, into consideration.

Qin Guan was sitting behind a table in the same grey suit he was wearing in the album. The autographed copy sale began.

The first lucky girl walked forward. She was too excited to say anything. Qin Guan smiled at her and signed the album before returning it to her.

Chapter 269: Can I Still Love You?

"Next?" The staff gestured to the next girl to invite her to the meeting at the back hall. The girl had to be very excited. She stood still, as if she was petrified.

"Can I shake hands with you?" Qin Guan kindly tried to save her from embarrassment and stretched his hand out to her.

"Wow!" The girl came back to her senses like a hungry tiger seizing its prey.

The fans behind her cast disdainful glances at her as she was led to the back hall like drunk. What a shame!

"Qin Guan, I like you so much! May I shake hands with you?"

"Me, too!"

"Me, too!"

Where is your dignity?

The autograph copy sale was finished in half an hour. Qin Guan looked up and fell into an awkward silence.

"Why are you here? You have seen me plenty of times at college!"

Huang Jiajia put her hands on her hips. "This is discrimination! Stop talking rubbish and give me an autograph!"

Qin Guan turned his eyes to Mou Xiaoliu helplessly. Why is such a good girl like you with her?

Mou also felt wronged. You didn't give us an autograph, although we've known each other for a long time.

Qin Guan gave in. Just before his pen touched the paper though, Huang Jiajia stopped him. "Don't mess with us. I want my own personalized signature."

Qin Guan looked at Sister Xue, who pointed to her watch and nodded. Time is pressing. Just do it.

"What do you want me to write?" Qin Guan asked them.

Huang Jiajia pointed to herself. "For my favorite student, Huang Jiajia."

Then she pointed to Mou. "For my purest schoolmate, Mou Xiaoliu."

That's unfair. Mou is just my schoolmate?

Mou Xiaoliu was satisfied though. I'm different from his ordinary

fans anyway.

Qin Guan finished their autographs as soon as possible and went to the back hall, where he would interact with fans for 10 minutes according to the schedule.

His job was simple. All he had to do was cooperate with the host and interpreter. Guo Yannuo, the interpreter, was waiting for Qin Guan to arrive. He was a cunning guy, but Sister Xue had invited him because he spoke several Asian languages.

The atmosphere was lively. The host, Qin Guan and the fans were talking happily. In 10 minutes, the fans learned a lot more about their idol.

For example, they discovered that Qin Guan's favorite color was black, he loved delicious food and he was a straight-A student. He seemed like an easy-going guy.

Finally, it was time for the lucky turn plate. The luckiest fans would get to ask their idol private questions.

The game made everyone excited.

They were looking at the turn plate on the screen nervously. Qin Guan shouted "stop" with his back to the screen. Then the lucky fan was selected.

It was No. 99, Huang Jiajia's number.

Qin Guan fell silent.

Sister Xue knew him well. Although she wasn't clear about the situation, she sensed Qin Guan's hesitation.

Smiling, the host walked up to Huang Jiajia. "Congratulations to the lucky girl. How are you feeling right now?"

Huang Jiajia gave him a splendid smile. "Excellent!"

Qin Guan swallowed his saliva.

The host went on, "This is an exciting moment. What question will you ask your idol? It's time to hear his honest answer. He will answer any question you want." All the fans were jealous of Huang Jiajia. If only I had that chance!

Huang Jiajia opened her mouth as cold sweat formed on Qin Guan's forehead. I'm going to pay now...

"I have a question..."

Stop panting and just spit it out. Qin Guan was thinking about countermeasures in his mind.

"Can I still love you?"

Guo Yannuo was a professional interpreter, so he translated the question into several foreign languages literally.

What? We all love him! Is this even a proper question? You are wasting a precious chance! The other fans felt pity for her.

"You could at least ask what kind of girls he likes, or if he has an official girlfriend."

"Even his future plans would be okay."

There were only three people on site who understood the question: Qin Guan, Huang Jiajia and Mou Xiaoliu.

Mou looked at Huang Jiajia in surprise. Two years had passed, and Senior Qin was about to graduate. Huang Jiajia was way more mature than she used to be, but she was still stuck on Qin Guan.

Two years were too short for a girl's feelings to go away.

The host, on the other hand, felt glad for Qin Guan. That girl was definitely a loyal fan. She hadn't asked an awkward question. She had been afraid that fans would inquire about something more private.

Chapter 270: Qin Guan's Fan Club

Qin Guan fell unexpectedly silent at the question.

If it was referring to just a simple relationship between an idol and their fans, a simple word could clearly express what was on his mind.

Thousands of feelings were lingering in his heart though. Taking a deep breath, he said in a deep voice, "There is a long road before you. Treat your feelings carefully."

Only Huang Jiajia understood. Smiling, she said, "My love for you is my business."

Guo interpreted her words into various languages.

Although confused, the rest of the fans shouted together, "We'll love you forever, Qin Guan! Until the end of the world!"

The meeting ended in harmony.

Qin Guan left the hall and headed immediately for the J Clothing store, where patient fans had been waiting for him for one hour.

Actually, Qin Guan's official schedule was over. According to tradition, he could just leave the plaza without paying attention to the others.

He felt it was necessary to meet them though, as Sister Xue had promised them he would.

When Qin Guan showed up at the entrance of the store, the fans shopping in the plaza rushed back in at once.

They had just tried their luck by going there. Little had they known that there would be a surprise.

Sister Xue spoke first.

"We are shocked to see fans come from such remote places for Qin Guan, a green hand in the circle. However, we do not want to see you trouble others by chasing after your idol. Think of the outcome. Who will take the pressure of public opinion? Qin Guan! Your favorite idol. Do you want to let him take the blame?"

Despite their young age, Qin Guan's fans were all reasonable girls. They reconsidered their behavior and felt sorry for it. They had actually forced Qin Guan and Citizen's hand.

Sister Xue continued her speech, "It's our fault. Qin Guan seldom organizes events for fans, even ordinary publicity events. From now on, we'll make up for that. We'll set up a fan club! Thanks to your persistence, you will be the first group of members!"

The crowd was over the moon! The fans who had gotten official invitations rushed over.

"We were the first group of fans! We'll join the club!"

"We founded a fan club in Japan the day after the album was released."

Looking at the noisy girls, Qin Guan felt warm in the early winter.

The manager of J Clothing led the fans to the square for a group photo as the boss listened to the report from the Hengji Plaza store.

"Boss, the sales volume this morning was as much as the whole week's. I handed the catalogues out and they bought Qin Guan's clothes."

"Most of them were girls. What about the women's clothes sales?"

"They were pretty good. Besides, some media invited by Citizen took photos of our store. We'll be famous!"

The boss shook his head. "I knew Qin Guan was my lucky star."

He was quite right. Taking advantage of LEE, J Clothing had added women's clothes to its collection. By taking advantage of Citizen, the boss set his eyes on the Capital Fashion Week.

Qin Guan had no idea about his ambitions, but the boss would become his most faithful supporter in the future.

Qin Guan was standing on the Hengji Plaza square. More than 100 fans had clustered around him to take the group photo.

Qin Guan was smiling in the centre. Huang Jiajia and Mou were on either side of him, acting like his bodyguards. Before the photographer pressed the button, Huang Jiajia grabbed Qin Guan's arm and Mou retreated.

Qin Guan's body was stiff when she released his arm.

Huang Jiajia murmured, "You're still so shy after two years. I have grown up. I like you. Deal with it!"

Qin Guan didn't look back. Following the Citizen staff, he left the plaza.

The senior committee of his fan club was officially formed. It was a well-organized group that behaved themselves. All the fans waved goodbye at Qin Guan warmly.

They didn't forget to leave gifts to Qin Guan's agent and assistant.

That day, Qin Guan's fan club was born. It would soon spread to different countries. There were capable fans everywhere. Soon after Qin Guan left, some fans began to collect basic materials.

On their way to the company, Sister Xue waved her phone at Qin Guan proudly. "See? I have all their numbers. When you have an event again, it will be a good resource for publicity."

Chapter 271: The Most Beautiful Student

"You are in charge now."

Lying on the backseat exhaustedly, Qin Guan told her with concern, "I want to try the two films recommended by Wang Jingcao."

Stunned, Sister Xue smiled. "No problem, do as you wish. You will exceed her expectations. In that case though, you are going to be busy for the next six months. I'll find you an assistant to help both with your life and work. I'll introduce her to you next time."

She waited for his reply in vain. Turning her head, she saw that Qin Guan had fallen asleep. His head was lowered slightly, and his long eyelashes were trembling along with the movement of the car.

Time flew by. The hot season for applications for studying abroad arrived on the other side of the Pacific Ocean. American universities were accepting applications from both foreign and domestic applicants. Their email inboxes were jammed with emails.

The tutor in charge was tired every day. It was boring to read so many similar emails.

However, the next email he read made him sober up, as if he had fallen into a snow hole in Alaska. The tutor, who was famous for his strict image, uncommonly shared the email with his colleagues.

"Hey, Jason. I want you to see this."

Jason was curious about the email, as his gloomy partner seldom talked with others on his own initiative. He stood up and walked over. "What's the matter, Tom?"

Tom opened the attachments of Qin Guan's application and resume one by one. As he typed on the keyboard and moved the mouse, Jason's mouth opened wider and wider.

Average Score: 98

TOEFL: Nearly full mark

Basic Thesis: Two

Professional Thesis: Three

Recommendation letter from a professional tutor and the department dean.

That was the standard for a straight-A student.

Tom was looking at his showy partner, whom he didn't like to talk with, as stupefied as a goose. Slightly excited, he opened Qin Guan's resume.

A splendid photo suddenly occupied the whole screen, making Jason spray out saliva. Awesome!

It was hard for people of different races to recognize each other. It was what they called face blindness. Without features, it was hard for a person to recognize a member of another race. Beauty knew no borders, races or genders though. It could withstand all trials.

In the small cabinet of that ordinary office, a group of people admired Qin Guan.

Jason seized the mouse and clicked on the other files. The boy had done voluntary work and engaged in social activities.

The outstanding student intrigued them, even though they had just experienced 9/11. The applications they had received that year were much fewer than before. It was exciting for them to discover such a gem.

Jason returned the mouse to Tom. Looking at the name, he fell into deep thought. Professor Martin had asked me about an Asian student. Was his surname Qin? Or was it something else?

He reminded Tom kindly, "Professor Martin had inquired about that student. He must be really talented if he attracted the attention of the top economist of our country!"

Tom looked at Jason in surprise. Wow! He is a good man, despite

his fickleness and coquettish.

He forced a smile and then forwarded the email to the professor, since the boy had attracted the attention of a certain tutor.

The boy might even get a doctorate in the future. In America, a postgraduate degree was not as valuable as in China. In the talent market, major companies considered it almost the same as a bachelor degree. Graduates with doctorate degrees attracted more attention and were considered experts on their field.

In 2002, Chinese students had just begun their journey abroad. US professors had no idea about the advantages a foreign postgraduate degree brought in a Chinese workplace. They simply accepted the applications with the most ambitious cover letters. They thought the applicants really admired their universities.

Chinese students passed the check easily. They just had to say that they loved the profession.

Qin Guan's application was forwarded to Professor Martin. The old bearded man sent an email to his old friend, informing him that his beloved student had been accepted. In a few minutes, Martin received a reply.

Aren't you asleep so late at night?

Confused, he opened the email. He had originally thought that his old friend was boasting about the student's perfect academic

score, but he was surprised to see that there was a RAR attachment.

He clicked on it as he drank his coffee.

It was a beautiful full-body photo of Qin Guan acting as a standard-bearer.

For a while, Martin thought that his friend's email had been hacked. As scholars, it was not their style to show off to each other.

There was a childish message under the picture. "This is my most beautiful student. Do you have one?"

Chapter 272: The Screen Test

Martin was so angry that he felt his beard tremble. The two old guys began competing with each other.

He tried his best to recall his students. Is there a handsome guy among them? Hal? No, he was not mine. Meyer? The boy is a Jew, he's too shy. Kuhn?

Martin sighed when he thought about the proud boy with the blonde hair and the blue eyes. Kuhn is really proud. He will not like being compared to a foreigner.

Reluctantly, Professor Martin looked at the foreign boy with a warm smile. Even the ugly uniform couldn't diminish his grace. Everyone who saw him would smile at him.

Martin sat down and replied to his old friend's email. His answer was humorous and full of emotion.

"Immediately!" He drew a small arrow pointing to Qin Guan's photo.

The email made Professor Xu laugh loudly, scaring the stars and sleeping clouds away.

.....

I love you,

Not for what you are,

But for what I am

When I am with you.

I love you,

Not only for what you have made of yourself,

But for what you are making of me.

Adapted from Becun's novel, the script of "Zhou Yu's Train" was full of love and romance.

Qin Guan read both the novel and the script and became obsessed with it. He and Sister Xue went to the address of the director, who belonged to the fifth generation of directors.

Zhang Zhou was also a fellow townsman of Qin Guan's. He had simple, honest shooting skills.

In fact, the poetic novel was also a challenge for him, so he was serious about the selection of the actors.

As expected, Zhang's favorite actress, Gong Li, was the heroine. Thanks to her perfect acting skills and line delivery, she was one of the top actresses in the country.

There were only three protagonists and one co-star with lines in the film. The news had not spread, because Zhang had decided to have a private casting call. Because of his love for the novel, Qin Guan was planning on auditioning for the role of the veterinarian, the man who fell in love with the heroine.

It was love at first sight.

Zhang Qiang was an ordinary veterinarian who led a peaceful life in a small town. He didn't know much about romance, but he was very realistic. Zhou Yu, the romantic heroine, fell love with the man.

Qin Guan pushed into the director's office nervously.

Zhang Zhou grew absent-minded when he saw him. Unlike the conservative directors of the fifth generation, and the bold and unrestrained style of the sixth, he was very educated and refined.

He had originally been an excellent actor and had relied on his appearance. He had played the role of Prince Dan of Yan in Zhang Yimou's film, which meant that he was a handsome guy.

Female beauties always became enemies, but male beauties often identified with each other.

Sister Xue made a concise, but comprehensive introduction of Qin Guan and retreated, leaving them alone. Zhang Zhou, who was a capable and experienced man, got straight to the point.

"You are not suitable for Chen Qin. I have met with Liang Jiahui from Hong Kong several times. If he can dispel my doubts, the role will be his. As for Zhang Qiang, it's hard to say. I have some pretty good choices in my mind. I'm still hesitant though."

Qin Guan remained calm, waiting for him to continue.

"Zhang Qiang will be a limitation for you. The performance does not just require acting skills, but also life experience. What does 'a veterinarian in a small town' even mean? He'd be an ordinary person in our lives. You must seldom look at yourself in a mirror, Qin Guan. I think you would meet the demands of other directors."

Qin Guan felt sad. I hate my handsome face.

He still tried to convince him though. "May I try out, Director Zhang? Even if I don't get the part, at least I'll be able to improve thanks to your feedback."

Or you might change your mind?

Zhang Zhou nodded at Qin Guan seriously. I have nothing to do anyway.

Qin Guan put the script on the table and began with the first scene. It was an ordinary encounter with only a few lines.

In fact, that was the most difficult scene. True acting skills did not lay in portraying excitement or extreme sorrow, but in indifferent events.

Qin Guan sat in the chair, swaying slightly, as if he was sitting on a travelling train. In his imagination, a smoking woman was sitting opposite him.

He relaxed and leaned his head against the back of the chair.

With a purposeful, shameless expression, he tried to attract her attention.

"Hey, did you draw the art on the bottle?"

He carefully supported a non-existent bottle with both hands.

"It's so beautiful! [Guanware or folk kiln](#)?"

Qin Guan paused while the scene began taking form before Zhang Zhou's eyes. By that time, the heroine would smile. Zhang Qiang was amazed by Qin Guan.

Two different kinds of chinaware.

Chapter 273: Displaying and Hiding

A smile formed on his face. "No idea, I just like it. It's beautiful. Is it on sale?"

He used that excuse to talk more with the woman.

"No, no matter the price."

The woman stood up with the bottle. She was about to get off the train. Qin Guan stood opposite her. He was actually talking to the air.

"I really love it. Could you please..."

He was shameless. Director Zhang Zhou couldn't express his feelings. The young man looked like a completely different person.

By that time, the heroine would throw the elegant bottle directly onto the floor to get rid of him. The bottle would break into pieces and shock the honest man. Her furious, rebellious ways attracted him to her.

Zhang Qiang was an ordinary, realistic name, and so was the man himself. Luckily, he could understand why the girl was crazy, as well as that she would never fall in love with him.

With enough patience and perseverance though, he would pull

her back to reality and help her take control of her own life.

It was a pity that his efforts wouldn't be able to withstand Zhou Yu's ardently love for Chen Qing. "The heart is the final container of love," Zhang Qiang told Zhou Yu.

Qin Guan finished the first scene without any trouble or excitement. Director Zhang Zhou was both surprised and annoyed. Young man, your face is your shortcoming. If you were a little uglier, I could convince the producer. You cannot even convince me though!

By then, Liang Jiahui was older than 40, Gong Li was about 30 and Qin Guan was 20. A crazy romance like that couldn't happen to the three of them. If this was another story, Zhang might have made a small change to the script. That script was adapted from a novel with a fixed plot though.

Sun Honglei doesn't have much experience on screen, but he has an honest face. He will be right for the role.

Director Zhang stood up and patted Qin Guan on the shoulder. "I'm sorry, Qin Guan, but the role is not for you. You have a big problem, which might change after a film. You are not capable of hiding your feelings, you're only good at showing them. If you combine that with your appearance..."

Qin Guan felt sad, but enlightened. Hiding and showing feelings? I'll keep that in mind. I remember Sun Honglei. That lucky dog!

Speak of the devil, and he's sure to appear. Sun, who had just finished the film "Conquering", brushed past them in the corridor. He had short hair and an honest smile.

Qin Guan looked at him with envy. He couldn't do anything but comfort himself.

His failure to get the role drove the artistic film down an original path. Sun would fall in love with Gong Li and crash his head.

Cong Nianwei, I need to be comforted!

Cong Nianwei was surprised to see that her boyfriend had lost his usual humor. He was lying down on his desk like a withered flower. Influenced by him, she stopped working. I'm almost done anyway. I can call it a day and relax.

She lay down on the desk face to face with Qin Guan. "Are you feeling unhappy? Shall we go out on a date?" she asked and kissed his face.

Suddenly, Qin Guan felt refreshed. He was full of energy again.

I love you, Cong Nianwei. Go to hell, Zhou Yu!

Qin Guan pushed all his negative thoughts away. He stood up with sparkling eyes and said, "Date! Date!"

They disappeared amid a storm of chairs and desks.

"Where are we going? Movie? Dinner?"

Cong Nianwei smiled mysteriously. "Chao Yang Park."

In a daze, Qin Guan turned right on the fourth ring.

As an entertainment park, Chao Yang Park was famous for all kinds of festivals and carnivals, such as tourist exhibitions, lantern festivals and beach sports. There were no activities during that period though.

Cong Nianwei bought two tickets for sports and pulled Qin Guan into the park.

I'll freeze in the winter. Qin Guan had underestimated Cong Nianwei. When they reached their destination, he had the impulse to kneel down.

Bungee jumping? It's more than 70 metres high! Are you kidding?

Qin Guan tried to escape, but failed. Trying to save his dignity, he mounted the tower, despite the fact that he was trembling.

The elevator went up higher and higher. Swallowing saliva, Qin Guan sat in the middle of the elevator, hugging his knees. His

girlfriend was really brave. The height caused him terror that was impossible for him to conquer.

Cong Nianwei put on her helmet and smiled brightly at him. The occasional brave act made one appreciate their peaceful life even more.

Chapter 274: The Possibility of Becoming a Meat Pie

Qin Guan wiped the cold sweat off his forehead. If he could read her mind, he would have protested loudly.

My life is exciting enough. I've had many strange experiences. As a man who cherished his life, that exciting activity was horrific for him.

Cong Nianwei looked at Qin Guan's frightened eyes and smiled at her cute boyfriend.

The elevator reached its destination. The clash made the strong iron cage shake. Qin Guan held his breath. Can I go back now?

The arrow was already on the string though. There was a staff member beside them who took pictures. That boy looks familiar. He is handsome even in the DV. Wow! What fair skin!

Qin Guan's face had turned dreadfully pale from fear.

Cong Nianwei helped him out of the elevator. Qin Guan looked in the distance, then turned around immediately. He looked back at the elevator. Can I go back?

Smiling, Cong Nianwei pressed harder on his hand. She looked smart in her yellow professional helmet.

"I'll go first. You'll love it!"

Qin Guan gave her a forced smile. "Okay, I'll support you mentally."

The staff member fastened the special mooring rope to her waist. Another staff member recorded the brilliant scene with a camera for the brave girl.

Cong Nianwei walked to the edge of the platform and waved at Qin Guan. As Qin Guan's pupils expanded, she turned her back to him and jumped down.

"Wow!" His concern for her conquered his horror. Qin Guan looked down by the fence.

That's terrible! I feel dizzy. Come back, Weizi!

Cong Nianwei shouted to vent her excitement during the rapid descend. A few metres above the water surface, the rope pulled her back.

Cong Nianwei laughed loudly in satisfaction.

The staff on the platform gave Qin Guan a thumbs up in appreciation. "Your girlfriend is very brave, young man. She must have done this before."

Quivering, Qin Guan smiled in horror. What does she do every day while I'm too busy working? What happens unbeknownst to me?

Cong Nianwei stood below, waving her hands up to Qin Guan. That didn't help though. When one stood somewhere high, they had to avoid looking down so they wouldn't get scared.

Qin Guan tried his best not to look down. Otherwise, he would sit down on the platform and stay there for at least two hours.

His legs felt really weak.

Qin Guan got his helmet ready while the staff beside him said, "Sir, sir..."

"What?" Qin Guan turned his head around like a robot when he felt a soft touch on his waist.

He was kicked down.

As he descended at high speed, Qin Guan could not make a sound. The onlookers behind were watching him happily. A young girl told Cong Nianwei in admiration, "Your boyfriend is really brave. I have never seen a single person jump down without screaming."

Knowing Qin Guan, Cong Nianwei was hesitant to answer. As

expected, after several seconds, the rope reached its end.

As he approached the water surface, Qin Guan started screaming like crazy. The glass of the indoor Bungee Jumping Hall shook slightly as some thin cracks formed on it.

Everyone behind it covered their ears with their hands. It was unbelievable to hear such a scream from a man.

When the rope reached its end, Qin Guan bounced back up. Only then did he experience the excitement of the climax.

Qin Guan shouted again when he dropped for a second time. This time, his scream was a happy one. When he finally stopped at the end of rope, he was released.

He fell limply on the hard floor. As he saw Cong Nianwei approach, he felt strangely excited.

He hugged her and kissed her with all his strength. The near-death experience had made him unprecedentedly shameless.

It had given him the same courage that alcohol gave cowards. With a knowing expression in their eyes, everyone around looked at the two lovers.

Qin Guan stopped kissing her and took Cong Nianwei to the parking lot.

Cong Nianwei looked at him with sparkling eyes. "What are you doing? I bought all-inclusive tickets. There are many other activities..."

Qin Guan stopped her with another kiss. "Let's go home."

Chapter 275: You Are Mine

Cong Nianwei remained silent, leaning her head against Qin Guan's shoulder. Qin Guan carried her to the parking lot.

Ignoring the onlookers, their hearts were peaceful among the noisy park. They could hear each other's heartbeats.

When they arrived home, Qin Guan got out of the car and ran to the drugstore. Cong Nianwei watched him go doubtfully.

Excited, Qin Guan returned quickly. He pulled Cong Nianwei upstairs with sweaty hands.

Cong Nianwei bit her lower lip and fixed her eyes on Qin Guan's pocket, where a bump was visible. What did he buy from the drugstore?

Before taking off her shoes, Qin Guan hugged her tightly.

"Wei?"

"What's the matter?"

"Shall we do something together?"

"I have to think about it."

"That's unnecessary. You smell so good..."

"Ah!" Suddenly, Qin Guan picked up Cong Nianwei and put her over his shoulder. He threw her onto the soft bed with the clean blue sheets.

Her long black hair spread on the sheets tantalizingly. Cong Nianwei lay in bed, staring at Qin Guan's face above her.

When they were both naked, she asked, "Can you?"

Qin Guan nodded, full of determination. "Sure!"

He took out his trophies from the drugstore. Four packages of condoms fell onto the floor.

You bought too many!

Her bare shoulders were above the quilt, making Qin Guan dizzy. Cong Nianwei glanced at the condom in Qin Guan's hand and repeated her question, "Are you sure? Who taught you?"

Who? [Some Japanese elder sisters](#), of course. But I'd never tell you that.

"I taught myself..."

Young sex was immature, but fragrant. It was like a mixture of water and milk.

If it wasn't for Cong Nianwei's pain, Qin Guan, who felt like he had just tasted candy for the first time, would have asked for 300 more rounds.

They lay together under the soft quilt silently, when a call broke the wonderful silence.

Qin Guan looked at the soft girl in his embrace. In the cold winter, he was hesitant to get up. He got up and sneezed from the low temperature in the room.

"Did you forget to pay for the central heating?" Cong Nianwei asked.

Qin Guan rubbed his nose and said, "We'll return home for the Spring Festival. I don't want to pay for an empty apartment." Then he answered the phone.

"You ran away as soon as possible after leaving the studio. Did you forget something?" Sister Xue shouted at him.

"What?"

"Your agent was still talking with the director and you ran away

without her!"

Qin Guan knew that he had run away without Sister Xue, but his agent was strong enough to deal with anything.

Sister Xue sighed at the stubborn boy. Why is he so obsessed with artistic films? Commercial films are the best way to make money! Look at the "Heroes" crew! The executive editor agreed to meet Qin Guan as soon as possible, based only on his resume and videos! He promised that if Director Zhang agreed, Qin Guan would be accepted immediately!

Director Zhang Yimou had originally been a photographer, so he was always in pursuit of extreme beauty.

Film quality aside, he was indisputably the top director of his generation when it came to camera angle.

With the firmest tone she had ever used in her life, Sister Xue ordered Qin Guan, "Come to the Beijing Film Studio right now! Be a hero!"

She hung up before Qin Guan could say anything. Qin Guan turned to his girlfriend hesitantly. He didn't want to go anywhere that day.

Lying in bed, Cong Nianwei threw Qin Guan all his clothes. "I'm sleepy and tired. I'll wait for you here. Bring me supper."

Qin Guan picked up the clothes and kissed her on the forehead. "I'll be back as soon as possible. What do you want for supper?"

"You choose..."

When Qin Guan put on his shoes and looked back, Cong Nianwei had fallen asleep. He gently closed the door behind him.

He hastened to the Beijing Film Studio and found his babysitter waiting for him by the entrance.

On their way to the director's office, Sister Xue explained the situation to him. The key word for the film was "obedient".

The actors had to perform by following the director's guidance. No free interpretation. No emotion. It was the first domestic audition for the commercial film, which was aiming for an Oscar.

Qin Guan would be auditioning for the only supporting part with lines in the film. He was one of seven nameless swordsmen in Qin. Thanks to the honor of martial artists and the adoration of the country, they had gotten together spontaneously to find Changkong, another swordsman threatening their king.

They reached their destination just as Qin Guan finished reading the script. It was an ordinary office. The two producers of the film were both inside, discussing all the details.

They were stunned by the presence of Qin Guan and Sister Xue.

The assistant director introduced them to the director and producer.

Adult film actresses.

Chapter 276: Amazing

Zhang didn't care about the supporting role. He told the assistant director, "It's only a supporting role with one line. Did he meet with the action director? Elegant movements are necessary. I just need the effect."

Sister Xue smiled to herself. That's it! My boy has never failed a test like that.

The producers were busy with work, so Qin Guan followed the assistant director to the studio.

It was noisy inside. The crew shuttled among different places to shoot an outdoor scene. The scene, which took only 10 minutes, cost a lot.

Knowing why they were there, the action director sized Qin Guan up from head to toe.

Are you kidding? 90% of the film involves martial arts. This part, which took only five minutes to shoot, was not easy for anybody.

The director fell into deep thought. He didn't want to insult the assistant director. I could just make things difficult for the actor.

His attitude betrayed his thoughts.

"Have you acted in a martial arts film before?" His nose was nearly pointing to the sky.

"Yes, I have been on a wire."

"Wow!" He lowered his nose a little. He is not a green hand.

"So you're a Kung Fu expert?"

"Yes, my master belonged to the ninth generation of Xingyi Fist."

He was talking about Mou Xiaoliu. The girl had taught him a lot.

"Wow!" The director looked at the slender, graceful young man. One should never judge others by their appearance.

"Show me."

Qin Guan did.

"Wow! That's pretty good! What about weapons?" The director looked intrigued as he handed Qin Guan a sword.

Looking at the sword, Qin Guan murmured to himself, "I can't do that."

He couldn't say that though. The blockbuster starred Kung Fu

stars, including Li Lianjie and Zhen Zidan. Even the other actors, who were comparatively inferior, like Liang Chaowei and Zhang Manyu, were familiar with martial arts.

The weakest one was Zhang Ziyi, who played a servant in the film. After the movie "Crouching Tiger and Hidden Dragon" though, she had grown up.

Qin Guan was the only actor who would have to both perform martial art movements and deliver lines, so he was the weakest link. If he said the truth, he would be immediately replaced by another experienced actor.

Qin Guan gave his symbolic smile again, and Sister Xue realized he would be relying on his face again.

He took the sword gently. It was a heavy one. He pressed two fingers against the blade and slowly wiped it till the end. The bronze black blade looked good against his fair, slender fingers.

He tapped on the blade with his middle finger, making a handsome movement, and then returned it to the director.

With a smile, he told the director, "I have read the script. All the martial art movements were choreographed by your team. My shabby skills would be no match for them."

"I would like to act out your choreography. I think it must be perfect. May I have the honor of following your directions?"

The director felt flattered by his words. The audience only paid attention to actors and forgot about the crew working behind the scenes. They were the foundation of any success.

Closing his eyes, he tried to recall the movements designed by his team. They were in his blood.

Dust flew as the sword sparkled. The heavy sword looked splendid in his hand. Every detail was clear. Every movement was extraordinary.

Qin Guan sighed. He is the right man for the role.

The director was done after a few minutes. He had enjoyed himself to the fullest. He handed the sword back to Qin Guan. "Want to have a try? It seems simple, but you'll find it difficult when you practise. Your foundation is no-"

The words were choked in his throat.

Qin Guan had started dancing with the sword. He had taken off his coat and started performing the same movements the director had performed. Different people gave them a different vibe though.

 The director was as powerful as a general, while Qin Guan was as graceful and gentle as a scholar. It was the perfect combination of martial arts and dance.

Shocked, the director stood still.

Sister Xue smoothed her hair down proudly. My boy is inferior to nobody when it comes to learning!

The crew had also noticed them. They had thought that the young man would embarrass himself before the director. Only when Qin Guan got on the stage did they realize what the word "amazing" truly meant. The sword was flying in the air in an ancient, poetic style.

Chapter 277: No Problem, Director Zhang

"Is he a candidate for the seven swordsmen of Qin? What's his name?"

Director Zhang was leading his team to the studio, when he paused and watched the scene for a while.

The assistant director welcomed him with a smile. "This is Qin Guan. He's a newcomer."

"Oh? Is he experienced in film shooting?"

"No, but he was in some good TV series."

He wants to explore the possibility of a movie and wants mine to be his first? Clever guy!

The assistant director hastened to say something favorable about Qin Guan. For an unknown actor, other people's objective opinion was the most important factor.

"Wang Jingcao recommended him. You know her company supports us a lot. They even made Chen Daoming's schedule for us. The other actors they recommended were rejected by me for lack of experience, but he is the best one. His features are perfect for ancient dramas. I think he'll look splendid on the large screen."

Zhang Yimou, who could make a film as beautiful as a nationwide advertisement, was keen on beauty. Qin Guan had paused. Zhang Yimou addressed the action director, "What's your opinion?"

The latter gave Qin Guan a thumbs up. "No problem!"

Zhang Yimou patted him on the shoulder. "I believe in you."

Then he made a joke with a young actor behind him. "Take care of your successors. In the Yangtze River, the waves behind drive on the ones in front of them."

Zhen Zidan and his agent laughed. They didn't attach importance to Qin Guan, who didn't engage in martial arts. They were cooperating with the best director of the mainland, so it was better for them to keep silent.

Qin Guan had no idea what they were thinking about. All he needed to know was that he had succeeded.

He and Sister Xue left the studio after the assistant director murmured to Sister Xue about the shooting plan. Qin Guan stared around the studio, which would be his beginning in the film industry.

It will be a perfect full stop before I go abroad.

If the older actors knew about his aspirations, he would have gotten beaten. That was a chance many people were earnestly

longing for. During the tough time the film industry was going through, "Heroes" was the only hope.

The insiders of the entertainment circle were smart and sensitive. Qin Guan's previous TV series had been sold out. It was a pity that most of them had been sold at low prices. Only a few local TV stations had paid for them.

They were silently playing on local TV stations before the New Year.

Qin Guan and his girlfriend were lying on the couch watching them. Qin Guan doubted her taste a lot.

As a young sophisticated person, Cong Nianwei preferred works targeted at underage people. However, she had chosen "Maids of the Red Mansion" out of the three TV shows, which had confused Qin Guan.

In fact, Cong Nianwei was nervous as she watched the TV show, as Qin Guan's character had many affairs with the girls. As they were making jokes together, the phone rang again.

"It's Sister Xue again! She must be Cupid's arch enemy!" Cong Nianwei complained with a smile. Qin Guan made a grimace and answered the phone.

"Qin Guan, it's starting!"

What? What was starting? Qin Guan was really confused.

"The online voting for the Asian Fashion Man."

Qin Guan was enlightened. The event had finally begun. The voting would last for three days.

"So what?" he answered indifferently. "I can't vote for myself. It all depends on the internet voters."

Sister Xue hung up angrily. She didn't want to talk to Qin Guan anymore.

Qin Guan threw the phone away happily and returned to Cong Nianwei.

On the screen, Jia Lian was smiling to a beautiful girl. They fell on the bed together. As they watched the scene, countless female fans forgot to drink water and eat the snacks in their hands. They were fully satisfied by watching Qin Guan.

Cong Nianwei's eyes had been fixed on Qin Guan from the very beginning. Qin Guan couldn't take it anymore.

He turned and pressed her against the couch.

Chapter 278: Taking Action

"Hey, this is the best part..." Looking at his approaching face, Cong Nianwei got nervous.

"We'll play it back tomorrow..." His lips were suddenly on hers.

Qin Guan was in heaven while Sister Xue was on Earth. She was busy and deeply troubled.

She exchanged information with the president of the fan club and asked them to organize some activities. Then she talked with Qin Guan's referrer, Qu Xuemei, about their promotion plan for the future.

Meanwhile, there was another team engaging in similar affairs.

In a mansion in Singapore, Fang Meiya was busy working, when her private telephone rang. It was her secretary. "President Fang, Mr. Shao Xiaobing has come for a visit. He is in the lounge on the first floor."

Fang Meiya massaged her forehead. On the screen before her was the webpage of the Asian Fashion Man competition.

She hesitated for a while before she said, "Not today. Tell him I'll contact him when I have time. I'll help him with the vote, but the outcome will depend on his own ability."

The secretary hung up in surprise. It was the first time that frequent visitor got the door shut against his face. Her president had spent several months on him. All the staff had thought their romance would have a happy ending. It had been nothing but another fling though.

What did that last sentence mean though? With enough ability, Shao will not lose?

She was a professional secretary, so she conveyed Fang's words tactfully. Shao smiled and left the hall of the Media Building in sunglasses with his agent, who was looking at him worriedly.

Fang Meiya, who was weak when it came to romance, would find a new lover. His representative contract would last for another half a year though.

If he succeeded in the competition, he could negotiate with Fang about more favorable terms. If he didn't, he would descend from heaven. Half a year later, he would have to return to China and his gloomy life.

Shao would not be able to bear that. He had climbed up from that circle. He couldn't fall in the dust again. He had no choice but to win the competition.

"I have to win. You must help me," he told his agent.

His agent had been with him ever since his debut. "Don't worry. I

have contacted some major companies. We won't lose the competition."

Fang was a little distracted by Shao's visit, but she was immediately absorbed in a dialogue box that jumped up on her MSN page.

The head image in the box was that of a savage man, whose skin had become copper-colored from sunshine. He was lean and handsome, full of male hormones. Beside the image were Fang's notes: Chang Jin, male, Singapore Fashion Man, 22 years old, Taiwan.

He had been voted Singapore Fashion Man that year. Naturally, he had become Fang's prey. He was also skilled when it came to romance. They were currently playing a hunting game.

Shao was an ambitious man, and Fang had helped him with the representative of Cartier. It had been a fair exchange. If he was capable, he would rise higher thanks to that foundation. If there was someone better than him, Fang wouldn't keep being charitable.

That guy... Qin Guan...

Fang was distracted again. That warm smile and that cup of tea were still lingering in her mind.

She shook her head to clear it off that nonsense. Putting on her

cynical mask again, she began to fantasize about Chang. What will he do to me in bed with his wild style?

The competition was still going on. Data was sent unceasingly to Shao's agent.

The next morning, when Qin Guan woke up, he and Sister Xue looked at each other speechlessly.

Qin Guan was 10th among the 20 candidates, while Shao was far ahead.

Sister Xue shouted at Qin Guan angrily, "All the other candidates are working hard! Help me, okay?"

Qin Guan was confused. What can I do to help you? You can do anything yourself.

There was only one thing in the world that Sister Xue couldn't deal with though, and that was the will of the people. Compared to models from other countries, Qin Guan had the greatest advantage: China's large population.

His country had the largest population in the world, and Chinese people would be interested in only him and Shao.

A person with no idea how the fashion circle worked might vote for Shao for his sophisticated resume. Shao had been the first to break the limits of the domestic fashion circle. Now he would rise

to national glory thanks to ordinary Chinese people.

Qin Guan's fans, representative brands, advertising companies and magazines grew worried. A model out of the Chinese fashion circle has no direct relationship with us. Our representative will promote our business though.

A.M. could hardly retain its composure. As its exclusive model, Qin Guan's popularity was closely tied to them. He had become their successful image during the promotion of other brands.

If Qin Guan lost to other models, A.M. would not look professional. All the staff in their Public Relations Department took action. Their best skill was promotion after all!

Chapter 279: The Horn of Battle

Qin Guan's promotional video was published efficiently on websites. The audience could find Qin Guan's voting number at both the beginning and the end. Viewers could see the cute film and learn about the voting platform.

Qin Guan's fan club had gotten angry, but the club was newly established. Their votes were inadequate for such a severe situation. The president of the club was a senior internet insider, who sent the link directly to influential moderators of the Haijiao and Goupu forums.

The friendship among revolutionaries was deep. They were all used to being at the bottom together, so they gave a hand happily and put Qin Guan's video at the top of their posts.

The posts attracted attention from curious users, who clicked on them and saw large photos of Qin Guan, followed by his VOGUE cover. The extreme clash of black and white, as well as its splendid, peaceful vibe, shocked people.

The article was also exciting for young Chinese people. Their model couldn't lose to those foreign guys.

Unity was power. Sister Xue, who was busy in her office, saw Qin Guan's ranking rise slowly.

Ninth, eighth... Qin Guan stopped rising at midnight, when he reached the third place.

Sister Xue let out a long breath. The difference between the top three was not that big. The final day would be essential for all the candidates.

Shao's agent hung up the phone and let out a breath confidently. According to the statistics, Shao would definitely win if people kept voting normally.

The case had been settled, Shao would continue his career. Besides, with that title, Fang would also benefit from his popularity. It would be easy for her. The happy ending of their romance would become a legend.

For the sake of promotion, his agent had deliberately leaked information about the affair between Fang and Shao. If he won the competition, Fang would not care about it.

The two of them were dreaming, totally ignoring the consequences the affair would have if they failed. Fang would be angry that she had been used as a weapon.

On the other hand, Qin Guan was still in a fierce competition with Zhitian Erzhi, a Japanese model. What was the fastest way to defeat the Japanese with a keyboard? Ask help from the headquarters of young Chinese men.

Where were they?

On forums about history, the military and politics.

Zhitian was an arrogant guy. Students from Tsinghua University had sent information about him to Cong Nianwei, which had been sent by Qin Guan to his fan club.

Zhitian said there was no fashion in China. Qin Guan who? Such posts appeared silently on forums, making the angry users explode.

It was unacceptable! The news spread along with Qin Guan's link. More and more young people clicked in to vote for the Chinese boy.

 They didn't want to see the Japanese win.

In half a day, Zhitian was far behind Qin Guan, who ranked second only to Shao Xiaobing.

As he looked at the poll on the screen, Shao couldn't remain calm.

Crack! His glass fell on the floor and shattered. Shao started shouting like crazy.

"Qin Guan! You're haunting me everywhere! Why? I'm the best! I'm a fashion pioneer!"

Why can't my influence beat you?

He stared at his agent with bloody eyes. "Where are your companies? I have money! How much will it take? 100,000? 200,000? 300,000? Take my money and give me the title!"

He grabbed his agent by the collar, shaking him vigorously. The man was choking. He couldn't even breathe.

"Calm down, Shao!"

 Shao slowly let him go.

"It's online voting! It relies on real IPs. Companies cannot fabricate those statistics. It's a fair competition."

"Besides, everyone is promoting themselves. Everyone is looking for votes. The more people vote, the better. It's too early for you to leave China. The audience just likes Qin Guan better."

"Brands and media prefer him too. That's reasonable. You have a broader market, but a weaker foundation."

Besides, your foundation is about to collapse thanks to that woman.

Shao fell on the couch, that rotten night playing back in his mind. He remembered his ambition and horror.

I cannot give up! Covering his face, he told his agent, "Use all our resources. There is still half a day left. I'll face Qin Guan head-on."

Chapter 280: Parents Meeting

Qin Guan still had a chance. Domestic media were voting for him voluntarily.

The brand businessman who had a contract with him was shameless. He told his staff to vote online every day, and the workers of his plants voted from internet cafes nearby. They would get a bonus from their superiors for the votes.

The whole process was like gathering sand to build a tower.

All the actors and staff in the entertainment circle who knew the boy voted for Qin Guan.

Sister Xue was finally feeling confident. On the last afternoon of the vote, Qin Guan replaced Shao Xiaobing at first place. He was sitting on the throne steadily thanks to the power of China.

Fang sighed in the Cartier offices. The blinking stars in the sky reminded her of that night again. Will that guy regret his choice?

Fang didn't care about the trick her ex-lover had played. Her affairs were always well-known in Singapore. It was a pity that Shao hadn't won despite her sacrifice. What would he do when his contract with Cartier expired?

At midnight, the vote count stopped. The next day, the technical staff would deliver the results to the committee. The competition

for the most sought-after title in Asia had come to an end. The award ceremony would be held in the spring. The seniors members of the Asian Model Association would present the prize to the lucky guy.

After working all night, Shao looked withered and gloomy. There was stubble growing on his jaw.

His eyes looked tired and desperate. Without the title or Fang Meiya's support, he was facing a long, rugged way abroad.

Qin Guan entrusted Sister Xue to deal with all his affairs. Meanwhile, he was preparing with Cong Nianwei for going abroad.

The two families would spend the Spring Festival together to talk about their kids.

The young couple had been neglecting their parents ever since they'd fallen in love. Their parents' opinion changed when they heard the unexpected news.

Qin Guan's parents were glad, but Cong Nianwei's father fell into deep thought.

I should pay attention to you if you return home with my daughter!

Everyone was polite when they had their first dinner together. Cong Nianwei's mother, a docile woman, was looking at her

husband with concern.

They ate and talked.

"Qin Guan, our Weiwei will go abroad to study. What are your future plans?"

Stunned, Qin Guan glanced at Cong Nianwei, who looked down guiltily. My father didn't want to hear about you.

Without any help from her, Qin Guan had to step onto that minefield alone.

"I applied to the same university and got an acceptance notice from my tutor, sir."

Cong Nianwei's father choked. Qin Guan's father added another stab. "Our Qin Guan got full marks in his TOEFL exam."

He is even better than my daughter! The man's pride was swept away.

He is both handsome and a perfect student! Unbelievable!

"Your main task is to study. I hope you can look after each other in the US. We can discuss the details on your return."

He was planning on following a delaying strategy. Nobody could make a promise on emotion.

Smiling, Qin Guan expressed his loyalty to Cong Nianwei's father. "Don't worry, sir. My friend in the US has found a house for us. I will make money, cook and do the housework. Cong Nianwei will be safe in the US with me."

"What? You'll live together in the US?" Cong Nianwei's father asked with trembling lips.

Qin Guan answered without hesitation, "Yes, we live together in Beijing..."

Qin Guan saw Cong Nianwei looking at him behind his father's back. Cong Nianwei's mother, who knew about the situation, looked worried.

"You're living together?" Cong Nianwei's father stared at Qin Guan fiercely, as if he was looking at the enemy.

 Qin Guan nodded.

"Hold him!" Cong Nianwei, who knew her father, realized that he had reached his breaking point. They began pulling and pushing each other.

Qin Guan's father joined the fight with a smile.

Well done, son!

After a while, Cong Nianwei's father calmed down and sat back. Then everyone became serious.

As they left the restaurant, Qin Guan's father secretly gave Qin Guan the thumbs up. "You take after me!"

Qin Guan turned his gaze to his mother, who was saying goodbye to Cong Nianwei's mother, and shrugged. He thought very highly of his father.

When they returned home, Cong Nianwei ignored her angry father, who was sitting on the couch silently. As she was cleaning the room with her mother, her father asked her angrily, "So you've made your decision?"

"Yes."

"Think it over. You're young."

"No."

Chapter 281: Heroes

"The circle of his part-time job is too complicated. You spend all your IQ on studying. He'll cheat on you!"

Thinking of the funny look on Qin Guan's face, Cong Nianwei smiled. "He won't."

Of course he won't. I'm not an idiot.

Noticing the unprecedented smile on her face, Cong Nianwei's father fell into deep thought. Her smile combined warmth, love and shyness.

His daughter had grown up. He could ignore his grey hair, but he couldn't ignore his daughter.

If Qin Guan cheated on her, he would kill him, no matter where he was.

...

The Spring Festival arrived and passed. Schools would open soon. Qin Guan prepared his luggage earlier than he used to. His best friends, Zhou Jing and Li Jian, came over to see him off.

Because of their love for their profession and the pressure of employment, they had both decided to take a postgraduate exam.

They were aiming for universities in Beijing. They sent their best wishes to their good friend.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei bid their parents farewell and took the train back to the capital. As soon as they arrived in Beijing, Sister Xue took Qin Guan to the "Heroes" studio.

Director Zhang Yimou was famous for his high efficiency. He asked Qin Guan, who would play a supporting role, to watch the shooting process from the very beginning. There were certain differences between the film and the TV series, and the film was essential for the 2002 domestic box office.

In the winter, when the whole market was depressed, "Heroes" was like a guide walking in the dark with an oil lamp. Their movie might end up finding a new path to the other shore, or fall down a cliff.

When Qin Guan arrived, they were shooting a scene in the magnificent Qin Palace. The other actors were watching with curiosity. They all had folded chairs and assistants. Qin Guan found a small box and used it as a stool, sitting down in a corner.

Content, he watched the older actors, Chen Daoming and Li Lianjie, as well as Liang Chaowei, who was also on set. The film was aiming for an Oscar, but it was also meaningful to the leading actors.

In the black, dark palace, there was no fierce fighting or emotional conflict. The two men were talking peacefully.

The scene was boring. Chen and Li maintained the same expression, gestures and position before the camera. They would start over even for the tiniest mistake.

At the beginning, Qin Guan was at ease. However, soon he was getting more and more solemn.

Just as he was about to think about the subtle differences he had noticed, Wang Jingcao spoke from behind him, "Do you see the difference between you and really good actors?"

Qin Guan turned around, waiting for her to speak.

"Chen is my favorite actor. We have been good friends for many years. I have watched his every scene, so I can tell the difference every time."

"Actors exert different skills on different roles. He doesn't need to interpret the role tentatively. He can handle the situation."

Qin Guan was still confused. Before leaving, Wang told him, "You show too much. Sometimes you should try to hide yourself. When you get enough experience, everything will come to you naturally."

Looking at her back, Qin Guan got lost in thought. She was just like a babysitter. For her, actors were not partners, but family members.

She treated both Qin Guan, an independent actor, and her own actors the same way.

Qin Guan turned back to Chen's performance. He looked like a real emperor. Maybe the real emperor had been just like him.

The next day, the martial arts choreography began.

The scenes began with Zhen Zidan, who had the smallest part. In his first scene, he played the Go game with a Qin swordsman in a hut.

The black and white pieces were fighting fiercely. Raindrops were falling down to the criss-cross water channels to form a checkerboard.

The rain and the melodious music resembled the complicated relationship between different kingdoms. In his indigo gown and grey waistcoat, Qin Guan looked like a chivalrous swordsman full of vicissitudes.

They sat by the two sides of the checkerboard. When Zhen Zidan put a white piece on the board, the camera turned to Qin Guan.

He picked up the fillet with the Qin pattern and tightened it around his forehead.

Chapter 282: Sorry, Qin Guan

"Stop!" Director Zhang shouted to the cameraman without a warning. The film was still rotating in the camera, making the producer a little nervous. The whole crew was surprised. There had been no mistake. Why had the director stopped them?

Zhang Yimou asked Zhang Weiping to watch the playback with him.

Zhen Zidan looked full of momentum in his yellow gown. The black and white pieces on the board left a profound, lasting impression. The rain created a gloomy atmosphere in the camera. When the camera turned to Qin Guan though, they burst into laughter.

On the large screen, any small detail would be clear to the audience.

Li Lianjie's face, which was full of bumps and holes, and Chen Daoming's wrinkled face had a historical value to them. With Qin Guan as a contrast though, Zhen Zidan, the second lead of the film, suddenly looked like a nobody. That was reasonable. Zhen was famous for his martial art abilities, while Qin Guan was a model relying on his looks.

However, that made it seem like Changkong, the top assassin, was a peasant in the fields and the leader of the seven swordsmen was the important man.

Qin Guan's face was too attractive. It made him stand out among martial artists.

Zhang Weiping was interested in his looks though. "Wow! He would be great for commercial films. All the girls would pay to see his face. I'll find a script for him."

Zhang Yimou didn't answer. His original intention had been for Qin Guan to act in this film.

"Give him a moustache!" he shouted to the makeup team. "Apply some dark powder, too!"

He had to reduce Qin Guan's presence to match the whole film.

The dresser got to work reluctantly. As he applied dark powder on Qin Guan's face, he complained about the director's taste.

"Alas! All beauties have fair skin. You look like a peasant with that make-up on."

Qin Guan had to bear with his kind chatter.

"Okay! See for yourself." The dresser sighed and pasted a fake beard above Qin Guan's lips with a frown.

You are destroying a beauty, director.

When they were done, Sister Xue saw Qin Guan change into a less handsome guy. He was still above average though.

Qin Guan returned to the set and stood next to Zhen Zidan again. Everyone unconsciously compared the two actors. It was the first time they saw a supporting actor that was too handsome to play with the second lead.

Zhen wanted to cry out. It's not my fault I look common. I'm a martial arts star! I'm not relying on my appearance!

The scene started over. The background was dark and the building was made of grey bricks. Qin Guan matched them harmoniously. Director Zhang felt pity for the boy. He had promised to direct a publicity film for the National Tourism Administration, which would be broadcasted in foreign countries. Maybe I could give him a chance in that film. He is a Chinese beauty after all.

Soon he came back to his senses. "Camera!"

Qin Guan tightened the black headband around his forehead. The camera was getting farther and farther away to reveal his whole body. He was sitting straight on his heels opposite Changkong with both hands on his thighs. It was the prelude of their duel.

The crew gestured to the extras, who ran and got into position. There was one camera following them while the camera fixed on Zhen was still filming.

With his long hair covering his face, Changkong said coldly, "The seven superiors of Qin..."

Qin Guan finished his sentence, "...have been following you for days. We'll bring you to justice."

His voice echoed inside the hut.

"Show your spear to confirm your identity!"

Qin Guan walked ahead of the other six actors.

The action director had spent a lot of time on selecting actors of similar height. Qin Guan was still the tallest one among them though.

Zhang Weiping fell in deep thought again as Zhang observed Qin Guan through the camera.

He was standing straight. The long bronze sword and thick grey gown didn't influence his posture. It was an advantage he had as a professional model.

Qin Guan pointed the sword at Changkong, the criminal they were after. His body was as straight as a rod. Director Zhang pointed the camera at Zhen for a second and then moved it back again, avoiding the contrast with Qin Guan.

They were at a stalemate for ten whole seconds before Zhang Yimou stopped the camera. The crew was watching the playback while Qin Guan went out, wiping raindrops off his face.

Chapter 283: Thank God I Covered My Face

The dresser came over with a powder puff. Qin Guan's makeup would get washed off in the rain.

Zhen Zidan returned to his seat with mixed feelings. He was used to his partners being inferior to him during fighting scenes, while he was the inferior one in looks.

After returning from the US, he had gotten proud and arrogant. His career had taken off in Hong Kong, and he was considered the third best martial artist after Cheng Long and Li Lianjie. He was confident that he would get his dignity back during the next martial arts scene.

If he had known about Qin Guan's gift and the evaluation of the action director, whom he also respected, he wouldn't have underestimated Qin Guan.

After three minutes, the director announced the next scene.

Despite his bitterness, Zhen made a handsome movement with his shining spear. Qin Guan was stunned. Those movements were in his nature though. His body had the right reaction automatically.

His bronze sword hit the spear. Qin Gian rotated smartly, as if he was dancing.

Startled, Zhen Zidan pulled his spear back. That young man is an expert. My sudden attack didn't trouble him. He had the perfect reaction.

There was no time for him to think it over. Zhen stabbed at Qin Guan's chest. Qin Guan moved his sword back immediately to protect himself. Encouraged, Zhen pushed the spear forward towards Qin Guan again, using his full strength.

It was terrible. The spearhead began to shake vigorously from his high speed, aiming for Qin Guan's face.

Zhen was alert. It was his fault!

His pupils expanded slightly. He was a professional martial artist, so he tried to control the spear with his wrists.

Qin Guan was confused. The spear should have swept by the side of his face. This was not in the script. His face would get destroyed. There would be holes in it, and his teeth would get knocked out.

People always had crazy reactions when they were afraid. Only one thought was echoing in Qin Guan's mind. "Thank god I covered my face and saved my handsome looks."

Sister Xue was about to scream out. Silence prevailed in the studio. Only the camera was still working. Qin Guan moved.

His muscles pulled his head to the side. It was a real dodge. His

twisted mouth made the picture seem alarmingly dangerous. It was an actual fight.

The silver spear cut the long hair behind his head and a wisp of black hair fell on his shoulder.

Qin Guan took three steps back to steady himself, influenced by Changkong's fierce attack.

Director Zhang shout calmly, "Okay!"

His voice broke the tense atmosphere on set. Everyone rushed over.

Zhen Zidan felt sorry about what he had done, but the proud man found it hard to apologize. Picking up the spear, he told Qin Guan, "Sorry."

Zhen's agent was stupefied. Zhen had never apologized to a nobody.

In fact, Zhen was obsessed with martial arts. He felt proud next to guys without real skills. If one could convince him, he thought very highly of them.

Of course, he never took looks into consideration.

Everyone else dispersed and Sister Xue reached Qin Guan. She

checked his face carefully for a long while.

"Are you looking for wounds?"

Qin Guan massaged his hurting jaw.

"Be careful, Qin Guan! This is your first scene and you nearly got disfigured! Pay attention! Stop laughing! Is he jealous of you or something?"

Qin Guan smiled at her doubts. "Impossible! We are from different domains. I'm not worth his jealousy."

Qin Guan cast a glance at Zhen and saw the man looking at him. Qin Guan smiled at him and Zhen twisted his face to return a forced smile.

Qin Guan turned back to Sister Xue. "See? It was only an accidental injury."

Sister Xue was used to thinking the worst of people. "If he found out about your gift in martial arts, he would regret sparing your life," she murmured.

Qin Guan would not be making action movies in the US though.

Director Zhang shouted at the crew. He wanted to finish the scene that day.

Qin Guan walked to a white spot, which marked the actors' position.

Chapter 284: Hiding

When everyone was ready and Director Zhang announced they would be starting to film, Qin Guan suddenly changed his expression. He had to be fierce, but he recalled Wang's instructions, and controlled the muscles of his face to hide his feelings.

Wang Jingcao was a powerful woman. She would never give him useless advice.

On the large screen, even the slightest change on his face would be visible, which was different from the vigorous feeling of TV. The actors felt that limitation themselves.

If it wasn't for Qin Guan's intelligence, the director would have considered his acting skills over the top.

On camera, Qin Guan seemed angry and ashamed for getting defeated by Changkong, but ready to risk his life again. For a green hand on the large screen and an actor playing a small part, his performance was wonderful.

Besides, his beard covered his flaws to some extent, making him perfect on camera. Both Zhangs nodded. The boy has great potential considering his acting skills and face.

Stomping on the ground, Qin Guan leapt high and hacked at Changkong. Zhen's spear was rotating like a windmill, trying to resist his attack.

One wrong move made Qin Guan lose. His sword was kicked away by the spear and he fell down to the ground. Before he could stand up, the spear was pointed at his chest.

The pain of failure, the unwillingness to struggle and his depression all showed on his face. He was growing up on the large screen. He had mastered the skill of hiding.

Having lost the duel, he retreated silently. His brothers walked up to Changkong looking frustrated. The seven swordsmen bowed before their enemy. Standing in a line, they yielded the exit of the hut to Changkong.

When Changkong pushed the door open, a man shouted from behind him, "Wait!"

Until then, the shooting had gone quite smooth, if one ruled out that near accident. The seven swordsmen turned their heads around to find the source of the voice.

That's when the problem began. They failed to turn around together at the same time. After several tries, the assistant director used the stupidest way, assigning a crew member to hold a sign.

Facing the camera, the crew member waved a small flag to the seven swordsmen. It was as if the audience was watching a tennis game.

Li Lianjie showed up in black, which meant their part was officially over.

They left the set, leaving space for the props of the next scene. The action director patted them on the back in encouragement. They had done their part well.

Zhang Lushan praised Qin Guan, "You were born a martial artist. You will have a bright future in this industry!"

Sister Xue made a face. Your industry is dangerous and toilsome. Only a few stars are famous all over China. My boy will stay away from that business. He's leaving the studio, so he'd better say goodbye to Director Zhang to promote himself.

Director Zhang, who had a good opinion of Qin Guan, was also glad to praise him. It was a pity that he was a reserved man. He only told Qin Guan, "Good boy!"

That was enough for Sister Xue though. She would make good use of it.

Before leaving, Wang Jingcao tentatively came over to talk to Qin Guan and Sister Xue, showing great interest in the Asian Fashion Man competition. She had also organized a media interview abroad.

When they left, Wang returned to Chen Daoming. Seldom did Chen Daoming see his agent so interested in a green hand. "Why

are you so interested in him?" he asked her. "He is an independent actor."

Wang was confident. Actually, he is depending on me. He is my secret weapon.

Qin Guan returned home late that night. Lying in bed, he thought about his schedule the following days. Although he only had a small part in the film, the shooting was painstaking.

Sister Xue had contacted the competition organizing committee. Unless something unexpected happened, he would be flying to Tokyo in a few days to attend the award ceremony.

Chapter 285: The Award Ceremony in Tokyo

Qin Guan thought the ceremony was too easy. It was a ceremony of continental level, so the festivities had attracted plenty of celebrities.

NHK would make a full live broadcast, so Qin Guan would not be alone. Countless celebrities, models and brands from the fashion circle would participate in the festivities.

Zhuchuan was proud to have discovered Qin Guan. He was appreciated by the Citizen headquarters. The board of directors thought very highly of him. Naturally, Citizen would take care of Qin Guan's trip to Japan. They didn't even ask him about his female partner. It was a good chance to promote their brand.

Fashion reporters were gathering in Tokyo from all directions. They even got there ahead of Qin Guan.

Looking gaunt, Shao Xiaobing and his agent checked in at their hotel silently. His agent had managed to get an invitation to the gala dinner after the award ceremony.

"Are we too eager for quick success and instant benefits?" his agent asked anxiously. "The contract with Cartier is still valid. If we take advantage of it, we can have some interviews with other brands. Your position in the circle will be secured."

"Or we could return to China. You could be a top model at home."

Looking at the elegant invitation with the silver engraved words and the black background, Shao shook his head disapprovingly. "Impossible! Everyone knows Fang has another lover. I won't go back to square one. I can't stand those inferior brands. I'm a supermodel with a top contract. I won't lower my standards."

He was no longer confident. Looking in the distance with a gloomy expression, he murmured to himself, "I won't go home like this. Without a proper achievement. I won't wait for Qin Guan's leftovers. Never!"

Shao would not be convinced by his agent. Meanwhile, Qin Guan was preparing for his trip.

Sister Xue was delivering orders in an imposing manner to the team from New Silk Road. The promotion manager was rubbing his hands in excitement.

It was a wonderful ride for his company. New Silk Road had not just gotten an invitation, but they would also be sending four models as Qin Guan's companions.

It was a great chance. The manager was looking at Qin Guan like a miser looking at gold.

They went out and saw the Citizen staff waiting by the exit with a big board.

The experienced staff of both parties exchanged information with each other. Black business cars took them to the exclusive hotel where the attendants would be staying. The grand ceremony would be held the next day. Everyone was busy making preparations.

They had a whole room especially for getting ready. All their belongings were inside.

The styling assistants opened their large customized suitcases one by one. There were men's outfits folded neatly inside them.

As the winner, Qin Guan didn't care about anything. He was only interested in the four male models following him with respect. All except one, Ouyang Fen.

This was what people called destiny. Ouyang Fen had been Qin Guan's friend when they had been nobodies, but he had not been very successful in his career.

Although the four models were all outstanding in the company, they were inferior to Qin Guan.

They took a seat in the lounge on the same floor. Some complaisant guys went to order a drink, and one of them pulled a chair out for Qin Guan.

Only Ouyang sat down straight across from him, which made the other three guys hold their breath. They were new in the

company, so they were not as confident as Ouyang.

"Hey, Qin Guan. I always think about us. We started from the same contest after all. You were the winner and I was the runner-up. How come you are so far ahead of me?"

Ouyang was still proud. He would never lower his head before Qin Guan.

Qin Guan smiled impolitely. Looking at the other models, he said, "Because I'm much more handsome than you. The gap between us is as it should be."

Then he made a gesture, indicating a distance as large as a palm. Everyone, including Ouyang, found it reasonable.

Ouyang felt better. Qin Guan is not as evil as he used to be.

However, after a while, the expressions of the four models changed. The three other models tried to hold back their laughter, while Ouyang held back his anger. Qin Guan's hands were on a decoration on the table, which was a miniature of the Milky Way galaxy.

It was the distance between the Sun and Saturn.

Before Ouyang, who was ashamed and angry, could pound the table and stand up, Qin Guan said calmly, "I'm going abroad this year."

All four models stared at him in surprise.

Are you kidding? It was an honor for every top brand in China to invite Qin Guan to their opening show. An unknown brand could challenge brands from Singapore, Japan and South Korea with his help. Besides, he was the dream of all fashion magazines and the most sought-after male model to be on their covers.

Chapter 286: On Site

How can he give up all these things so easily and go abroad? Is a foreign country more attractive than his home?

Even Ouyang was shocked by the news. He didn't agree with Qin Guan's choice.

"I have talked with my agent. I won't be here, but I don't want all those resources to be wasted. She will cooperate with New Silk Road to develop the domestic market. It's for our mutual benefit. Maybe by the time I return to China, one of you will be a top model."

Ouyang wanted to sneer at Qin Guan, but he remained silent for once. The stage was not large enough for everyone. One off, one up.

Suddenly, the harmonious atmosphere among the four guys changed. Who would be the lucky one to get Sister Xue's guidance? Ouyang Fen? Or the younger models?

People always obsessed over such benefits. Ouyang cared about other things though. "You're leaving the circle?"

Qin Guan felt warm at the question. "I'll work abroad. I think the domestic shows are not interesting enough. I want to bully those foreigners."

Ouyang made a face at him. "You? Do you know what kind of faces they like?"

Qin Guan smiled happily. He looked like a flower blooming in fairyland. Dazzled by his smile, the waitress ran into a pillar.

Bang! Her tray and cups fell on the floor.

All the guests in the lounge were attracted by the handsome boy. Nobody paid attention to the waitress.

Qin Guan raised his eyebrows at Ouyang. "See? Real beauty knows no borders. That's the difference between you and me."

I can't talk with him. Ouyang stood up. I better get some sleep.

His agent, Ou Qiang, didn't follow him. He smiled at Qin Guan awkwardly. "Er... Where is..."

Qin Guan pointed outside. "She's over there."

When I leave, I hope he can take care of you. This is all I can do for you.

If Sister Xue could read his thoughts, she would have had a talk with him about his life and ideals. While everyone was busy with work, Qin Guan fell asleep under his quilt.

To compensate for the waitress' behavior, the hotel gave the galaxy miniature to Qin Guan as a gift. Qin Guan took the artwork for free, even though it was on sale. His first day in Japan was turning out to be quite lucky.

I hope everything will go well tomorrow. Besides, I have to buy some local souvenirs for Cong Nianwei.

The next morning, the whole team got up early. The stylists pulled Qin Guan directly to the dressing room. They applied layers of makeup to his face. In a country where everyone wore make-up, a face without makeup was considered impolite. During that long process, Qin Guan nearly fell asleep again.

He changed into his formal outfit and walked out. In the corridor, everyone was ready to go. The four models were full of joy.

The five young men were wearing the same black western-style clothes and white shirts, which had been provided by the sponsor of the party, Issey Miyake. The difference lay in the details.

Qin Guan looked extraordinary among them, just like a celebrity and his bodyguards. The outstanding models were like nobodies next to him.

Everyone fixed their eyes on Qin Guan. The manager looked at his watch and asked everybody to meet in the lobby. They headed to the meeting place together.

After getting out of their cars, they were divided into two groups for different channels. Flashlights were twinkling around Qin Guan and the other four models. The moment he entered the hall, all the media saw the lucky boy.

Qin Guan knew what to do. He walked up to the big board and signed his name on it. Ouyang Fen and the others were standing behind him in two rows.

Qin Guan put down the pen and turned around. The smart reporters stretched their microphones out towards his mouth.

"Mr. Qin, what's your opinion on the other contestant?"

"Mr. Qin, you and the runner-up come from the same country. Would you like to say something to him?"

"Mr. Qin..."

"Mr. Qin..."

Reporters from different countries clustered around Qin Guan for a first-hand comment.

Qin Guan answered their questions unhurriedly in different languages, which surprised everyone in the hall. No model was that skilled in languages. He could speak Chinese, Japanese, Korean and English. He even greeted a reporter from a mini state!

Chapter 287: Tangled Romance

Everyone burst into laughter when Qin Guan said that was the only sentence he knew in that language. When they had the material they wanted, they let Qin Guan go. The next celebrity of the fashion circle was just entering the hall.

It was Fang Meiya and her new sweetheart, Chang Jin, the current Mr. Singapore. Gossip for media was just like a carrion for flies. All the cameras turned around.

Beautiful ladies and handsome men were always the centre of the conversation, even more so a beautiful woman famous for her love life.

As he waited outside, Shao Xiaobing's agent nearly pulled all his hair off. How did the organizer arrange that order of appearance?

As the winner, Qin Guan was naturally the first to enter. Because of her status and name, Fang was a good choice to enter second.

You should have put some guests between Fang and Shao to avoid any awkwardness! What were you thinking? Are you using my model to arouse gossip and attract public attention? This is an insult to us! Shao is considered a first-level model in Asia.

Shao stopped his agent and calmly arranged his suit. He looked slender in his Issey Miyake.

"This is a most welcome opportunity for me. This way, everyone can compare Chang to me. I'm the better one for Fang Meiya."

"Do you still miss her?" his agent asked him worriedly.

Shao's face stiffened, but didn't betray his emotions. "Impossible! No one can fall in love with a brick wall."

His agent was not as optimistic. Shao had not been in a good mood ever since they had broken up. His agent remained silent though, respecting Shao's privacy.

I hope he can forget her. She does not deserve his love.

By then, Fang and Chang were standing before the board hand in hand. All the cameras were around them, wasting film like crazy. They smiled brightly in their matching outfits.

Then they saw the third guest walk up to them slowly.

He was half a minute earlier than the arranged time. The two lovers were still standing on the red carpet.

The reporters cheered up at the hope of big gossip.

Shao was wearing a white formal outfit and smiling gently, creating a sharp contrast against Chang Jin's dark skin and orange outfit.

Stunned, Fang and Chang pasted smiles on their faces again. They followed the staff and left. Before entering the hall, Chang looked back at Shao with a meaningful expression.

He is good at getting publicity, but he's still a loser.

Fang didn't care about the episode. She was not that interested in public attention.

Before the dull award ceremony, all the sponsors, including many famous designers and brands from Asia, would present their spring collections to the audience. Taking that chance, the insiders of the fashion circle and the media would get a general idea about the latest trends.

Shao Xiaobing was an exception. Thanks to Fang Meiya's affinity and his second place in the competition, he had gotten a chance to walk on the red carpet. The other candidates were not as lucky as him.

As the last one to arrive, he attracted a lot of attention. Among all the losers, he was the only one to have that honor, which made the others unhappy.

The crowded backstage fell silent when he entered, which was a similar situation to the one Qin Guan had experienced several years earlier.

In his personal dressing room, Qin Guan changed into his outfit for the opening show.

It was a loose gown made of wool and cotton, something popular in Asia at the time. Matched with pants of the same material, it looked like a cassock for ordinary people.

Those outfits were only for show, not for sale. Qin Guan had qualified for one thanks to his figure and status.

He went out of the dressing room and noticed the awkward atmosphere backstage. Shao had already left to change clothes. Qin Guan saw that the models with different dressing styles were in different groups.

As top models in their own countries, they were all professionals. The models in avant-garde costumes of famous designers were standing in sequence behind Qin Guan. There was a designer logo on their bare skin, looking gorgeous on their arms or foreheads.

The other group would be exhibiting garments. They were the exclusive models of different brands, except Issey Miyake, which Qin Guan would be wearing last. They would be showing the rest of the spring collections to the audience.

Chapter 288: Vicious Intentions

The host was delivering the opening speech. All the attendants were seated, and the crowd gradually quieted down.

Shao walked to first position. The other model who would be on the stage with him was Ouyang Fen. He would be entering through another entrance.

The music began and the door was slowly opened. Qin Guan got on stage alone barefoot.

He looked like an intangible cloud bearing the dreams of the sky, like an illusory city filled with blooming flowers. The angle made his clothes look like they had dropped on Earth from Heaven.

A man with a beard was crying backstage. He was the designer.

I made it! I'll get an invitation to the Milan Fashion Week with the help of the Asian Fashion Man Competition. My dream will come true after all these years!

Fang Meiya was sitting close to the stage, looking at Qin Guan in appreciation. He was the only man who had escaped her grasp and he looked much more handsome than before.

Chang Jin had no idea about their backstory. He was concerned about his girlfriend though. He had noticed something strange.

He's dangerous! He carefully sized Qin Guan up, but he was beyond his knowledge of beauty. Then he cast a secret glance at Fang, who turned her gaze away from Qin Guan regretfully.

What is she regretting? Chang Jin's simple mind stopped thinking. Nature told him that the powerful hunter was not interested in that prey.

Qin Guan finished the opening show successfully. He was about to go upstairs to return to the backstage area. Shao Xiaobing was waiting backstage. He was looking through the door at the most prominent place in the auditorium, where his dreams and future would materialize.

Qin Guan stepped on the stairs and walked towards him. As he watched the king arrive, Shao couldn't express his feelings with words. He stretched his boots forward slightly. It was like a curious coincidence. A trick only old dogs could spot. Ouyang Fen, who was also about to get on the stage, knew that Shao was deliberately trying to gain the advantage.

He would be sharing the same foothold with Qin Guan. On the narrow stairs, Qin Guan would either fall off in his effort to avoid him or get stomped by his boots. No matter the outcome, Shao would influence the final show.

The rage of the big sponsor and the negative comments from all the media on site would be enough for Qin Guan to lose his favorable position in the competition as well as the market in the future.

Suddenly, Ouyang Fen moved. He didn't rush up to Shao, but he kicked his supporting leg fiercely.

"Wow!"

The models behind them had seen everything. Everyone chose to keep silent, except for the models from New Silk Road. Qin Guan's failure would make people lose their confidence in their company.

Ouyang Fen had become everyone's savior. The youngest model's eyes were filled with tears.

Qin Guan, who hadn't entered the backstage area, was still thinking about his performance. He had no idea about the accident, or that he couldn't have avoided Shao's boots. He would have just taken it and accepted the worst outcome.

Reality turned out to be much nicer though. After the attack, Ouyang returned to his position quickly and went out along with the rhythm. He had only missed two beats.

After several steps, he caught up with the music again. He was walking up the stairs with resounding steps. He looked like a general.

Unfortunately, Shao lost his balance. He rushed out and went down on one of his knees. His head hit the floor before Qin Guan's shoes.

He was like a loser kneeling before the king. Humiliation flooded his mind.

"Wow..."

Because of their respect for the show, the audience didn't shout or laugh at his failure. Maintaining his original pace, Qin Guan disappeared backstage. Nothing could stop him.

Supporting himself on the stairs, Shao stood up with effort. By then, he was 10 steps behind Ouyang Fen. The models behind him were waiting for him to get out of the way.

The music went on. Shao sped up, trying to catch up with Ouyang.

He walked forward with a delightful expression. He still noticed the disappointed expression on Fang's face though.

No! It wasn't just Fang. The chief director of Asian Fashion was also looking at him with a disagreeable expression. So were the directors of top Asian brands.

What? What happened? I can deal with an accident during the show. I can adjust and catch up to the rhythm. Won't they praise me for it?

Chapter 289: A Plan Backfiring

His experience and typical gait were appreciated by some guests, but in his eagerness to achieve quick success, he neglected basic modelling rules, such as the concept of the designer.

He had forgotten what the designer had said backstage, as well as the notes he had given them. His step and anxiousness didn't compliment his outfit.

Everything was wrong! Shao's professional life would be over.

Gritting his teeth, Shao joined Ouyang Fen, who was still taking pleasure in his misfortune. They entered the backstage area together.

Before his eyes could accommodate to the sudden darkness, his arm was grabbed by a Japanese designer with countless braids.

"How can you treat my work like that? You destroyed my concept!"

What? I compensated for it!

His arm was hurting as he watched the scene in confusion. The music was still playing and everyone was moving. Theirs mouths opened and closed. As he saw his agent running towards him, his mind seemed to pause.

Shao lowered his head, staring at the clothes on his body. Reminded of the scene just now, he lost all his strength and sat down on the floor.

By then, he had changed into the most gorgeous outfit of the Issey Miyake collection. It had a subtle Japanese style to it, but it was very fashionable.

Fastening his last sleeve button with one hand, Qin Guan went out of the dressing room leisurely. The staff and other models made way for him.

Shao Xiaobing was sitting on the floor, when a pair of magnificent black leather shoes went by without a pause. Shao fixed his eyes on the flying trouser legs moving away.

The winner would be performing a solo dance on the stage. Most people had forgotten about the loser completely.

After the final show, Qin Guan stood on the stage with the host and the director of the ceremony. He got a crystal cup as a prize.

Fame always followed merit.

Qin Guan was not used to such occasions. He denied all invitations after the ceremony. Tired, he sat in a chair backstage. An assistant from New Silk Road handed him a bottle of water considerately.

In the noisy meeting hall, no one would care about his absence. He was the guest of honor though, so he couldn't just disappear.

Sister Xue rearranged her formal dress and told Qin Guan, "Let's go. Eat something. The staff is looking for us."

In the modern banquet hall, there was a fancy self-service buffet of traditional Japanese style. As a foodie, Qin Guan liked fancy dinner.

The appetizers were in wooden boats, vine baskets and tough pottery, taking guests back to ancient times. The other dishes were decorated with flowers and leaves. They looked like a girl in a kimono in an ancient yard was about to enjoy them.

The most attractive thing though was a giant ice mountain of sashimi, which was Qin Guan's main goal.

Sister Xue pulled at his sleeve discreetly. "Watch your table manners. Stop poking at the mountain with your chopsticks!"

She was too late though. There was already a deep tunnel on the mountain. Where is the soy sauce?

Sister Xue looked around awkwardly. Everyone was talking with each other and making mutual introductions. The New Silk Road manager and the other models were talking with clients in a jovial mood. Thanks to Asian Fashion Man, the company's status had been upgraded instantly.

Suddenly, there was a small commotion. Fang Meiya and Chang Jin had entered the dining hall hand in hand.

Fang, who was a frequent guest at the banquet, greeted everyone with a smile, while Chang Jin stared happily at the ice mountain.

The manager and Ouyang Fen walked up to Fang and started talking with her. After several words, a voice was heard from behind them.

"Ms. Fang..." It was Shao Xiaobing.

Chang Jin stopped, too. Fang Meiya and Ouyang Fen had both had a conflict with Shao.

As he watched the scene, Qin Guan took another pile of sashimi from the ice mountain nonchalantly. Where is my camera? This will be some good drama!

Fang looked at the man in surprise. Although they had broken up, he had greeted her with clear intentions.

After misinterpreting the designer's concept, Shao had decided to shamelessly fight for the media's attention. He would make the black list of most brands in Asia. People would forgive the mistake of a green hand, but nobody would forgive such behavior when it came from a professional model.

He had to open a new path for success, but that would depend on Fang's mood.

It was a pity that Chang Jin blocked him protectively. The two of them glared at each other. Ouyang Fen, who knew the man, stepped forward to block his glare.

Chapter 290: Spicy Girls!

Smiling, Fang Meiya looked at Ouyang, and then at the manager of New Silk Road as if she was thinking of something. It doesn't seem like a set-up. That silly boy has a simple mind. He just wants to protect me.

"I just want to have a private word with Ms. Fang. Thanks." Shao looked at Chang Jin calmly.

"About what? Do you want to talk to him, Meiya?"

Fang patted Chang on the back in comfort. "Don't worry, I'll be back soon."

Chang Jin got out of the way. He was thankful for Ouyang's support. "Shall we have something to eat together?" he asked him.

Ouyang cast a glance at the manager, who gestured at him happily. The two men left together.

Fang and Shao headed for the ice mountain. Qin Guan slipped away to avoid that awkward situation.

"Hi, how are you? Bye!"

He passed by them with his plate, looking steadily forward. He acted as if the two of them had the plague.

"Meiya?"

"Yes?"

Fang reluctantly turned her gaze from Qin Guan to Shao, whose eyes suddenly became dim.

"If I wanted to stay with you and have a real relationship, regardless of our jobs or identities, would you accept me?"

Fang was surprised. As a woman who understood men well, she didn't believe Shao's confession. The man's love was never sincere. If she left Cartier one day, he would abandon her in an instant.

Fang smiled. You are grasping at straws. If she stopped her games with different men, she would go back to her homeland to find a man who would hand her a cup of tea tenderly.

Fang shook her head. "Never!" Then she turned around to leave.

"Wait!"

"Let me go!"

The struggling couple knocked the ice mountain down. Qin Guan, Ouyang Fen and Chang Jin looked down at their plates, feeling deeply sorry for the loss of that delicious food.

What are you doing there, Sister? You two are gonna make us starve...

Fang's official boyfriend pushed his plate into Ouyang's hand and rushed over.

"Let her go!"

The young man was way too excited. Everyone around was attracted by the scene. Reporters were taking pictures happily with their cell phones. A vague photo would spark more imagination.

They couple parted at once. As a slender guy, Shao was in a difficult position. He could not match Chang Jin's strength. Fang walked up to the organizer and whispered something to him. Then she waved at Chang. "Let's go!"

"I'm still hungry. I don't care about him..."

Complaining, Chang and Fang left hand in hand.

Shao was standing in the centre of the hall. It was obvious that he had been rejected by his ex-girlfriend.

He left with his torn shirt collar, looking devastated. As a tough guy, Qin Guan was worried about the top model. He had been too distracted by the fashion storm.

Influenced by Ouyang Fen though, Qin Guan returned to the dinner table. The fresh vegetables are coming!

After having a good meal, Qin Guan felt refreshed. The next morning was the last day for him to idle around. He was planning on going shopping in the most bustling area of Shibuya.

Sister Xue could work like a man, but she was also good at shopping. After walking through several streets, Qin Guan was exhausted. The two of them separated at a crossing.

Qin Guan found a bench by the road and enjoyed a cup of hot coffee there. Soon, several black spicy girls gathered around him. He took a sip of coffee and looked up, only to find a group of strange creatures standing in front of him.

With their dark skin, colorful hair, and white eyeliner and lipstick, they looked like clowns from the Peking opera. They were also wearing colorful skirts and boots with thick soles.

"Jingzi! Look at that handsome boy! A new face! I've never seen him in this area before!"

"Don't worry! Just say hello to him."

The tallest one among them stood up like a big sister.

Qin Guan sighed. [The trend of black girls in Japan](#) had taken a wrong turn. At the beginning, Namie Amuro had led the trend all over Asia.

In three years though, the trend had gone through several stages. The former black beauties had changed into demons in that miraculous country.

Those wild girls were much more powerful than the simple girls at Qin Guan's university. If they combined everyone's wisdom and effort, Qin Guan would be overpowered.

Qin Guan was calmly thinking of a counterplan.

At the most critical moment, another voice was heard.

"Jingzi! Shibuya is not your turf."

Qin Guan looked to his right gratefully. My savior?

Then he was shocked again. The cup nearly fell out of his hands. Wow! [White spicy girls](#)!

It was a new branch led by Ayumi Hamasaki in 2000. The girls had fair skin and golden hairpieces. Different branches had a different aesthetic. The two groups idling around Shibuya had met each other.

The White and Black girls refer to not the races, but the power

foundation they apply to skin. The typical makeup style was popular in Japan in early 2000s.

Chapter 291: Fighting Over Qin Guan's Chastity

"Don't intervene, Yequi! The stranger isn't worth the fight!"

Yequiyuanzi was the leader of the white spicy girls. She was surprised to see her arch enemy show weakness before her.

It seemed that the man was the main reason.

"Wow! Are you asking for the boy's number? That's so romantic! It's so not your style!"

She turned towards the bench, making fun of Jingzi.

"Let me see Jingzi's baby!" The black girls blocked the white ones. Yequi had to crane her neck to look at Qin Guan.

"Qin Guan! He's Qin Guan!"

The girls started shouting the name out loud.

"Where? Is it true? Is he Qin Guan? This very man?"

The white girls broke their ring of encirclement. Out of breath, they stared at Qin Guan with open eyes, their faces full of surprise.

Qiuyeyuanzi pushed Jingzi away and took a deep bow before Qin Guan. So did her girls.

"Mr. Qin Guan! We are members of your fan club in Japan. Please take care. It's our fault we didn't get an invitation to your award ceremony! We're terribly sorry for that!"

They looked striking in their unique outfits. As they bowed before Qin Guan together, they attracted a lot of attention.

When they got up, they saw onlookers gathered around, watching them as if they were monkeys in a zoo.

The wild girls had their own way to solve the problem.

"What are you looking at, old lady?"

"Go away! Hey! You!"

They kicked hard at the surrounding trash bins and poles, scaring the crowd away with their twisted faces.

Qin Guan was completely stupefied.

Jinze looked unhappy. B*tch! Your dirty hands stained my face! She smoothed down her purple hairpiece and shouted at Qiuye, "I just can't trouble myself to deal with you. You think I'm afraid of you, but I saw the man first! He is mine! Is he your idol? Great! I've

never dated an idol before!"

Then she walked up to Qin Guan. "Did you hear what we said? Which country do you come from? Can I have your number? Shall we go for dinner later?"

Qin Guan sat still as he looked up at her. He fixed his eyes on the girl.

Don't smile! Don't smile now! Qin Guan could see five white fingerprints on her black face.

Hold on! Qin Guan's mouth twisted painfully. Suddenly, Jingzi fell.

"Bastard! You dare molest my idol!" Qiuyeyuanzi pulled at her hairpiece and puff bag.

"Ouch! Let me go! It hurts!"

The two Big Sisters were wrestling together. So were their girls.

The fight attracted more and more passers-by.

Looking at his cold coffee, Qin Guan fell into deep thought. Shall I just go? Where is the police? Oh! There they are!

Qin Guan stared at the man in the uniform with a begging expression. However, the policeman tiptoed up to the girls, and then turned at a corner and left as if nothing had happened. He must have seen an acquaintance among the girls.

By then, the black girls had overpowered the white ones, who were pressed against the ground.

Jingzi grinned at Qin Guan. Her hairpiece was a mess, and her belt was broken. Her short jacket was all torn up. There were white scratches on her black face, and the purple stars drawn on her cheeks had disappeared. She looked like a matchmaker from the countryside.

"Ha ha ha..."

Qin Guan couldn't hold his laughter back anymore. He watched the cup, for fear that the coffee would spill on his expensive coat.

"Big Sister!"

Another black girl handed her a compact mirror.

Jingzi was surprised by Qin Guan's laughter. It made her dizzy. When she saw the girl in the mirror though...

Forget it. Just take him! Before she could take action, Qiuye shouted from the ground, "Jingzi! I'm warning you! I have sent a message to Ms. Tsutomu! She's coming! You can go ahead and try

though!"

Jingzi turned around with a cold smile. "Do you think she will care about such a trifle? She didn't mind when we were fighting fiercely. Are you trying to scare me by using her name? This is none of her business!"

Qiuye waved a small white phone at her. "She's coming! You are doomed!"

"Impossible!"

Chapter 292: A Cold Porcelain Doll

The black girls looked frightened. They gathered together around their Big Sister. Jingzi tried to encourage them, "She's lying. Besides, even if Ms. Yamaguchi Tsutomu personally comes here, I'll..."

"What will you do then?" a cold voice said softly from behind them.

A clean, pure Japanese girl with bangs was standing there. She was wearing a traditional black kimono with a sakura pattern, and a hairy white-fur cloak was around her neck.

Judging by her appearance, she had to be a good girl. Of course, no one could ignore the four strong bodyguards behind her.

She didn't smile as she stated the situation. Under the mask of her makeup, Jingzi's face had gotten pale.

"Ms.Tsutomu..." Jingzi had to muster all her courage to speak as she trembled.

I'm doomed. She came here for the man.

The girl named Tsutomu didn't even look at her. She was staring at Qin Guan, who was lost in thought.

This was some dramatic life. The white girls had found their backbone again. They stood up in high spirits, while the black girls hid behind Jingzi silently.

The girl in the kimono walked up to Qin Guan, her clogs clanking against the ground. She scanned him from head to toe, memorizing every detail of his face.

"Mr. Qin Guan, I'm the president of your fan club in Japan, Yamaguchi Tsutomu."

"Er... Hi..." Qin Guan was wondering why those girls were so scared of her. He gently stretched his hand out as if comforting a child. "I didn't see you at the copy sale. That was our first meeting. Take care of my fans, please."

Yamaguchi Tsutomu blinked and took his hand in her small hand. Nodding, she said, "Sure!"

Her hand was as cold as winter.

"It's cold today. Thanks for taking care of this for me. We'd better not idle outside. It's a school day, right? Go back to class," Qin Guan told them. Although the girls were dressed strangely, they were actually quite young.

Yamaguchi Tsutomu looked down at her right hand blankly. Qin Guan's warmth was still lingering there.

It was so warm!

Yamaguchi slowly put down her hand. "There is no class today at college."

What? Are you kidding? That short girl is a college student?

Qiuye explained, "Ms. Tsutomu is the top student of the University of Tokyo. She manages our fan club! She is wonderful!"

Qin Guan smiled at her. She was a forthright girl.

His warm smile made the crowd stand still in time and space. Even the bodyguards seemed to become gentler.

Qiuye dared to ask the most important question, "Mr. Qin Guan, how long will you be staying in Japan? Do you have any spare time today? Could we meet you? We could be your tour guides!"

Even Tsutomu looked at Qin Guan eagerly.

Thinking of his tight schedule, Qin Guan realized time was pressing. He had to have a business meeting with Citizen.

"I'll be returning to China tomorrow and I have some work to do in the afternoon," he said regretfully. "I'm shopping with my agent right now. She will be coming soon. I'm waiting for her here."

The girls sighed. Then they used the black girls as an outlet for their anger.

"You are wasting his time! Bastards! You destroyed our meeting!"

"I hope Mr. Qin doesn't think all Japanese girls are like you! Idiots!"

Qiuye kicked Jingzi on the knee, knocking her down to the ground.

Qin Guan couldn't bear to watch. The Japanese girls seemed to take it for granted though. "How could an ugly girl like you dare lay a finger on Qin Guan? You should kowtow for your sin!"

"Right!" the other girls echoed.

You are taking this too far!

Chapter 293: The Cozy Soya Sauce Ramen

Yamaguchi Tsutomu remained silent. Everyone was invisible in her eyes. Jingzi should kowtow in apology in her short skirt on that cold cement.

Qin Guan felt pity for the girl. She shouldn't be discriminated against for her terrible taste. She didn't commit a crime. This punishment is totally out of line.

Suddenly, Qin Guan stood up from the bench. The tall boy looked like Triton among the girls. Feeling the change in his pocket shake, he told them, "Don't torture them, I'm okay. My president, I'm hungry. I could treat everyone to lunch."

He pointed to the street across from them. It was a narrow road with countless small restaurants. Blue curtains were swaying in the wind, the word "Ramen" printed on them.

"Really?" The girls hailed. They thought it was their lucky day.

They forgot about their enemies and followed Qin Guan, leaving the black girls behind.

"Welcome!"

It was a small ramen restaurant.

A couple was busy working behind the long counter. There were several customers sitting inside. Some tough men were drinking saki.

Qin Guan invited the girls inside. "Come on in. Just order whatever you like."

Some girls were itching to enter, but Yamaguchi Tsutomu wasn't moving. She was looking inside with curiosity. One of her bodyguards warned her, "Miss, the environment and food here..."

Yamaguchi Tsutomu gestured to stop him. Then she entered.

"Yes!" the other girls hailed as they followed Yamaguchi Tsutomu in.

Qin Guan sat by a long wooden table and told them, "Just order whatever you like."

The restaurant was full, so the bodyguards had to wait outside.

"What would you like, please?" The female owner bent forward from the kitchen counter and pointed at the boards hanging on the wall. "Tell me when you decide. The menu and prices are right there."

"Okay!" they answered happily.

"I want chicken and roast pork!"

"I'd like some soba noodles, madam!"

"I'll have the seafood noodles, thank you!"

Qin Guan's brain worked rapidly as he heard their voices. One portion costs 700 to 1,000 yen... I have only 5,000 yen left... I forgot my wallet at the hotel...

Qin Guan read all the boards. That's it! This is the cheapest dish!

He held up his hand to the woman. "Excuse me! I'd like some soya sauce ramen!" It costs only 500 yen!

"Okay, soya sauce ramen!" The honest owner was working busily in the kitchen.

Yamaguchi Tsutomu didn't say anything. She was watching the owner boil noodles behind the counter.

"Ms. Yamaguchi Tsutomu, what would you like?" She came back to her senses and looked down. "I'll have the same with you," she said.

Qin Guan smiled and told the woman, "One more."

"Okay, wait a moment."

It had to be an old restaurant, as the owner was quite skilled at cooking. The girls at another table were enjoying their noodles.

"Wow! They're delicious!"

The owner smiled at the praise.

"Sorry to keep you waiting. Here's your ramen." The woman put a big bowl on the table. The clear soup gave Qin Guan a good appetite. There were dissected boiled eggs, shredded bamboo shoots and nori on the noodles. It was a simple, yet abundant dish.

"Ladies first."

Qin Guan pushed the bowl towards Yamaguchi Tsutomu. Although he was quite hungry, he had to act like a gentleman.

Yamaguchi Tsutomu never shared anything with others. Taken aback, she gave Qin Guan a quick, small smile.

"Thanks."

Qiuye, who was keeping an eye on them, was so shocked that she stopped chewing. Am I dreaming? Did I just see Ms. Yamaguchi Tsutomu smile? Someone pinch me!

Another big bowl was placed in front of Qin Guan. It was the same ramen with three thick slices of pork.

Qin Guan's chopsticks lingered above the noodles. This must cost more than 500 yen!

The owner saw his hesitation. "It's our treat. You're the most handsome customer we've ever had in our restaurant and the most considerate boyfriend."

"You remind us of ourselves when we were young. We could afford only one portion of ramen and my husband always asked me to eat first."

The kind woman covered her face shyly. Time had made her youth and beauty fade, leaving only the beautiful memories behind.

"Thank you very much." Qin Guan picked up the chopsticks as he explained, "This beautiful lady is my good friend."

Chapter 294: A Fierce Black Dragon

The landlady smiled meaningfully at Qin Guan. As he looked at the delicious food in front of him though, he had no time to explain any further.

Eating silently was traditional Chinese table manners. It was impolite to make indelicate sounds. In Japan though, if one sucked their noodles silently, it was an insult to the cook.

Qin Guan took that rule very seriously, so he buried his face in his bowl. In a few minutes, he had finished all his noodles and soup.

The sweet wheat noodles, light soup and thick pork slices had all been perfect. Both his stomach and heart had warmed up.

The graceful girl was shocked by his behavior. Her face looked cute and lively. [Qin Guan held up his bowl and let out a long breath of satisfaction](#). "Thank you for your hospitality. I'm full," he told the owner. When in Rome...

Both the owner and the other customers smiled. It was a small pleasure to enjoy warm ramen in a small, warm restaurant.

"Can I have the check, please?"

When all the bowls were empty, Qin Guan took out his wallet.

"5,050 yen in total. Thank you!"

.....

Qin Guan stared at the smiling owner and explored his pocket. He had 5,000 yen, no more or less.

Qin Guan blinked at her. The two of them went around the corner and whispered to each other.

"Can I have a discount? Just round down the total."

"Our business is small, and the prices are reasonable."

"I'm the latest Asian Fashion Man. I can take a photo with you. In one week, news about me will be on every magazine."

Such a shameless guy!

"Deal! Darling, get the camera!"

"Okay!"

The owner did as soon as possible.

"Look at me! Three, two, one... Cheese!"

Qin Guan hugged the woman and smiled.

"Me, too! Me, too!" The spicy girls had spotted them.

"Together!"

They stood by the entrance as a frequent patron took their picture. Suddenly, Yamaguchi Tsutomu took Qin Guan's arm, while the owner embraced Qin Guan from the other side.

[It was the Ice-Flame Island come to life.](#)

When Sister Xue arrived at their meeting place, Qin Guan was eating small octopus balls bought by the girls. Even strangers could sense his thirst for food.

They talked with each other happily, and Sister Xue discussed Qin Guan's work in Japan with the president. Yamaguchi Tsutomu listened to her with a serious expression. It would be helpful to work with her in the future.

They said farewell reluctantly. Only when Qin Guan disappeared at the end of the street did Yamaguchi Tsutomu turn her gaze away. She got in a black car not far away.

Sister Xue was quite curious about the girl.

"She seemed delicate, but no one ignored her. There is something special about her."

"Yes. Nowadays, it's rare to see people in formal Japanese kimonos except during festivals or ceremonies. Oh, I remember! Her bodyguards were wearing the same brooch. It looked like a water chestnut. She must be from some big ancient family."

"Judging by her family name, she could be from [Yamaguchi-gumi](#)," Sister Xue joked.

"Ha ha! Impossible! She looks like a royal lady not good at expressing feelings. She has nothing to do with gangsters."

"That sounds reasonable. I'm thinking too much."

They returned to their rooms, and Qin Guan took a nap. After going through a long Japanese-style corridor, Yamaguchi Tsutomu also returned to her room.

A strong man kneeled on the floor respectfully and pulled the sliding door open for her.

The black kimono fell down to the tatami to expose her fair back. She had a large tattoo of albizia flowers. A fierce black dragon stretched from above the flowers until her bottom. She looked gorgeous in a strange, enchanting way.

She put on a white kimono with the pattern of a dragon. As she

pulled the sliding door open, she changed into another person. She was no longer the cold doll she was before, but a powerful leader.

"Follow me."

"Yes!" Her strong followers kowtowed before her. Fierce tattoos were visible under their collars as they lowered their heads.

Qin Guan and Sister Xue's instincts always came true, especially the bad ones.

The two seers were sitting in the Citizen meeting room. Zhuchuanlongfu and the other directors were sitting across from them.

They were having a heated discussion about the expiring contract. Qin Guan would be leaving China soon, so it was difficult for them to renew it.

Sister Xue was bargaining with them cleverly. As an agent, she had to get a general idea of Citizen's policies and development trends.

Japanese usually say that after dinner.

The girl felt cold and the boss was warm.

The largest Japanese gang.

Chapter 295: The Influence of Asian Models

"No, we'll really be having difficulties during the next years."

"Just read the details. It's not all about money. I think a two-year contract will help Citizen, as well as increase Qin Guan's popularity."

"There are too many requirements. Qin Guan will have to stay in Asia the whole year. That schedule is impossible."

Suddenly, Sister Xue switched the conversation to another subject. "I know Citizen will be entering the market in North America. I heard that a branch office in the US has already been established. We could transfer Qin Guan's contract to the US branch."

Qingmu couldn't help but smile at Sister Xue's proposal. He looked a little proud as he answered, "Impossible."

Before Sister Xue could refute him, he explained to her, "Occidental taste is different from oriental beauty appreciation. We already picked a top American model last year. Although Qin Guan is outstanding, we have invested a lot in the US and we dare not bet on a nameless Asian model."

"Our representative in North America, Chad, used to be a leading player in a baseball team. As you know, baseball is very popular in the US. He was discovered by a talent agent as soon as he retired."

"Qin Guan is on the same level as him. Chad is also a new favorite of VOGUE. The main edition."

Qingmu paused there. What he meant, but didn't say was, "Young man, a model from VOGUE Asia is inferior compared to one from VOGUE US."

Self-awareness was a virtue.

"He broke VOGUE's routine. His pictures occupy 40 pages in this season's edition. It was a shock for the whole fashion circle! If you had a business, which one would you choose?"

It was rather hard for Sister Xue to swallow. She looked deeply shocked.

"Here is a magazine for your reference."

Sister Xue took it and flipped through it. Chad was a handsome guy with a broad chest. He was exactly the kind of man ladies in western countries liked.

Is this the top model standard in the rest of the world? It's quite different from how top models look in Asia.

Beauty had an extremely large scope. Even Asian people, who preferred slender models, would have liked Chad.

Sister Xue picked up an edition of VOGUE ASIA. A mysterious, fascinating vibe seemed to be more attractive to Asian readers.

The two magazines were before Qingmu.

"You're saying that Qin Guan is inferior compared to Chad? Be honest!"

Qingmu changed the topic to avoid an argument on something so trivial. "A representative with popularity is the key to the US market. That's the best way to proceed. If we can get a share of the market in a couple of months, why would we spend more time on it? We are a branding business, not an agency. It's not our duty to discover and promote talent. Sorry!"

The discussion came to a dead end. After some more rubbish, the two parties fell silent.

Qin Guan was not influenced by the outcome of the conversation though. Before leaving, he kindly bid Citizen's staff goodbye. Everyone except Zhuchuanlongfu. The old man and the young man hugged each other disappointedly.

Thank you for supporting me. You were on my side during the entire meeting.

Zhuchuan felt sad for the cowardice of his company. They had lost the Japanese courage with which they had initially established

their company.

The younger generation will come to regret this negotiation. For my sake, I hope Qin Guan can give Citizen another chance in the future.

Sister Xue and Qin Guan went out of the meeting room. Sister Xue was angry, but Qin Guan was smiling. Kyoko Fukada's agent, who was waiting outside, was taken aback.

He was surprised to see Qin Guan having a negotiation with Citizen before Kyoko Fukada. He was even more surprised to find out that Qin Guan had failed to sign a contract.

That's why I saw Takashi Sorimachi and Jincheng Wu in the lounge. They were preparing for the negotiation. Citizen had thought of a plan B in advance.

When Qin Guan left, silence prevailed in the empty meeting room.

During the first half of the year, Citizen's sales volume in Asia had risen again after a two-year downturn period. The sales of men's mechanical wristwatches had equalled the total sales of both 1999 and 2000. It had been the most striking news for Citizen.

Qingmu broke the awkward silence by saying regretfully, "What a pity! If Qin Guan had signed a contract for Asia, our annual sales volume may have reached the top of Japan thanks to the two stars'

help. We might even have made the top-ranking list of the whole world."

"Yes, you're right."

There was no doubt about it. All the attendants nodded in approval, deeply regretting Qin Guan's choice.

Qin Guan felt relieved though. He calmly tried to comfort Sister Xue.

"I think this is better for me."

"How is it f*cking better? You were looked down upon. Considering your status, no brand in Asia should dare overlook your influence."

Chapter 296: The Interesting Industry of Shinjuku

Qin Guan smiled. "That's it! In fact, not that many people in Asia know me. If you put aside the media and brand businessmen, my popularity is inferior compared to movie or TV stars."

"You shouldn't only think of the present. How can you be sure that I won't make my own destiny in the US? What's the gap between those models and me anyway? If you have enough power, race doesn't matter."

"Besides, without the constraint of a contract, I can go to the US with no burdens after I finish Zhang Jizhong's TV series. Try not to miss me too much!"

Sister Xue's blood started burning at Qin Guan's words. Rubbing her hands together, she said, "It's a pity that my English isn't good. Otherwise, I could go to the US with you. Take care when you are alone. Safety first, money second."

"Of course. Marry somebody when I leave. Find a considerate man. I think Ou Qiang would be a good choice."

Bang!

"Ouch!"

"You bastard! You dare make fun of me!" It's nice to have so many kind people around me.

After nightfall, Tokyo indulged in life and debauchery. It was worth strolling around the city. The famous Shinjuku was not far from their hotel. For tourists, it was a perfect place to cruise around, but for locals it was only a resort.

The scene at Shinjuku was interesting. Unlike the big shopping malls in Ginza or the luxurious clubs in Roppongi, the outskirts were bustling with life. Shinjuku was a food street. Don't be fooled by the boards outside the izakayas and the small restaurants. The images of beautiful, sexy girls only catered to the atmosphere of Shinjuku.

In the brilliant, light-filled street, it was wise to have an attractive board.

Behind those neon boards, groups of men gathered together. There were traditional Japanese dishes to be had at the restaurants, which were appreciated by office workers in the area.

In that high-pressure society, people could find comfort in saki and special, handmade pickled saury.

Qin Guan and Sister Xue had rice and some other dishes in a traditional Japanese restaurant. Then they kept walking, perfectly satisfied.

All people were curious. As they walked by the neighboring restaurants, they saw the red-light district, which attracted a lot of tourists. In Japan, prostitution was not allowed openly.

However, it was legal to introduce your girlfriend to others. Many people were working hard at it.

As newcomers, tourists were easily cheated by procurers because of their enthusiasm.

If one saw a young man standing by the road with a pile of photos of beautiful girls, they should be wary of him. He would charge them highly and demand a deposit. Then, after waiting happily in a hotel, they would meet a supreme beauty of 1.5 metres and 90 kilos.

That was the best-case scenario. At least, they would have had a real Japanese girl. Sometimes they waited a whole night while the man got away with their money.

In fact, experienced procurers would kindly guide tourists to their real destination, where the advertising boards were simple and honest.

The girls would serve them considerately. A newcomer could hardly take them out though. Not all girls there were after money. Besides, many clubs didn't accept foreigners.

Japanese girls were hard to understand. Many call girls even

supported a young man.

Qin Guan and Sister Xue were like peasants in a royal palace. They looked around them with curiosity. It was impossible to see all these things in China. Their heads were moving around like dolls with springs.

"Hey! Welcome to our club! We have nice service..."

"Young man, here! We are promoting some activities today..."

The procurers greeted everyone. It was a no-man's land around Qin Guan and Sister Xue.

"Don't they recognize me, Sister Xue?"

"No idea. Maybe handsome guys don't come here? Maybe they have their own place?"

Confused, they kept walking. Just leave us alone. That's better.

"Wow! Xiaoze, did you see that man just now?"

"Of course! I'm not blind!"

"Ha! Zichuan and Zhengshu will lose business. He must the secret weapon from Roppongi!"

"But Roppongi and Shinjuku are fighting fiercely these days. A single man won't do!"

The two wretched procurers were whispering behind them. Suddenly, there was an uproar.

"They're coming!"

"Is that Renr from the most high-ranking club in Roppongi? What is he doing here?"

"No idea. Maybe there's some common exchange or competition among the clubs. We are not in the same industry. Don't worry!"

"Yes. Better drive those Negroes out if they have time."

"F*ck! When did they start intervening with foreign girls?"

A sub chief put down his microphone and said, "The Big Brother of this area has just changed. The masters of the shops have all changed too. We have to visit the Big Brother later. A tough leader will control the Negroes better. Stop talking rubbish. How many clients did you have today?"

Chapter 297: Who Sent You Here?

The procurers left under the pressure of competition.

Sister Xue and Qin Guan were still strolling around slowly. Housemaid Cafe, Feeling Bar, Inflatable Doll Store...

"Do you want something to drink, Sister Xue?"

They were both feeling awkward. Some Japanese girls were standing by the entrance greeting guests.

"Such a cutie!"

"He's so handsome!"

It was a pity that the girls were a little afraid of them. They were wary of foreigners. The clubs didn't accept foreigners, with the exception of some high-ranking night clubs.

Sister Xue, who protected Qin Guan like a hen, let out a long breath of relief.

She tried to distract Qin Guan. Pointing to a vending machine in the corner, she said, "Buy a bottle of water for me. I'm thirsty."

Thanks to his good eyesight, Qin Guan spotted the machine right away. He didn't go close to it though. It looked strange.

"What's the matter?" Sister Xue stepped forward.

Suddenly, a private door by the machine opened. A wretched man wearing a baseball cap walked out. He looked carefully at the buttons on the machine.

Sister Xue cast a glance at the machine again and saw that it was not selling drinks. There were colorful belts inside it.

The man took out his wallet and pushed some coins into the machine.

Bang! A small box with a red ribbon fell at the sound. The man caught the box immediately. He tore the package apart to reveal a small red item made of silk.

"Wow!" He took a deep sniff at it.

Sister Xue was scared. She stepped closer to Qin Guan, who was tall enough to give her a sense of safety.

"What is he doing?"

"If I didn't know any better, I'd say that's the underwear of the girl who just serviced him."

"What? Are you kidding? Don't mess with me. I don't understand

the Japanese."

"It's the truth. Look!"

The man walked to a game center across the street, brushing past Qin Guan and Sister Xue. The thin edge of lace underwear was visible through the pocket on his chest.

"Japan is not that far from China. How come there are so many crazy people here?"

["Xu Fu brought only 500 virgins here."](#) You know the results of inbreeding..."

They left the street, making boring jokes. After walking another 50 metres into the area, they got a completely different feeling.

The stores were larger there, and there were more mansions and apartments. There were gorgeous boards with the words "Welcome, Foreigners" on them. The boards were shining with countless neon lights.

"Hey, Qin Guan! Look at those photos! They are not professional ones."

You should pay attention to our current situation. Are you analysing them professionally? The women on the streets are getting more and more. The clubs on this street must be strip clubs! We better leave!

Qin Guan pulled Sister Xue away. She wanted to get a closer look at the men in the photos, but some strange men with [smart style](#) blocked them.

"Hey bro, which club are you from? A stranger here, huh? Are you a newcomer? Did you come to steal guests from our domain?"

They shook their long, golden hair, which looked as dirty as a beggar's.

They sized Qin Guan up from head to toe jealously. The guy was handsome both in style and looks. Look at his slender legs! They looked farther and farther up until... You are too tall!

The short men looked up at Qin Guan's face. He was in a grey coat without buttons. He looked capable and well-experienced.

Putting his hands in his pockets, he shielded his female companion from them.

His face though! Older men had told them that colorful hair and thick make-up would be helpful in attracting guests, but the man had clean hair without bangs. Even the most handsome man in Roppongi couldn't beat him. They were as different as diamonds and dirt.

"It must be a misunderstanding. A man like him can't be a pimp. He must be a visitor..."

"Are they both visitors?"

"It's possible. We have to treat them."

"Piss off! I saw them first."

What are you talking about? Do clubs accept male guests?

Before they could get rid of them, Qin Guan saw a group of people walking towards them. They had a completely different style. At least, they had good taste in suits.

"Roppongi! Don't let them go! He's one of them!"

It was the meeting place of the two biggest clubs. Qin Guan had accidentally gotten into trouble.

"Excuse me, but..."

Xu Fu was a necromancer sent by the First Emperor of Qin (BC259-BC210) to seek an elixir overseas. He took 500 virgin boys and girls to an island far away from China, Japan Island nowadays. They lived and reproduced there. That was the origin of Japan.

A typical dressing style of Chinese young guys combining Japanese visual shock and western rock style.

Chapter 298: The Meaning of Colorful Flags

Amid the bustling scene, the leader of Ropopongi saw Qin Guan right away.

His heart sank. That day was the routine end-of-the-month gala. There were customers whose needs weren't met, and people from both sides tried their best to attract their attention.

At the end of the month, they would choose a small hall for their top cowboys to compete. The winner would not just win an award, but also a special bonus. According to the rules, amid the crowd of grabbing guests, the cowboys would yield to the champion of the other side. If, and only if, the champion was absent, one could fill that vacancy.

That day, Renr was full of confidence. He used to be a top-level cowboy. Because of his boss' behavior though, he had left that club and opened a small club of his own in a gorgeous building in Roppongi, on which he had invested all his savings.

By doing that, he had taken most of the customers of the original club with him. As a result, his former boss had sent him a letter to challenge him. After getting fully prepared, he had come to the fighting field with his best man.

What's happening? Who is this man? If my former boss had such a man, I'd get defeated. I'd have no chance of taking customers from him.

"Can you hear me?" Qin Guan shouted loudly to the group of dwarfs in annoyance.

He finally succeeded in attracting their attention.

"Wow! Meizi, look at that boy! Who is he? I almost fainted!"

Two middle-aged ladies with Chanel bags and diamond rings were looking at Qin Guan in a daze.

Qin Guan saw his chance to continue. "I'm only a tourist here, I'm not interested in your affairs. A tourist! Understand? Let me go!"

The soldiers from both sides let out a breath of relief. The two guys got out of their way.

"Hey, dear sir?"

"What?" Qin Guan answered with a hostile expression.

"Would you be interested in working at our club? We could take care of your visa. We can talk about the details."

Details? Are you kidding?

"At our club, middle-class workers can easily earn 2,000,000 to

3,000,000 yen a month. The No.1 earns at least 10,000,000."

What? That's a really high salary! Qin Guan turned that number into Chinese yuan in an instant. My dream of earning 1,000,000 a month would come true.

Itching for that fortune, Qin Guan left with Sister Xue, and the order on the street was restored.

A black cat belted out suddenly from a narrow hutong.

"The man left the district. Missy told us to take care of him." A strong young man went out of the Hutong with a thin silk handkerchief in his hand. There was a photo of Qin Guan on it. It looked like an arrest warrant from a government office in feudal China.

He shrank back and told the fat man opposite him, "I have never seen such a f*cking handsome man. No wonder our lady is paying attention to him!"

The fat man remained silent. The strong man murmured, "We have just taken over a new domain. So many things to do. We were sent to keep an eye on that man though! I wonder if the organization attaches too much importance to us, or if our Missy wants that man... Just look at the photo..."

Suddenly, the fat man stretched out his large hand to grab his neck.

"Never insult Missy in front of me!"

"Are you crazy? Let me go!" The fat man lifted him slowly, leaving him no chance of resisting.

"My bad..." The strong man squeezed the words out of his throat. When cold air poured into his lungs, he came back to his senses.

He would really kill me if I didn't apologize.

"Give me!"

He put the handkerchief tamely on the man's hand, the very hand that had almost killed him a moment ago. The fat man didn't say anything. He just stuffed it in his pocket, and then turned back to walk into the depths of the hutong.

"He's crazy... Another guy falling in love with Missy..." The strong man ran to catch up with him, his long shadow swaying on the ground.

By then, Qin Guan and Sister Xue, who had experienced so many strange things that night, had finally calmed down. They just wanted to return to their hotel.

On the crossing point of three streets, they saw several colorful flags flying in the wind. It was the bar street, the most normal

street in Shinjuku.

Qin Guan and Sister Xue were eager to escape from there though, as the flags were a symbol of homosexuality. That would be awkward for them. China was the most comprehensive country in the world. There were countless stands selling rainbow paper umbrellas, fans and hats in scenic spots.

Chapter 299: The Greatest Punishment Is Indifference

Those gay bars were nothing. In China, they would not just pull guests inside, but this was Sinjuku.

Sister Xue was a feisty lady, so people liked her at such bars, and Qin Guan was a handsome guy.

Lesbians dressed decently, but gay men were a different story. In Qin Guan's opinion, Japanese gay men stood out among gay men all over the world. They wore pink feather coats, mohawk hairstyles and strange earrings. They looked like they were celebrating Halloween.

Qin Guan and Sister Xue ran back to their hotel as fast as they could. They laughed loudly in the hotel hallway. They were happy again after that depressing meeting. There were countless magical stories to tell in that country.

At the capital airport, Cong Nianwei was waiting silently in the arrival hall.

Qin Guan was wearing a large coat and he had covered his face with a cap, a mask and sunglasses. The news of the Asian Fashion Man Competition had spread all over the country. The Chinese audience was interested in news from Tokyo. Compared to the affairs of stars, which seemed distant from their lives, they were more interested in news when they had participated in that particular event.

Although only a few domestic media had followed them abroad, they all took delight in talking about it. Qin Guan felt as if he was confronting a formidable enemy.

Cong Nianwei spotted her boyfriend right away. Although he was dressed modestly, he still stood out among the crowd. Turning around the corridor, Qin Guan saw her and smiled. A day away from her seemed like months.

He spread his arms with a splendid smile, which made Cong Nianwei burst into laughter. She fell into his embrace.

Qin Guan hugged her, resting his jaw on her shoulder happily. She smelled good.

"I missed you."

"Me too."

Before they parted, Sister Xue saw that they'd attracted a lot of attention. Although the airport was a place filled with parting and reuniting scenes, many passers-by cast glances at them because of their outstanding looks.

"Hey, go home first. You are a celebrity, you have to watch your image."

Hugging each other, they both smiled at Sister Xue. "Okay."

She was right to be concerned. Domestic media had already released photos of Qin Guan from the show, and the reporters had gotten the video of the award ceremony. Different people had different opinions about the event.

The audience ratings of the two TV series on local TV stations were rising, which made the producers return from the dead. The two shows had been a big professional failure for them. On the other side, "Romance Across Time" was getting much more popular by taking advantage of the situation.

Anxious people, who had failed to restore their place in media, were also taking advantage of the award ceremony.

There was not a single report on Shao Xiaobing. All the media were singing Qin Guan's praises.

Shao hadn't stayed long after the ceremony. He had left that same night, heading back to China instead of going to his apartment in Singapore.

Without the right person with him, that deserted apartment in that strange land had lost its meaning.

While Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei were sitting at the back of a taxi, holding hands and appreciating the scenery, Shao's agent was carrying a thick pile of newspapers and magazines.

Shao buried himself into their pages. His laptop was also on.

"Nothing, nothing, nothing..."

Suddenly, he threw the papers into the air and pushed the pile of magazines down to the floor.

"Impossible!" It would make sense for the media to report his mistakes on the show, but why was there no gossip about the banquet?

Shao clicked around crazily, opening and closing webpages.

Nothing. There was nothing about him.

His mistakes on the stage had been oppressed by the organizing committee. It was not something worth the media's attention, especially when the model was in danger of offending the sponsors. Photos of Shao were circulating among the media and the attendants though, as the advertising companies, branding businesses and designers were able to get first-hand material.

The designer whose work had been destroyed by Shao had tried his best to warn his peers to beware of that model. Fang Meiya had contacted the organizer and asked them to keep the photos of the banquet a secret. The guys who had taken the pictures had been kindly warned by the security staff as they'd left the dining room.

As media professionals, they knew the advantages and disadvantages of disobeying.

After all, they had the breaking news of the Asian Fashion Man Competition. Why would they cause trouble to themselves?

As a result, Shao had been totally ignored, which was much more terrible than suffering through a scandal.

Chapter 300: The Final Job

Even bad publicity was publicity. Some people were famous for negative news. The situation was worse than they had expected though.

"Shao, calm down. We can gradually develop your career at home. There's no negative news about you in China. See it as a new chance. We can start over with the brands we have cooperated with."

Shao looked up with a blank expression in his eyes. "Start over? What will others think of me? And what about the timing? How old am I?"

"26. You are still young."

"Yes, I'll turn 26 this year. Look at my face. Do you remember what my tutor told me when we met for the first time?"

His agent got lost in thought. "Considering the extreme fineness and smoothness of Asian characteristics, you are different from other models."

"A model like me should become popular as early as possible and then turn to another industry when they earn enough capital. In other words, my career won't last as long as other people's."

He picked up a mirror from the table nervously and pointed to

the corner of his eye. "Look here, here and here. These are tiny wrinkles. My face will start looking terrible as time goes by."

His agent shivered. It was difficult for him to imagine a beautiful face gradually destroyed by time. Unlike people who became more attractive as they grew older, Shao wouldn't get more graceful or elegant in time.

"I have to return to Japan."

"For what? We just got here from Japan. We have no business there."

"To have a face-lift at the best hospital. I'll never give up."

His agent looked at him as if he was crazy. The determined expression in Shao's eyes told him that he was just informing him of his decision though, not discussing it with him.

That crazy man had nothing to do with Qin Guan. He and Cong Nianwei were sitting on the couch, opening his suitcase.

Under his clothes and sundries, there were small, delicately packed boxes.

"These are for our parents and these are for you. Open them. Do you like them?"

"Of course!" Cong Nianwei took different dolls out of the packages. The first one had a ponytail and a backpack.

It had been customized at a famous handmade doll store in Tokyo. Qin Guan had placed the order as soon as he'd arrived in Tokyo. He took out another one. It was a big boy in a sweater and jeans. The two of them were holding hands.

Qin Guan whispered to her proudly, "We can order a set of dolls in wedding attire when we get married. And when we have a baby, we can order a family of three..."

A chilling wind was blowing against the withered leaves on the branches outside the window. There were seeds sprouting under the thick grass. Winter would pass, and beautiful spring would arrive.

Director Zhang Jizhong's new show had started filming according to schedule. Qin Guan had checked in with the crew. That would be his final job before leaving, so it was very important for both sides.

They had both thrown the helve after the hatchet. Convinced by Qin Guan, the production had given him the leading role. Qin Guan, on the other hand, had denied all other work and focused all his attention on that job.

Unlike other randomly-adapted versions, "Demi-Gods and Demi-Demons" was basically a revival of the original work.

Director Zhang was bravely using green hands. Liu Yifei, who was a nobody at the time, had impressed Director Zhang and gotten the role of [Wang Yuyan](#).

Nearly all the roles had been cast, leaving only place for [Xuzhu](#).

It was a full-scale show with several directors. When they met, Director Yu Min asked Zhang a question.

"Most of the characters have been cast, except Xuzhu. I think young Gao Hu would be a good choice. He fits Xuzhu's image and as a professional actor, he will give us a good performance."

Director Zhang shook his head at him. "I have analysed the original character in the book, as well as the one in the adapted script, and I have some questions about Gao Hu's appearance."

"What questions?"

"One, he is the illegitimate child of an eminent monk and an evil woman. He must be good-looking. The ugly monk in the book doesn't make any sense. His father is the host of the Shaolin Temple, so he should be a handsome man. He must have only violated his religious principles for a beautiful woman."

"Two, the Xiaoyao School set strict standards for the looks of its apprentices. Why would they accept Xuzhu? For his stupidity?"

"Three, Princess Xixia, who has everything she wants, picks him

as a husband among powerful and handsome candidates. I think he must be an attractive man."

It sounded reasonable. Surely, that didn't mean Xuzhu was an Adonis though?

Actually, his argument was fake. He would use any means to increase audience rates.

Suddenly, the minibus carrying supplies for the crew arrived. On the back seat was Huang Bo, who was in a really good mood. He didn't have anything better to do, so he had gone over as soon as he'd gotten the chance. While Sister Xue and the assistant struck up a conversation, Qin Guan went to greet the director and the rest of the crew.

"Go to the dressing room first and cut your hair off."

"Okay." Qin Guan didn't say anything. It was just hair after all. He could compensate for losing the role of Bianji, who had also been a monk.

The other directors, who had never met Qin Guan, were shocked.

"Is this okay? He's more handsome than Lin Zhiying, the actor from Taiwan!"

"Facts speak louder than words. He's not the only popular star in my TV series. Let's just wait for him."

The heroine.

One of the three heroes.